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JOHN MILTON

Aged 62.

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# PARADISE LOST:

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P O E M,

I N T W E L V E B O O K S.

THE AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

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P A R A D I S E L O S T .

B O O K I .

## THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE first book proposes, first in brief the whole subject, man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was placed: then touches the prime cause of his fall, the serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of angels, was by the command of God driven out of heaven with all his crew into the great deep. Which action passed over, the poem hastens into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his angels now falling into hell, described here, not in the centre (for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed), but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called Chaos: here Satan with his angels lying on the burning lake, thunder-struck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him; they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded; they rise, their numbers, array of battel, their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining; to these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world, and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in heaven; for that angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandæmonium the palace of Satan rises, suddenly built out of the deep: the infernal peers there sit in council.



B O O K I.

VER. I—IO.

OF Man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,  
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top  
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,  
In the beginning, how the Heavens and Earth  
Rose out of Chaos: or if Sion hill

Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd  
Fast by the oracle of God : I thence  
Invoke thy aid to my adventrous song,  
That with no middle flight intends to soar  
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues  
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.  
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer  
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,  
Instruct me, for Thou know'st ; Thou from the first  
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread,  
Dove-like, sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,  
And mad'st it pregnant : what in me is dark  
Illumine, what is low raise and support ;  
That to the highth of this great argument  
I may assert eternal Providence,  
And justify the ways of God to Men.

Say first, for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,  
Nor the deep tract of Hell, say first what cause  
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state,  
Favour'd of Heaven so highly, to fall off  
From their Creator, and transgress his will  
For one restraint, lords of the world besides ?  
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt ?

The infernal Serpent; he it was whose guile,  
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd  
The mother of mankind, what time his pride  
Had cast him out from heaven, with all his host  
Of rebel angels, by whose aid aspiring  
To set himself in glory above his peers,  
He trusted to have equal'd the Most High,  
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim  
Against the throne and monarchy of God,  
Rais'd impious war in heaven and battle proud  
With vain attempt. Him the almighty power  
Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky  
With hideous ruin and combustion, down  
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
In adamantine chains and penal fire,  
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.  
Nine times the space that measures day and night  
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew  
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulph  
Confounded though immortal: but his doom  
Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought  
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain  
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes

That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,  
Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:  
At once as far as angels ken, he views  
The dismal situation waste and wild,  
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round  
As one great furnace flam'd, yet from those flames  
No light, but rather darkness visible  
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,  
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace  
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes  
That comes to all; but torture without end  
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed  
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd:  
Such place eternal justice had prepar'd  
For those rebellious, here their prison ordain'd  
In utter darkness; and their portion set  
As far remov'd from God and light of heaven  
As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.  
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!  
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd  
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,  
He soon discerns, and weltering by his side  
One next himself in power, and next in crime,

Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd  
Beëlzebub. To whom the arch-enemy,  
And thence in heaven call'd Satan, with bold words  
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began.

If thou beest he; but O how fallen! how chang'd  
From him, who in the happy realms of light  
Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst outshine  
Myriads though bright: if he whom mutual league,  
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope  
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,  
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd  
In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest  
From what highth fallen, so much the stronger prov'd  
He with his thunder: and till then who knew  
The force of those dire arms? yet not for those,  
Nor what the potent victor in his rage  
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,  
Though chang'd in outward lustre; that fix'd mind  
And high disdain, from sense of injur'd merit,  
That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend,  
And to the fierce contention brought along  
Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,  
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,

His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd  
 In dubious battel on the plains of heaven,  
 And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?  
 All is not lost; the unconquerable will,  
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
 And courage never to submit or yield:  
 And what is else not to be overcome?  
 That glory never shall his wrath or might  
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace  
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power,  
 Who from the terror of this arm so late  
 Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,  
 That were an ignominy, and shame beneath  
 This downfall; since by fate the strength of Gods  
 And this empyreal substance cannot fail,  
 Since through experience of this great event  
 In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc'd,  
 We may with more successful hope resolve  
 To wage by force or guile eternal war  
 Irreconcilable, to our grand foe,  
 Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy  
 Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heaven.  
     So spake the apostate angel, though in pain,



Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair :  
And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer.

O prince, O chief of many throned powers,  
That led the imbattel'd seraphim to war  
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds  
Fearless, endanger'd heaven's perpetual king ;  
And put to proof his high supremacy,  
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate,  
Too well I see and rue the dire event,  
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat  
Hath lost us heaven, and all this mighty host  
In horrible destruction laid thus low,  
As far as gods and heavenly essences  
Can perish : for the mind and spirit remains  
Invincible, and vigour soon returns,  
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state  
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.  
But what if he our conqueror, (whom I now  
Of force believe almighty, since no less  
Than such could have o'er-power'd such force as ours)  
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire  
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,  
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,

Or do him mightier service as his thralls  
 By right of war, whate'er his business be  
 Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,  
 Or do his errands in the gloomy deep ;  
 What can it then avail though yet we feel  
 Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being  
 To undergo eternal punishment?  
 Whereto with speedy words the arch-fiend reply'd.

Fallen cherub, to be weak is miserable  
 Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,  
 To do ought good never will be our task,  
 But ever to do ill our sole delight,  
 As being the contrary to his high will  
 Whom we resist. If then his providence  
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,  
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,  
 And out of good still to find means of evil ;  
 Which oft times may succeed, so as perhaps  
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb  
 His inmost councils from their destin'd aim.  
 But see the angry victor hath recall'd  
 His ministers of vengeance and pursuit  
 Back to the gates of heaven : the sulphurous hail



Designed by W. H. Richter

Engraved by J. H. Richter

But see the angry South is all  
His ministers of congress and pursuit  
Back to the gates of Heaven



Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid  
The fiery surge, that from the precipice  
Of heaven receiv'd us falling, and the thunder,  
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,  
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now  
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.  
Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn,  
Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.  
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,  
The seat of desolation, void of light,  
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames  
Casts pale and dreadful? thither let us tend  
From off the tossing of these fiery waves,  
There rest, if any rest can harbour there,  
And re-assembling our afflicted powers,  
Consult how we may henceforth most offend  
Our enemy, our own loss how repair,  
How overcome this dire calamity,  
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,  
If not what resolution from despair.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate  
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes  
That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts besides,

Prone on the flood, extended long and large,  
 Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge  
 As whom the fables name of monstrous size,  
 Titanian, or earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,  
 Briareos or Typhon, whom the den  
 By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea beast  
 Leviathan, which God of all his works  
 Created hugest that swim the ocean stream:  
 Him haply slumbering on the Norway foam,  
 The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff,  
 Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,  
 With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,  
 Moors by his side under the lee, while night  
 Invests the sea, and wished morn delays:  
 So stretch'd out huge in length the arch-fiend lay,  
 Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence  
 Had risen or heav'd his head, but that the will  
 And high permission of all-ruling heaven  
 Left him at large to his own dark designs,  
 That with reiterated crimes he might  
 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought  
 Evil to others, and enrag'd might see  
 How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth

Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shown  
On man by him seduc'd, but on himself  
Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.  
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool  
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames  
Driven backward slope their pointing spires, and, roll'd  
In billows, leave i' the midst a horrid vale.  
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight  
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air  
That felt unusual weight, till on dry land  
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd  
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire;  
And such appear'd in hue, as when the force  
Of subterranean wind transports a hill  
Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side  
Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible  
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,  
Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,  
And leave a singed bottom all involv'd  
With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole  
Of unblest feet. Him followed his next mate,  
Both glorying to have scap'd the Stygian flood  
As gods, and by their own recovered strength,

Not by the sufferance of supernal power.

Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,  
 Said then the lost arch-angel, this the seat  
 That we must change for heaven, this mournful gloom  
 For that celestial light? be it so, since he  
 Who now is sovran can dispose and bid  
 What shall be right: farthest from him is best  
 Whom reason hath equal'd, force hath made supreme  
 Above his equals. Farewell happy fields,  
 Where joy for ever dwells: hail horrors, hail  
 Infernal world, and thou profoundest hell  
 Receive thy new possessor: one who brings  
 A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.  
 The mind is its own place, and in itself  
 Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.  
 What matter where, if I be still the same,  
 And what I should be, all but less than he  
 Whom thunder hath made greater? here at least  
 We shall be free; the almighty hath not built  
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:  
 Here we may reign secure, and in my choice  
 To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:  
 Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.



But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,  
 The associates and copartners of our loss,  
 Lie thus astonish'd on the oblivious pool,  
 And call them not to share with us their part  
 In this unhappy mansion, or once more  
 With rallied arms to try what may be yet  
 Regain'd in heaven, or what more lost in hell?

So Satan spake, and him Beëlzebub  
 Thus answered. Leader of those armies bright,  
 Which but the omnipotent none could have foil'd,  
 If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge  
 Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft  
 In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge  
 Of battel when it raged, in all assaults  
 Their surest signal, they will soon resume  
 New courage and revive, though now they lie  
 Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,  
 As we erewhile, astounded and amaz'd,  
 No wonder, fallen such a pernicious highth.

He scarce had ceas'd when the superior fiend  
 Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield  
 Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,  
 Behind him cast; the broad circumference

Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb  
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
At evening from the top of Fesolé,  
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,  
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.  
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine  
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast  
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,  
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps  
Over the burning marle; not like those steps  
On heaven's azure, and the torrid clime  
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire;  
Nathless he so endur'd, till on the beach  
Of that inflamed sea, he stood, and call'd  
His legions, angel forms, who lay entranc'd  
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks  
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades  
High over-arch'd embower; or scatter'd sedge  
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd  
Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew  
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,  
While with perfidious hatred they pursued  
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld

From the safe shore their floating carcasses  
 And broken chariot wheels; so thick bestrown,  
 Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,  
 Under amazement of their hideous change.  
 He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep  
 Of hell resounded. Princes, potentates,  
 Warriors, the flower of heaven, once yours, now lost,  
 If such astonishment as this can seize  
 Eternal spirits; or have ye chosen this place  
 After the toil of battel to repose  
 Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find  
 To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?  
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn  
 To adore the conqueror? who now beholds  
 Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood  
 With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon  
 His swift pursuers from heaven gates discern  
 The advantage, and descending tread us down  
 Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts  
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulph.  
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen.

They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung  
 Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch

On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,  
 Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.  
 Nor did they not perceive the evil plight  
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;  
 Yet to their general's voice they soon obey'd  
 Innumerable. As when the potent rod  
 Of Amram's son in Egypt's evil day  
 Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud  
 Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,  
 That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung  
 Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:  
 So numberless were those bad angels seen  
 Hovering on wing under the cope of hell  
 'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;  
 Till, as a signal given, the uplifted spear  
 Of their great sultan waving to direct  
 Their course, in even balance down they light  
 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain;  
 A multitude, like which the populous north  
 Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass  
 Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons  
 Came like a deluge on the south, and spread  
 Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian sands.

Forthwith from every squadron and each band  
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood  
Their great commander; godlike shapes and forms  
Excelling human, princely dignities,  
And powers that erst in heaven sat on thrones;  
Though of their names in heavenly records now  
Be no memorial; blotted out and ras'd,  
By their rebellion, from the books of life.  
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve  
Got them new names, till wandering o'er the earth,  
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,  
By falsities and lies the greatest part  
Of mankind they corrupted, to forsake  
God their creator, and the invisible  
Glory of him that made them, to transform  
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd  
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,  
And devils to adore for deities;  
Then were they known to men by various names,  
And various idols, through the heathen world.  
Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last,  
Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery couch,  
At their great emperor's call, as next in worth,

Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,  
 While the promiscuous croud stood yet aloof?  
 The chief were those who from the pit of hell  
 Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix  
 Their seats long after next the seat of God,  
 Their altars by his altar, gods ador'd  
 Among the nations round, and durst abide  
 Jehovah thundering out of Sion, thron'd  
 Between the cherubim; yea, often plac'd  
 Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,  
 Abominations; and with cursed things  
 His holy rites, and solemn feasts profan'd,  
 And with their darkness durst affront his light.  
 First Moloch, horrid king besmear'd with blood  
 Of human sacrifice, and parents tears,  
 Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud  
 Their children's cries unheard, that pass'd through fire  
 To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite  
 Worship'd in Rabba and her watry plain,  
 In Argob and in Basan, to the stream  
 Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such  
 Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart  
 Of Solomon he led by fraud to build

His temple right against the temple' of God  
 On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove  
 The pleasant valley of Hinnon, Tophet thence  
 And black Gehenna call'd, the type of hell.  
 Next Chemos, the 'obscene dread of Moab's sons,  
 From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild  
 Of southmost Abarim ; in Hesebon  
 And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond  
 The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines,  
 And Eleäle to the Asphaltick pool.  
 Peor his other name, when he entic'd  
 Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,  
 To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.  
 Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarg'd  
 Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove  
 Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate ;  
 Till good Josiah drove them thence to hell.  
 With these came they, who from the bordering flood  
 Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts  
 Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names  
 Of Baälim and Ashtaroth, those male,  
 These feminine. For spirits when they please  
 Can either sex assume, or both ; so soft

And uncompounded is their essence pure,  
 Not ty'd or manacled with joint or limb,  
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,  
 Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they chuse,  
 Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,  
 Can execute their airy purposes,  
 And works of love or enmity fulfil.  
 For those the race of Israel oft forsook  
 Their living strength, and unfrequented left  
 His righteous altar, bowing lowly down  
 To bestial gods; for which their heads as low  
 Bow'd down in battel, sunk before the spear  
 Of despicable foes. With these in troop  
 Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd  
 Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns;  
 To whose bright image nightly by the moon  
 Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs,  
 In Sion also not unsung, where stood  
 Her temple on the offensive mountain, built  
 By that uxorious king, whose heart though large,  
 Beguil'd by fair idolatresses, fell  
 To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,  
 Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd



The Syrian damsels to lament his fate  
In amorous ditties all a summer's day ;  
While smooth Adonis from his native rock  
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood  
Of Thammuz yearly wounded : the love-tale  
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,  
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch  
Ezekiel saw, when by the vision led  
His eye survey'd the dark idolatries  
Of alienated Judah. Next came one  
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark  
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off  
In his own temple, on the grunsel edge,  
Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers :  
Dagon his name, sea monster, upward man  
And downward fish : yet had his temple high  
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast  
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,  
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.  
Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful seat  
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks  
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.  
He also' against the house of God was bold :

A leper once he lost and gain'd a king,  
Ahaz his sottish conqueror, whom he drew  
God's altar to disparage and displace  
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn  
His odious offerings, and adore the gods  
Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd  
A crew who under names of old renown,  
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train  
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd  
Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek  
Their wandering gods disguis'd in brutish forms  
Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape  
The infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd  
The calf in Oreb: and the rebel king  
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,  
Likening his maker to the grazed ox,  
Jehovah, who in one night when he pass'd  
From Egypt marching, equall'd with one stroke  
Both her first born and all her bleating gods.  
Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd  
Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love  
Vice for itself: to him no temple stood,  
Or altar smok'd; yet who more oft than he

In temples and at altars, when the priest  
Turns atheist, as did Ely's sons, who fill'd  
With lust and violence the house of God ?  
In courts and palaces he also reigns,  
And in luxurious cities, where the noise  
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,  
And injury and outrage: and when night  
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons  
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.  
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night  
In Gibeah, when the hospitable door  
Expos'd a matron to avoid worse rape.  
These were the prime in order and in might ;  
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,  
The Ionian gods, of Javan's issue held  
Gods, yet confest later than heaven and earth  
Their boasted parents ; Titan, heaven's first born,  
With his enormous brood, and birth-right seiz'd  
By younger Saturn, he from mightier Jove  
His own and Rhea's son like measure found ;  
So Jove usurping reign'd: these first in Crete  
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top  
Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle air,

Their highest heaven ; or on the Delphian cliff,  
 Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds  
 Of Doric land ; or who with Saturn old  
 Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,  
 And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.

All these and more came flocking ; but with looks  
 Downcast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd  
 Obscure some glimps of joy, to' have found their chief  
 Not in despair, to' have found themselves not lost  
 In loss itself ; which on his countenance cast  
 Like doubtful hue : but he his wonted pride  
 Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore  
 Semblance of worth, not substance, gently rais'd  
 Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears.  
 Then strait commands that at the warlike sound  
 Of trumpets loud and clarions, be up-rear'd  
 His mighty standard ; that proud honour claim'd  
 Azazel as his right, a cherub tall :  
 Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd  
 The imperial ensign, which, full high advanc'd,  
 Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,  
 With gems and golden lustre rich imblaz'd,  
 Seraphic arms and trophies : all the while

Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds :  
At which the universal host up-sent  
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond  
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.  
All in a moment through the gloom were seen  
Ten thousand banners rise into the air  
With orient colours waving : with them rose  
A forest huge of spears : and thronging helms  
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array  
Of depth immeasurable : anon they move  
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood  
Of flutes and soft recorders ; such as rais'd  
To highth of noblest temper heroes old,  
Arming to battel, and, instead of rage,  
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd  
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat ;  
Nor wanting power to mitigate and suage  
With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase  
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain  
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,  
Breathing united force, with fixed thought  
Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes that charm'd  
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil ; and now

Advanc'd in view, they stand, a horrid front  
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise  
Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield,  
Awaiting what command their mighty chief  
Had to impose: he through the armed files  
Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse  
The whole battalion views, their order due,  
Their visages and stature as of gods,  
Their number last he sums. And now his heart  
Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength  
Glories: for never since created man,  
Met such embodied force, as nam'd with these  
Could merit more than that small infantry  
Warr'd on by cranes: though all the giant brood  
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were join'd  
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side  
Mix'd with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds  
In fable or romance of Uther's son  
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;  
And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,  
Jousted in Aspramount or Montalban,  
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,  
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,

When Charlemain with all his peirage fell  
By Fontarabia. Thus far these beyond  
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd  
Their dread commander: he, above the rest  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,  
Stood like a tower; his form had yet not lost  
All her original brightness, nor appear'd  
Less than arch-angel ruin'd, and the excess  
Of glory' obscur'd: as when the sun new risen,  
Looks through the horizontal misty air  
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon,  
In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone  
Above them all the arch-angel: but his face  
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care  
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows  
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride  
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast  
Signs of remorse and passion to behold  
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather  
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd  
For ever now to have their lot in pain,

Millions of spirits for his fault amerc'd  
Of heaven, and from eternal splendors flung  
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,  
Their glory wither'd. As when heaven's fire  
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,  
With singed top their stately growth though bare  
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd  
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend  
From wing to wing, and half inclose him round  
With all his peers: attention held them mute.  
Thrice he essay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,  
Tears such as angels weep, burst forth; at last  
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

O myriads of immortal spirits, O powers  
Matchless, but with the almighty, and that strife  
Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,  
As this place testifies, and this dire change  
Hateful to utter: but what power of mind,  
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth  
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,  
How such united force of gods, how such  
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?  
For who can yet believe, though after loss,



That all these puissant legions, whose exile  
Hath emptied heaven, shall fail to re-ascend  
Self-rai'd, and repossess their native seat?  
For me be witness all the host of heaven,  
If counsels different, or danger shunn'd  
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns  
Monarch in heaven, till then as one secure  
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,  
Consent or custom; and his regal state  
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,  
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.  
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own  
So as not either to provoke, or dread  
New war, provok'd; our better part remains  
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,  
What force effected not: that he no less  
At length from us may find, who overcomes  
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.  
Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rife  
There went a fame in heaven that he ere long  
Intended to create, and therein plant  
A generation, whom his choice regard  
Should favour equal to the sons of heaven:

Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps  
 Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere :  
 For this infernal pit shall never hold  
 Celestial spirits in bondage, nor the abyss  
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts  
 Full counsel must mature : peace is despair'd,  
 For who can think submission ? war then, war  
 Open or understood must be resolv'd.

He spake : and to confirm his words, out flew  
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs  
 Of mighty cherubim ; the sudden blaze  
 Far round illumin'd hell : highly they rag'd  
 Against the highest, and fierce with grasped arms  
 Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,  
 Hurling defiance toward the vault of heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top  
 Belch'd fire and rolling smoke ; the rest entire  
 Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign  
 That in his womb was hid metallic ore,  
 The work of sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed  
 A numerous brigade hasten'd. As when bands  
 Of pioneers, with spade and pick-ax arm'd,  
 Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,

Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on,  
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell  
From heaven, for e'en in heaven his looks and thoughts  
Were always downward bent, admiring more  
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,  
Than ought divine or holy else enjoy'd  
In vision beatific: by him first  
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,  
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands  
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth  
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew  
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,  
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire  
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best  
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those  
Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell  
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,  
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,  
And strength, and art, are easily out-done  
By spirits reprobate, and in an hour  
What in an age they with incessant toil  
And hands innumerable scarce perform.  
Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd,

That underneath had veins of liquid fire  
 Sluc'd from the lake, a second multitude  
 With wondrous art founded the massy ore,  
 Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross :  
 A third as soon had form'd within the ground  
 A various mould, and from the boiling cells  
 By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,  
 As in an organ from one blast of wind  
 To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.  
 Anon out of the earth a fabrick huge  
 Rose like an exhalation, with the sound  
 Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,  
 Built like a temple, where pilasters round  
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid  
 With golden architrave ; nor did there want  
 Cornice or freeze, with bossy sculptures graven ;  
 The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,  
 Nor great Alcairo such magnificence  
 Equall'd in all their glories, to inshrine  
 Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat  
 Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove  
 In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile  
 Stood fix'd her stately highth, and strait the doors

Opening their brazen folds discover wide  
Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth  
And level pavement: from the arched roof,  
Pendant by subtle magic many a row  
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed  
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light  
As from a sky. The hasty multitude  
Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise  
And some the architect: his hand was known  
In heaven by many a towered structure high,  
Where sceptred angels held their residence,  
And sat as princes, whom the supreme king  
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,  
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.  
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd  
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land  
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell  
From heaven, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove  
Sheer o'er the chrystal battlements; from morn  
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,  
A summer's day; and with the setting sun  
Dropp'd from the zenith like a falling star,  
On Lemnos the Ægean isle: thus they relate,

Erring; for he with his rebellious rout  
 Fell long before; nor ought avail'd him now  
 To have built in heaven high towers; nor did he scape  
 By all his engines, but was headlong sent  
 With his industrious crew to build in hell.

Mean while the winged heralds by command  
 Of sovereign power, with awful ceremony  
 And trumpets sound throughout the host proclaim  
 A solemn council forthwith to be held  
 At Pandæmonium, the high capital  
 Of Satan and his peers: their summons call'd  
 From every band and squared regiment  
 By place or choice the worthiest; they anon  
 With hundreds and with thousands trooping came  
 Attended: all access was throng'd, the gates  
 And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall  
 (Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold  
 Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair  
 Defy'd the best of Panim chivalry  
 To mortal combat or career with lance)  
 Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,  
 Brush'd with the hiss of rusling wings. As bees  
 In spring-time, when the sun with Taurus rides,

Pour forth their populous youth about the hive  
In clusters ; they among fresh dews and flowers  
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,  
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,  
New-rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer  
Their state affairs. So thick the airy crowd  
Swarm'd and were straiten'd ; till, the signal given,  
Behold a wonder ! they but now who seem'd  
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,  
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room  
Throng numberless, like that pygmean race  
Beyond the Indian mount, or faery elves,  
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side  
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,  
Or dreams he sees, while over-head the moon  
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth  
Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and dance  
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear ;  
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.  
Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms  
Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large,  
Though without number still amidst the hall  
Of that infernal court. But far within,

And in their own dimensions like themselves,  
The great seraphic lords and cherubim  
In close recess and secret conclave sat,  
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,  
Frequent and full. After short silence then,  
And summons read, the great consult began.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.



P A R A D I S E L O S T.

B O O K II.

## THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE consultation begun: Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of heaven: some advise it, others dissuade: a third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature equal or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created: their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to hell gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulph between hell and heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.



## B O O K    I I .

VER. I—IO.

**H**IGH on a throne of royal state, which far  
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,  
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand  
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,  
Satan exalted sat ; by merit rais'd  
To that bad eminence ; and from despair  
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue  
Vain war with Heaven, and by success untaught  
His proud imaginations thus display'd.

Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heaven,  
 For since no deep within her gulf can hold  
 Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fallen,  
 I give not Heaven for lost. From this descent  
 Celestial virtues rising, will appear  
 More glorious and more dread than from no fall,  
 And trust themselves to fear no second fate.  
 Me, though just right, and the fix'd laws of Heav'n  
 Did first create your leader, next free choice,  
 With what besides, in counsel or in fight,  
 Hath been atchiev'd of merit, yet this loss  
 Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more  
 Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne  
 Yielded with full consent. The happier state  
 In Heaven, which follows dignity, might draw  
 Envy from each inferior; but who here  
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes  
 Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim  
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share  
 Of endless pain? where there is then no good  
 For which to strive, no strife can grow up there  
 From faction; for none sure will claim in hell  
 Precedence, none, whose portion is so small

Of present pain, that with ambitious mind  
Will covet more. With this advantage then  
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,  
More than can be in heaven, we now return  
To claim our just inheritance of old,  
Surer to prosper than prosperity  
Could have assur'd us ; and by what best way,  
Whether of open war or cover'd guile,  
We now debate ; who can advise, may speak.

He ceas'd, and next him Moloch, scepter'd king,  
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit  
That fought in Heaven ; now fiercer by despair :  
His trust was with the Eternal to be deem'd  
Equal in strength, and rather than be less,  
Car'd not to be at all ; with that care lost  
Went all his fear : of God, or hell, or worse,  
He reck'd not, and these words thereafter spake.

My sentence is for open war : of wiles,  
More unexpert, I boast not : them let those  
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now ;  
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,  
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait  
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here,

Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling place  
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,  
The prison of his tyranny who reigns  
By our delay? No, let us rather chuse,  
Arm'd with Hell-flames and fury, all at once  
O'er Heaven's high towers to force resistless way,  
Turning our tortures into horrid arms  
Against the torturer; when to meet the noise  
Of his almighty engine he shall hear  
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see  
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
Among his Angels; and his throne itself  
Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,  
His own invented torments. But perhaps  
The way seems difficult and steep, to scale  
With upright wing against a higher foe.  
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench  
Of that forgetful lake benumm not still,  
That in our proper motion we ascend  
Up to our native seat: descent and fall  
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,  
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear  
Insulting, and pursu'd us through the deep,

With what compulsion and laborious flight  
 We sunk thus low? the ascent is easy then;  
 The event is fear'd; should we again provoke  
 Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find  
 To our destruction: if there be in Hell  
 Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse  
 Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemn'd  
 In this abhorred deep to utter woe;  
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire  
 Must exercise us without hope of end,  
 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge  
 Inexorably, and the torturing hour  
 Calls us to penance? more destroy'd than thus,  
 We should be quite abolish'd and expire.  
 What fear we then? what doubt we to incense  
 His utmost ire? which to the highth enrag'd,  
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce  
 To nothing this essential, happier far  
 Than miserable to have eternal being:  
 Or if our substance be indeed divine,  
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst  
 On this side nothing; and by proof we feel  
 Our power sufficient to disturb his Heaven,

And with perpetual inroads to alarm,  
 Though inaccessible, his fatal throne :  
 Which if not victory is yet revenge.

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd  
 Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous  
 To less than Gods. On the other side uprose  
 Belial, in act more graceful and humane ;  
 A fairer person lost not Heaven ; he seem'd  
 For dignity compos'd and high exploit :  
 But all was false and hollow ; though his tongue  
 Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear  
 The better reason, to perplex and dash  
 Maturest counsels : for his thoughts were low ;  
 To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds  
 Timorous and slothful ; yet he pleas'd the ear,  
 And with persuasive accent thus began.

I should be much for open war, O peers,  
 As not behind in hate ; if what was urg'd  
 Main reason to persuade immediate war,  
 Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast  
 Ominous conjecture on the whole success :  
 When he who most excels in fact of arms,  
 In what he counsels and in what excels



Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair  
 And utter dissolution, as the scope  
 Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.  
 First, what revenge? the towers of Heaven are fill'd  
 With armed watch, that render all access  
 Impregnable; oft on the bordering deep  
 Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing  
 Scout far and wide into the realm of night,  
 Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way  
 By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise  
 With blackest insurrection, to confound  
 Heaven's purest light, yet our great enemy,  
 All incorruptible, would on his throne  
 Sit unpolluted, and the ethereal mould,  
 Incapable of stain, would soon expel  
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,  
 Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope  
 Is flat despair: we must exasperate  
 The almighty victor to spend all his rage,  
 And that must end us, that must be our cure,  
 To be no more; sad cure; for who would lose,  
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
 Those thoughts that wander through eternity,

To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost  
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
 Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,  
 Let this be good, whether our angry foe  
 Can give it, or will ever? how he can  
 Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.  
 Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,  
 Belike through impotence, or unaware,  
 To give his enemies their wish, and end  
 Them in his anger, whom his anger saves  
 To punish endless? wherefore cease we then?  
 Say they who counsel war, we are decreed,  
 Reserv'd and destin'd to eternal woe;  
 Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,  
 What can we suffer worse? is this then worst,  
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?  
 What when we fled amain, pursu'd and struck  
 With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought  
 The deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd  
 A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay  
 Chain'd on the burning lake? that sure was worse.  
 What if the breath that kindled those grim fires  
 Awak'd should blow them into sevenfold rage,

And plunge us in the flames? or from above  
 Should intermitted vengeance arm again  
 His red right hand to plague us? what if all  
 Her stores were open'd, and this firmament  
 Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,  
 Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall  
 One day upon our heads; while we perhaps  
 Designing or exhorting glorious war,  
 Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd  
 Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey  
 Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk  
 Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;  
 There to converse with everlasting groans,  
 Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd,  
 Ages of hopeless end! this would be worse.  
 War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike  
 My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile  
 With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye  
 Views all things at one view? he from Heaven's highth  
 All these our motions vain, sees and derides;  
 Not more almighty to resist our might  
 Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.  
 Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heaven

Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to suffer here  
 Chains and these torments? better these than worse,  
 By my advice; since fate inevitable  
 Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,  
 The victor's will. To suffer, as to do,  
 Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust  
 That so ordains: this was at first resolv'd,  
 If we were wise, against so great a foe  
 Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.  
 I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold  
 And ventrous, if that fail them, shrink and fear  
 What yet they know must follow, to indure  
 Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,  
 The sentence of their conqueror: this is now  
 Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,  
 Our supreme foe in time may much remit  
 His anger, and perhaps thus far remov'd,  
 Not mind us not offending, satisfy'd  
 With what is punish'd; whence these raging fires  
 Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.  
 Our purer essence then will overcome  
 Their noxious vapour, or enur'd not feel,  
 Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd

In temper and in nature, will receive  
 Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain ;  
 This horror will grow mild, this darkness light,  
 Besides what hope the never-ending flight  
 Of future days may bring, what chance, what change  
 Worth waiting, since our present lot appears  
 For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,  
 If we procure not to ourselves more woe.

Thus Belial, with words cloath'd in reason's garb,  
 Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,  
 Not peace : and after him thus Mammon spake.

Either to disenthronè the King of Heaven  
 We war, if war be best, or to regain  
 Our own right lost : him to unthrone we then  
 May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield  
 To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife :  
 The former vain to hope argues as vain  
 The latter : for what place can be for us  
 Within Heaven's bound, unless Heaven's lord supreme  
 We overpower ? suppose he should relent,  
 And publish grace to all, on promise made  
 Of new subjection ; with what eyes could we  
 Stand in his presence humble, and receive

Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne  
 With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing  
 Forc'd Halleluiahs ; while he lordly sits  
 Our envied sovrán, and his altar breathes  
 Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,  
 Our servile offerings. This must be our task  
 In Heaven, this our delight ; how wearisome  
 Eternity so spent in worship paid  
 To whom we hate ! Let us not then pursue  
 By force impossible, by leave obtain'd  
 Unacceptable, though in Heaven, our state  
 Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek  
 Our own good from ourselves, and from our own  
 Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,  
 Free, and to none accountable, preferring  
 Hard liberty before the easy yoke  
 Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear  
 Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,  
 Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,  
 We can create, and in what place so e'er  
 Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain  
 Through labour and endurance. This deep world  
 Of darkness do we dread ? how oft amidst

Thick clouds and dark doth Heaven's all-ruling Sire  
 Choose to reside, his glory unobscur'd,  
 And with the majesty of darkness round  
 Covers his throne ; from whence deep thunders roar,  
 Mustering their rage, and Heaven resembles Hell ?  
 As he our darkness, cannot we his light  
 Imitate when we please ? this desert soil  
 Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold ;  
 Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise  
 Magnificence ; and what can Heaven shew more ?  
 Our torments also may in length of time  
 Become our elements, these piercing fires  
 As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd  
 Into their temper ; which must needs remove  
 The sensible of pain. All things invite  
 To peaceful counsels, and the settled state  
 Of order, how in safety best we may  
 Compose our present evils, with regard  
 Of what we are and where, dismissing quite  
 All thoughts of war : ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd  
 The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain  
 The sound of blustering winds, which all night long

Had rous'd the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull  
 Sea-faring men o'er-watch'd, whose bark by chance  
 Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay  
 After the tempest : such applause was heard  
 As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleas'd,  
 Advising peace : for such another field  
 They dreaded worse than Hell : so much the fear  
 Of thunder and the sword of Michaël  
 Wrought still within them ; and no less desire  
 To found this nether empire, which might rise  
 By policy, and long process of time,  
 In emulation opposite to heaven.  
 Which when Bēelzebub perceiv'd, than whom,  
 Satan except, none higher sat, with grave  
 Aspēct he rose, and in his rising seem'd  
 A pillár of state ; deep on his front engraven  
 Deliberation sat and public care ;  
 And princely counsel in his face yet shone,  
 Majestic though in ruin : sage he stood  
 With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear  
 The weight of mightiest monarchies ; his look  
 Drew audience and attention still as night  
 Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake.



Thrones and imperial powers, offspring of Heaven,  
 Ethereal virtues ; or these titles now  
 Must we renounce, and changing stile be call'd  
 Princes of Hell ? for so the popular vote  
 Inclines, here to continue, and build up here  
 A growing empire ; doubtless ; while we dream,  
 And know not that the king of Heaven hath doom'd  
 This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat  
 Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt  
 From Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league  
 Banded against his throne, but to remain  
 In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd,  
 Under the inevitable curb, reserv'd  
 His captive multitude : for he, be sure,  
 In highth or depth, still first and last will reign  
 Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part  
 By our revolt, but over hell extend  
 His empire, and with iron sceptre rule  
 Us here, as with his golden those in Heaven.  
 What sit we then projecting peace and war ?  
 War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss  
 Irreparable ; terms of peace yet none  
 Vouchsaf'd or sought ; for what peace will be given

To us enslav'd, but custody severe,  
 And stripes, and arbitrary punishment  
 Inflicted? and what peace can we return,  
 But to our power hostility and hate,  
 Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though slow,  
 Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least  
 May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice  
 In doing what we most in suffering feel?  
 Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need  
 With dangerous expedition to invade  
 Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,  
 Or ambush from the deep. What if we find  
 Some easier enterprise? there is a place  
 (If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven  
 Err not) another world, the happy seat  
 Of some new race call'd Man, about this time  
 To be created like to us, though less  
 In power and excellence, but favour'd more  
 Of him who rules above; so was his will  
 Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an oath,  
 That shook Heaven's whole circumference, confirm'd.  
 Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn  
 What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,

Or substance, how indued, and what their power,  
 And where their weakness, how attempted best,  
 By force or subtlety : though Heaven be shut,  
 And Heaven's high arbitrator sit secure  
 In his own strength, this place may lie expos'd  
 The utmost border of his kingdom, left  
 To their defence who hold it : here perhaps  
 Some advantageous act may be atchiev'd  
 By sudden onset, either with Hell-fire  
 To waste his whole creation, or possess  
 All as our own, and drive as we were driven,  
 The puny habitants, or if not drive,  
 Seduce them to our party, that their God  
 May prove their foe, and with repenting hand  
 Abolish his own works. This would surpass  
 Common revenge, and interrupt his joy  
 In our confusion, and our joy up-raise  
 In his disturbance ; when his darling sons  
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse  
 Their frail original, and faded bliss,  
 Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth  
 Attempting, or to sit in darkness here  
 Hatching vain empires. Thus Bëelzebub

Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devis'd  
 By Satan, and in part propos'd: for whence,  
 But from the author of all ill could spring  
 So deep a malice, to confound the race  
 Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell  
 To mingle and involve, done all to spite  
 The great Creator? but their spite still serves  
 His glory to augment. The bold design  
 Pleas'd highly those infernal states, and joy  
 Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent  
 They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.

Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,  
 Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,  
 Great things resolv'd, which from the lowest deep  
 Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,  
 Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view  
 Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring arms  
 And opportune excursion we may chance  
 Re-enter Heaven; or else in some mild zone  
 Dwell not unvisited of Heaven's fair light  
 Secure, and at the brightning orient beam  
 Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air,  
 To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,

Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we send  
 In search of this new world? whom shall we find  
 Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet  
 The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,  
 And through the palpable obscure find out  
 His uncouth way, or spread his aery flight  
 Upborne with indefatigable wings  
 Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive  
 The happy isle? what strength, what art can then  
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe  
 Through the strict senteries and stations thick  
 Of Angels watching round? here he had need  
 All circumspection, and we now no less  
 Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send,  
 The weight of all and our last hope relies.

This said, he sat; and expectation held  
 His look suspence, awaiting who appear'd  
 To second, or oppose, or undertake  
 The perilous attempt: but all sate mute,  
 Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each  
 In others countenance read his own dismay  
 Astonish'd: none among the choice and prime  
 Of those Heaven-warring champions could be found

So hardy as to proffer or accept  
 Alone the dreadful voyage ; till at last  
 Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd  
 Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,  
 Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.

    O progeny of Heaven, empyreal thrones,  
 With reason hath deep silence and demur  
 Seis'd us, though undismay'd : long is the way  
 And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light ;  
 Our prison strong ; this huge convex of fire,  
 Outrageous to devour, immures us round  
 Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant  
 Barr'd over us prohibit all egress.  
 These past, if any pass, the void profound  
 Of unessential night receives him next  
 Wide-gaping, and with utter loss of being  
 Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulph.  
 If thence he 'scape into whatever world,  
 Or unknown region, what remains him less  
 Than unknown dangers and as hard escape ?  
 But I should ill become this throne, O peers,  
 And this imperial sovranly, adorn'd  
 With splendor, arm'd with power, if aught propos'd

And judg'd of public moment, in the shape  
 Of difficulty or danger could deter  
 Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume  
 These royalties, and not refuse to reign,  
 Refusing to accept as great a share  
 Of hazard as of honour, due alike  
 To him who reigns, and so much to him due  
 Of hazard more, as he above the rest  
 High honour'd sits? Go therefore, mighty Powers,  
 Terror of Heaven, though fallen; intend at home,  
 While here shall be our home, what best may ease  
 The present misery, and render Hell  
 More tolerable; if there be cure or charm  
 To respite or deceive, or slack the pain  
 Of this ill mansion: intermit no watch  
 Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad  
 Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek  
 Deliverance for us all: this enterprize  
 None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose  
 The monarch, and prevented all reply,  
 Prudent, lest from his resolution rais'd,  
 Others among the chief might offer now  
 (Certain to be refus'd) what erst they fear'd;

And so refus'd might in opinion stand  
 His rivals, winning cheap the high repute  
 Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they  
 Dreaded not more the adventure than his voice  
 Forbidding ; and at once with him they rose ;  
 Their rising all at once was as the sound  
 Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend  
 With awful reverence prone ; and as a God  
 Extol him equal to the Highest in Heaven :  
 Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd,  
 That for the general safety he despis'd  
 His own : for neither do the Spirits damn'd  
 Lose all their virtue ; lest bad men should boast  
 Their specious deeds on earth, which glory' excites,  
 Or close ambition, varnish'd o'er with zeal.  
 Thus they their doubtful consultations dark  
 Ended rejoicing in their matchless chief :  
 As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds  
 Ascending, while the north-wind sleeps, o'erspread  
 Heaven's cheerful face, the louring element  
 Scowls o'er the darken'd landskip snow, or shower ;  
 If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet  
 Extends his evening beam, the fields revive,



The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds  
 Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.  
 O shame to men ! Devil with Devil damn'd  
 Firm concord holds, men only disagree  
 Of creatures rational, though under hope  
 Of heavenly grace : and God proclaiming peace,  
 Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife,  
 Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,  
 Wasting the earth, each other to destroy :  
 As if (which might induce us to accord)  
 Man had not hellish foes enow besides,  
 That day and night for his destruction wait.

The Stygian council thus dissolv'd ; and forth  
 In order came the grand infernal peers :  
 'Midst, came their mighty Paramount, and seem'd  
 Alone the antagonist of Heaven, nor less  
 Than Hell's dread emperor with pomp supreme,  
 And god-like imitated state ; him round,  
 A globe of fiery seraphim inclos'd  
 With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms.  
 Then of their session ended they bid cry  
 With trumpets regal sound the great result :  
 Toward the four winds, four speedy cherubim

Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy  
By herald's voice explain'd : the hollow' abyss  
Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell  
With deafning shout, return'd them loud acclaim.  
Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat rais'd  
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers  
Disband, and wandering, each his several way  
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice,  
Leads him perplex'd, where he may likeliest find  
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain  
The irksome hours, till his great chief return.  
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime  
Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,  
As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields ;  
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal  
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.  
As when to warn proud cities war appears  
Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush  
To battle in the clouds, before each van  
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears  
Till thickest legions close ; with feats of arms  
From either end of Heaven the welkin burns.  
Others with vast Typhœan rage more fell

Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air  
 In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.  
 As when Alcides from Oechalia crown'd  
 With conquest, felt the envenom'd robe, and tore  
 Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,  
 And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw  
 Into the Euboic sea. Others more mild,  
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing  
 With notes angelical to many a harp  
 Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall  
 By doom of battle; and complain that fate  
 Free virtue should enthral to force or chance.  
 Their song was partial, but the harmony  
 (What could it less when spirits immortal sing?)  
 Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment  
 The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet  
 (For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense.)  
 Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,  
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high  
 Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,  
 Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,  
 And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.  
 Of good and evil much they argued then,

Of happiness and final misery,  
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,  
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy :  
Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm  
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite  
Fallacious hope, or arm the obdured breast  
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.  
Another part in squadrons and gross bands,  
On bold adventure to discover wide  
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps  
Might yield them easier habitation, bend  
Four ways their flying march, along the banks  
Of four infernal rivers that disgorge  
Into the burning lake their baleful streams ;  
Abhorred Styx the flood of deadly hate,  
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep ;  
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud  
Heard on the rueful stream ; fierce Phlegethon  
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.  
Far off from these a slow and silent stream,  
Lethe the river of oblivion rolls  
Her watry labyrinth, whereof who drinks,  
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,

Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain,  
 Beyond this flood a frozen continent  
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms  
 Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land  
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems  
 Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,  
 A gulph profound as that Serbonian bog  
 Betwixt Damiatra and Mount Casius old,  
 Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air  
 Burns frore, and cold performs the effect of fire.  
 Thither by harpy-footed furies hail'd,  
 At certain revolutions all the damn'd  
 Are brought: and feel by turns the bitter change  
 Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,  
 From beds of raging fire to starve in ice  
 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
 Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,  
 Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.  
 They ferry over this Lethæan sound  
 Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,  
 And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach  
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose  
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,

All in one moment, and so near the brink ;  
 But fate withstands, and to oppose the attempt  
 Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards  
 The ford, and of itself the water flies  
 All taste of living wight, as once it fled  
 The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on  
 In confus'd march forlorn, the adventrous bands  
 With shudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghast  
 View'd first their lamentable lot, and found  
 No rest : through many a dark and dreary vale  
 They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,  
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,  
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,  
 A universe of death, which God by curse  
 Created evil, for evil only good,  
 Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds  
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,  
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse  
 Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,  
 Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.

Mean while the adversary' of God and Man,  
 Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of highest design,  
 Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of Hell

Explores his solitary flight ; sometimes  
 He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,  
 Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars  
 Up to the fiery concave towering high.  
 As when far off at sea a fleet descry'd  
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds  
 Close sailing from Bengala or the isles  
 Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring  
 Their spicy drugs : they on the trading flood,  
 Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,  
 Ply stemming nightly toward the pole. So seem'd  
 Far off the flying fiend : at last appear  
 Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid roof,  
 And thrice three-fold the gates ; three folds were brass,  
 Three iron, three of adamantine rock,  
 Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,  
 Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat  
 On either side a formidable shape ;  
 The one seem'd woman to the waste, and fair,  
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold  
 Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd  
 With mortal sting : about her middle round  
 A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd

With wide Cerberian mouths full loud, and rung  
A hideous peal : yet, when they list, would creep,  
If ought disturb'd their noise, into her womb,  
And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd,  
Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these  
Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts  
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore :  
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when call'd  
In secret, riding through the air she comes  
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance  
With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon  
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,  
If shape it might be call'd, that shape had none  
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,  
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,  
For each seem'd either ; black it stood as night,  
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,  
And shook a dreadful dart ; what seem'd his head  
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.  
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat  
The monster moving onward came as fast  
With horrid strides ; hell trembled as he strode.  
The undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd,



Admir'd, not fear'd ; God and his Son except,  
 Created thing nought valued he nor shunn'd ;  
 And with disdainful look thus first began.

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,  
 That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance  
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way  
 To yonder gates ? through them I mean to pass,  
 That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee :  
 Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,  
 Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heaven.

To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd,  
 Art thou that traitor Angel, art thou He,  
 Who first broke peace in Heaven and faith, till then  
 Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms  
 Drew after him the third part of Heaven's sons  
 Conjúr'd against the Highest, for which both thou  
 And they outcast from God, are here condemn'd  
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain ?  
 And reckon'st thou thyself with Spirits of Heaven,  
 Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn  
 Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,  
 Thy king and lord ? back to thy punishment,  
 False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,

Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue  
 Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart  
 Strange horror seize thee,' and pangs unfelt before.

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,  
 So speaking and so threatening, grew ten-fold  
 More dreadful and deform : on the other side,  
 Incens'd with indignation Satan stood  
 Unterrify'd, and like a comet burn'd,  
 That fires the length of Ophiucus huge  
 In the Arctic sky, and from his horrid hair  
 Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head  
 Levell'd his deadly aim ; their fatal hands  
 No second stroke intend, and such a frown  
 Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds  
 With Heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on  
 Over the Caspian, then stand front to front  
 Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow  
 To join their dark encounter in mid air :  
 So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell  
 Grew darker at their frown ; so match'd they stood ;  
 For never but once more was either like  
 To meet so great a foe : and now great deeds  
 Had been atchiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,

Had not the snaky sorceress that sat  
Fast by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,  
Risen, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O Father, what intends thy hand, she cry'd,  
Against thy only son? what fury, O Son,  
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart  
Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom?  
For him who sits above and laughs the while  
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute  
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids;  
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both.

She spake, and at her words the hellish pest  
Forbore, then these to her Satan return'd:

So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange  
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand  
Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds  
What it intends; till first I know of thee  
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why  
In this infernal vale first met thou call'st  
Me father, and that fantasm call'st my son?  
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now  
Sight more detestable than him and thee.

To whom thus the portress of hell-gate reply'd:

Hast thou forgot me then? and do I seem  
 Now in thine eye so foul? once deem'd so fair  
 In Heaven, when at the assembly, and in sight  
 Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd  
 In bold conspiracy against Heaven's King,  
 All on a sudden miserable pain  
 Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum  
 In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast  
 Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide,  
 Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright,  
 Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess arm'd,  
 Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seiz'd  
 All the host of Heaven; back they recoil'd afraid  
 At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a sign  
 Portentous held me; but familiar grown,  
 I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won  
 The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft  
 Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing,  
 Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st  
 With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd  
 A growing burden. Mean while war arose,  
 And fields were fought in Heaven; wherein remain'd  
 (For what could else?) to our almighty foe

Clear victory, to our part loss and rout  
 Through all the Empyrean : down they fell  
 Driven headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down  
 Into this deep, and in the general fall  
 I also ; at which time this powerful key  
 Into my hand was given, with charge to keep  
 These gates for ever shut, which none can pass  
 Without my opening. Pensive here I sat  
 Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb,  
 Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,  
 Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.  
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest  
 Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,  
 Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain  
 Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew  
 Transform'd : but he my inbred enemy  
 Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart  
 Made to destroy : I fled, and cry'd out Death ;  
 Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd  
 From all her caves, and back resounded Death.  
 I fled, but he pursued (though more, it seems,  
 Inflam'd with lust than rage) and swifter far,  
 Me overtook his mother all dismay'd,

And in embraces forcible and foul,  
 Ingendering with me, of that rape begot  
 These yelling monsters that with ceaseless cry  
 Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceiv'd  
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite  
 To me; for, when they list, into the womb  
 That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw  
 My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth  
 Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,  
 That rest or intermission none I find.  
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits  
 Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets them on,  
 And me his parent would full soon devour  
 For want of other prey, but that he knows  
 His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I  
 Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,  
 Whenever that shall be; so Fate pronounc'd.  
 But thou, O Father, I forewarn thee, shun  
 His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope  
 To be invulnerable in those bright arms,  
 Though temper'd heavenly, for that mortal dint,  
 Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

She finish'd, and the subtle Fiend his lore  
 Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.

Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,  
 And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge  
 Of dalliance had with thee in Heaven, and joys  
 Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change  
 Befallen us unforeseen, unthought of, know  
 I come no enemy, but to set free  
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain,  
 Both him and thee, and all the heavenly host  
 Of spirits that in our just pretences arm'd  
 Fell with us from on high : from them I go  
 This uncouth errand sole, and one for all  
 Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread  
 The unfounded deep, and through the void immense  
 To search with wandering quest a place foretold  
 Should be, and by concurring signs, ere now  
 Created vast and round, a place of bliss  
 In the purlieus of Heaven, and therein plac'd  
 A race of upstart creatures, to supply  
 Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,  
 Lest Heaven surcharg'd with potent multitude  
 Might hap to move new broils : be this or ought  
 Than this more secret now design'd, I haste  
 To know, and this once known, shall soon return,

And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death  
 Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen  
 Wing silently the buxom air, imbaln'd  
 With odours ; there ye shall be fed and fill'd  
 Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.

He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death  
 Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear  
 His famine should be fill'd, and blest his maw  
 Destin'd to that good hour : no less rejoic'd  
 His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire.

The key of this infernal pit by due,  
 And by command of Heaven's all-powerful King,  
 I keep, by him forbidden to unlock  
 These adamantine gates ; against all force  
 Death ready stands to interpose his dart,  
 Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.  
 But what owe I to his commands above  
 Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down  
 Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,  
 To sit in hateful office here confin'd,  
 Inhabitant of Heaven, and heavenly-born,  
 Here in perpetual agony and pain,  
 With terrors and with clamours compass'd round,



Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?  
 Thou art my father, thou my author, thou  
 My being gav'st me; whom should I obey  
 But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon  
 To that new world of light and bliss, among  
 The Gods who live at ease, where I shall reign  
 At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems  
 Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,  
 Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;  
 And towards the gate rolling her bestial train,  
 Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,  
 Which but herself not all the Stygian Powers  
 Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns  
 The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar  
 Of massy iron or solid rock with ease  
 Unfastens: on a sudden open fly  
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound  
 The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook  
 Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut  
 Excell'd her power; the gates wide open stood,  
 That with extended wings a banner'd host

Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through  
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array ;  
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth  
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.  
Before their eyes in sudden view appear  
The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark  
Illimitable ocean without bound,  
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and highth,  
And time, and place are lost ; where eldest Night  
And Chaos, ancestors of nature, hold  
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise  
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.  
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce  
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring  
Their embryon atoms ; they around the flag  
Of each his faction, in their several clans,  
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,  
Swarm populous, un-number'd as the sands  
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,  
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise  
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,  
He rules a moment ; Chaos umpire sits,  
And by decision more embroils the fray

By which he reigns : next him, high arbiter  
 Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss,  
 The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave,  
 Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,  
 But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd  
 Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight,  
 Unless the almighty Maker them ordain  
 His dark materials to create more worlds ;  
 Into this wild abyss the wary Fiend  
 Stood on the brink of Hell, and look'd a while,  
 Pondering his voyage ; for no narrow frith  
 He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd  
 With noises loud and ruinous (to compare  
 Great things with small) than when Bellona storms,  
 With all her battering engins bent to rase  
 Some capital city ; or less than if this frame  
 Of Heaven were falling, and these elements  
 In mutiny had from her axle torn  
 The stedfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans  
 He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke  
 Uplifted spurns the ground ; thence many a league  
 As in a cloudy chair ascending rides  
 Audacious ; but that seat soon failing, meets

A vast vacuity : all unawares  
 Fluttering his pinions vain, plumb down he drops  
 Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour  
 Down had been falling, had not by ill chance  
 The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud  
 Instinct with fire and nitre hurried him  
 As many miles aloft : that fury stay'd,  
 Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,  
 Nor good dry land : nigh founder'd on he fares,  
 Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,  
 Half flying ; behoves him now both oar and sail.  
 As when a Gryphon through the wilderness  
 With winged course o'er hill or moory dale,  
 Pursues the Arimasian, who by stealth  
 Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd  
 The guarded gold : so eagerly the Fiend  
 O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense or rare,  
 With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,  
 And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies :  
 At length a universal hubbub wild  
 Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd  
 Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear  
 With loudest vehemence : thither he plies,

Undaunted to meet there whatever Power  
Or Spirit of the nethermost abyss  
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask  
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies  
Bordering on light ; when strait behold the throne  
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread  
Wide on the wasteful deep ; with him enthron'd  
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,  
The consort of his reign ; and by them stood  
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name  
Of Demogorgon ; Rumour next, and Chance,  
And Tumult and Confusion, all imbroil'd.  
And Discord, with a thousand various mouths.  
To whom Satan turning boldly, thus. Ye powers  
And spirits of this nethermost abyss,  
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy,  
With purpose to explore or to disturb  
The secrets of your realm, but by constraint  
Wandering this darksome desart, as my way  
Lies through your spacious empire up to light,  
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek  
What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds  
Confine with Heaven ; or if some other place

From your dominion won, the ethereal King  
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive  
 I travel this profound ; direct my course ;  
 Directed, no mean recompence it brings  
 To your behoof, if I that region lost,  
 All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce  
 To her original darkness and your sway  
 (Which is my present journey) and once more  
 Erect the standard there of ancient Night ;  
 Yours be the advantage all, mine the revenge.

Thus Satan ; and him thus the Anarch old,  
 With faltering speech and visage incompos'd,  
 Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art,  
 That mighty leading angel, who of late  
 Made head against Heaven's King, though overthrown.  
 I saw and heard, for such a numerous host  
 Fled not in silence through the frighted deep  
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,  
 Confusion worse confounded ; and Heaven gates  
 Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands  
 Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here  
 Keep residence ; if all I can will serve,  
 That little which is left so to defend,

Encroach'd on still through your intestin broils,  
 Weakening the sceptre of old Night : first Hell  
 Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath ;  
 Now lately Heaven and Earth, another world,  
 Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain  
 To that side Heaven from whence your legions fell :  
 If that way be your walk, you have not far ;  
 So much the nearer danger ; go and speed ;  
 Havoc and spoil and ruin are my gain.

He ceas'd ; and Satan stay'd not to reply,  
 But glad that now his sea should find a shore,  
 With fresh alacrity and force renew'd,  
 Springs upward like a pyramid of fire  
 Into the wild expanse, and through the shock  
 Of fighting elements, on all sides round  
 Environ'd wins his way ; harder beset  
 And more indanger'd, than when Argo pass'd  
 Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling rocks :  
 Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd  
 Charybdis, and by the other whirlpool steer'd.  
 So he with difficulty and labor hard  
 Mov'd on, with difficulty and labor he ;  
 But he once past, soon after when man fell,

Strange alteration ! Sin and Death amain  
 Following his track, such was the will of Heaven,  
 Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way  
 Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf  
 Tamely endur'd a bridge of wondrous length  
 From Hell continued, reaching the utmost orb  
 Of this frail world ; by which the Spirits perverse  
 With easy intercourse pass to and fro  
 To tempt or punish mortals, except whom  
 God and good Angels guard by special grace.  
 But now at last the sacred influence  
 Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven  
 Shoots far into the bosom of dim night  
 A glimmering dawn ; here Nature first begins  
 Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire  
 As from her outmost works a broken foe  
 With tumult less and with less hostile din,  
 That Satan with less toil, and now with ease  
 Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,  
 And like a weather-beaten vessel holds  
 Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn ;  
 Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,  
 Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold



Far off the empyreal Heaven, extended wide  
In circuit, undetermin'd square or round,  
With opal towers and battlements adorn'd  
Of living saphir, once his native seat ;  
And fast by hanging in a golden chain  
This pendent world, in bigness as a star  
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.  
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,  
Accurs'd, and in a cursed hour he hies.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.



P A R A D I S E L O S T.

B O O K III.

## THE ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK.

God, sitting on his throne, sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shews him to the Son, who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created man free and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards man; but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards man without the satisfaction of divine justice; man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to god-head, and therefore with all his progeny devoted to death must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in heaven and earth; commands all the angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where wandering he first finds a place since called the **Lymbo** of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the gate of heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: his passage thence to the orb of the sun; he finds there **Uriel** the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation and man whom God had placed here, enquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on mount **Niphates**.



## B O O K III.

VER. I—IO.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born,  
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam,  
May I express thee' unblam'd? since God is light,  
And never but in unapproach'd light  
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,  
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.  
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,  
Whose fountain who shall tell? before the sun,  
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice  
Of God, as with a mantle didst invest

The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
 Won from the void and formless infinite.  
 Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,  
 Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd  
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight  
 Through utter and through middle darkness borne,  
 With other notes than to the Orphéan lyre,  
 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,  
 Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down  
 The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,  
 Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,  
 And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou  
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain  
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;  
 So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,  
 Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more  
 Cease I to wander where the muses haunt  
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,  
 Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief  
 Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath  
 That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,  
 Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget  
 Those other two equal'd with me in fate,

So were I equal'd with them in renown,  
 Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,  
 And Tiresias and Phineus prophets old :  
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move  
 Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird  
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid  
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year  
 Seasons return, but not to me returns  
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,  
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;  
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark  
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men  
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,  
 Presented with a universal blank  
 Of nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,  
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.  
 So much the rather thou, celestial light,  
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
 Irradiate ; there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had the Almighty Father from above,  
 From the pure empyréan where he sits

High thron'd above all highth, bent down his eye,  
 His own works and their works at once to view :  
 About him all the sanctities of Heaven  
 Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd  
 Beatitude past utterance ; on his right  
 The radiant image of his glory sat,  
 His only Son ; on earth he first beheld  
 Our two first parents, yet the only two  
 Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,  
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,  
 Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love,  
 In blissful solitude ; he then survey'd  
 Hell and the gulph between, and Satan there  
 Coasting the wall of Heaven on this side Night,  
 In the dun air sublime, and ready now  
 To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet,  
 On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd  
 Firm land imbosom'd without firmament,  
 Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.  
 Him God beholding from his prospect high,  
 Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,  
 'Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.

Only begotten Son, seest thou what rage  
 Transports our adversary ? whom no bounds



Prescrib'd, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains  
 Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss  
 Wide interrupt can hold ; so bent he seems  
 On desperate revenge, that shall redound  
 Upon his own rebellious head. And now  
 Through all restraint broke, loose he wings his way  
 Not far off Heaven, in the precincts of light,  
 Directly towards the new created world,  
 And man there plac'd, with purpose to essay  
 If him by force he can destroy, or worse,  
 By some false guile pervert ; and shall pervert ;  
 For man will hearken to his glozing lies,  
 And easily transgress the sole command,  
 Sole pledge of his obedience : So will fall  
 He and his faithless progeny : Whose fault ?  
 Whose but his own ? Ingrate, he had of me  
 All he could have ; I made him just and right,  
 Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.  
 Such I created all the ethereal powers  
 And spirits, both them who stood and them who fail'd ;  
 Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.  
 Not free, what proof could they have given sincere  
 Of true allegiance, constant faith or love,

Where only what they needs must do, appear'd,  
Not what they would? what praise could they receive?  
What pleasure I from such obedience paid,  
When will and reason (reason also is choice)  
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,  
Made passive both, had serv'd necessity,  
Not me? They therefore as to right belong'd,  
So were created, nor can justly' accuse  
Their maker, or their making, or their fate;  
As if predestination over-rul'd  
Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree  
Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed  
Their own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,  
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,  
Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.  
So without least impulse or shadow' of fate,  
Or ought by me immutably foreseen,  
They trespass, authors to themselves in all,  
Both what they judge and what they chuse; for so  
I form'd them free, and free they must remain,  
Till they enthrall themselves: I else must change  
Their nature, and revoke the high decree  
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd

Their freedom, they themselves ordain'd their fall.  
 The first sort by their own suggestion fell,  
 Self-tempted, self-deprav'd : Man falls deceiv'd  
 By the other first : Man therefore shall find grace,  
 The other none : in mercy and justice both,  
 Through Heaven and Earth, so shall my glory excel,  
 But mercy first and last shall brightest shine.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd  
 All Heaven, and in the blessed Spirits elect  
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd :  
 Beyond compare the Son of God was seen  
 Most glorious, in him all his Father shone  
 Substantially express'd, and in his face  
 Divine compassion visibly appear'd,  
 Love without end, and without measure grace,  
 Which uttering thus he to his Father spake.

O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd  
 Thy sovran sentence, that man should find grace ;  
 For which both Heaven and Earth shall high extol  
 Thy praises, with the innumerable sound  
 Of hymns and sacred songs, where with thy throne  
 Encompass'd shall resound thee ever bless'd.  
 For should man finally be lost, should man

Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son,  
 Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd  
 With his own folly ? that be from thee far,  
 That far be from thee, Father, who art judge  
 Of all things made, and judgest only right.  
 Or shall the Adversary thus obtain  
 His end, and frustrate thine ? shall he fulfil  
 His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought,  
 Or proud return though to his heavier doom,  
 Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to Hell  
 Draw after him the whole race of mankind,  
 By him corrupted ? or wilt thou thyself  
 Abolish thy creation, and unmake,  
 For him, what for thy glory thou hast made ?  
 So should thy goodness and thy greatness both  
 Be question'd and blasphem'd without defense.

To whom the great Creator thus reply'd.  
 O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,  
 Son of my bosom, son who art alone  
 My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,  
 All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all  
 As my eternal purpose hath decreed :  
 Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will,

Yet not of will in him, but grace in me  
Freely vouchsaf'd ; once more I will renew  
His lapsed powers, though forfeit and enthral'd  
By sin to foul exorbitant desires ;  
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand  
On even ground against his mortal foe,  
By me upheld, that he may know how frail  
His fallen condition is, and to me owe  
All his deliverance, and to none but me.  
Some I have chosen of peculiar grace  
Elect above the rest ; so is my will :  
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd  
Their sinful state, and to appease betimes  
The incensed Deity, while offer'd grace  
Invites ; for I will clear their senses dark,  
What may suffice, and soften stony hearts  
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.  
To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,  
Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,  
Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.  
And I will place within them as a guide  
My umpire conscience, whom if they will hear,  
Light after light well us'd they shall attain,

And to the end persisting, safe arrive.  
 This my long sufferance and my day of grace  
 They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste ;  
 But hard be hardened, blind be blinded more,  
 That they may stumble on, and deeper fall ;  
 And none but such from mercy I exclude.  
 But yet all is not done ; man disobeying,  
 Disloyal breaks his feälty, and sins  
 Against the high supremacy of Heaven,  
 Affecting Godhead, and so losing all,  
 To expiate his treason hath nought left,  
 But to destruction sacred and devote,  
 He with his whole posterity must die,  
 Die he or justice must ; unless for him  
 Some other able, and as willing, pay  
 The rigid satisfaction, death for death.  
 Say, heavenly powers, where shall we find such love ?  
 Which of ye will be mortal to redeem  
 Man's mortal crime, and just the unjust to save ?  
 Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear ?

He ask'd, but all the heavenly quire stood mute,  
 And silence was in Heaven : on man's behalf  
 Patron or intercessor none appear'd,

Much less that durst upon his own head draw  
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransome set.  
 And now without redemption all mankind  
 Must have been lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell,  
 By doom severe, had not the Son of God,  
 In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,  
 His dearest mediation thus renew'd.

Father, thy word is past, Man shall find grace ;  
 And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,  
 The speediest of thy winged messengers,  
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all  
 Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought ?  
 Happy for Man, so coming ; he her aid  
 Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost ;  
 Atonement for himself or offering meet,  
 Indebted and undone, hath none to bring :  
 Behold me then, me for him, life for life  
 I offer, on me let thine anger fall ;  
 Account me Man ; I for his sake will leave  
 Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee  
 Freely put off, and for him lastly die  
 Well pleas'd ; on me let Death wreck all his rage ;  
 Under his gloomy power I shall not long

Lie vanquish'd ; thou hast given me to possess  
 Life in myself for ever, by thee I live,  
 Though now to Death I yield, and am his due  
 All that of me can die ; yet that debt paid,  
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave  
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul  
 For ever with corruption there to dwell ;  
 But I shall rise victorious, and subdue  
 My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil ;  
 Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop  
 Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.  
 I through the ample air in triumph high  
 Shall lead Hell captive, maugre Hell, and show  
 The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the sight  
 Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,  
 While by thee rais'd I ruin all my foes,  
 Death last, and with his carcase glut the grave :  
 Then with the multitude of my redeem'd  
 Shall enter Heaven long absent, and return,  
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud  
 Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd,  
 And reconcilment ; wrath shall be no more  
 Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire.



His words here ended, but his meek aspect  
 Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love  
 To mortal men, above which only shone  
 Filial obedience : as a sacrifice  
 Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will  
 Of his great Father. Admiration seiz'd  
 All Heaven, what this might mean, and whither tend  
 Wondering ; but soon the Almighty thus reply'd :

O thou in Heaven and Earth the only peace  
 Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou  
 My sole complacence ! well thou know'st how dear  
 To me are all my works, nor man the least,  
 Though last created, that for him I spare  
 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,  
 By losing thee a while, the whole race lost.  
 Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeem,  
 Their nature also to thy nature join ;  
 And be thyself Man among men on earth,  
 Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,  
 By wondrous birth : be thou in Adam's room  
 The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.  
 As in him perish all men, so in thee  
 As from a second root shall be restor'd,

As many as are restor'd, without thee none.  
 His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit  
 Imputed shall absolve them who renounce  
 Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,  
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee  
 Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,  
 Shall satisfy for Man, be judg'd and die,  
 And dying rise, and rising with him raise  
 His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.  
 So heavenly love shall outdo hellish hate,  
 Giving to death, and dying to redeem,  
 So dearly to redeem what hellish hate  
 So easily destroy'd, and still destroys  
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace.  
 Nor shalt thou by descending to assume  
 Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.  
 Because thou hast, though thron'd in highest bliss  
 Equal to God, and equally enjoying  
 God-like fruition, quitted all to save  
 A world from utter loss, and hast been found  
 By merit more than birthright Son of God,  
 Found worthiest to be so by being good,  
 Far more than great or high; because in thee

Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,  
 Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt  
 With thee thy manhood also to this throne ;  
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign  
 Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,  
 Anointed universal king ; all power  
 I give thee ; reign for ever, and assume  
 Thy merits ; under thee, as head supreme,  
 Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions, I reduce :  
 All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide  
 In Heaven or Earth, or under Earth in hell ;  
 When thou attended gloriously from Heaven  
 Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send  
 The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaim  
 Thy dread tribunal : forthwith from all winds  
 The living, and forthwith the cited dead  
 Of all past ages to the general doom  
 Shall hasten, such a peal shall rouse their sleep.  
 Then all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge  
 Bad men and Angels, they arraign'd shall sink  
 Beneath thy sentence ; Hell, her numbers full,  
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while  
 The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring

New Heaven and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,  
 And after all their tribulations long  
 See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,  
 With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.  
 Then thou thy regal scepter shalt lay by,  
 For regal scepter then no more shall need,  
 God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,  
 Adore him, who to compass all this dies,  
 Adore the Son, and honour him as me.

No sooner had the Almighty ceas'd, but all  
 The multitude of Angels with a shout  
 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
 As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heaven rung  
 With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd  
 The eternal regions: lowly reverent  
 Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground  
 With solemn adoration down they cast  
 Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold,  
 Immortal amarant, a flower which once  
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of life  
 Began to bloom, but soon for man's offense  
 To Heaven remov'd where first it grew, there grows,  
 And flowers aloft shading the fount of life,

And where the river of bliss through midst of Heaven  
 Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream ;  
 With these that never fade the Spirits elect  
 Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,  
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright  
 Pavement that like a sea of jasper shone  
 Impurpled with celestial roses smil'd.  
 Then crown'd again their golden harps they took,  
 Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side  
 Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet  
 Of charming symphony they introduce  
 Their sacred song, and waken raptures high ;  
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could join  
 Melodious part, such concord is in Heaven.

Thee, Father, first they sung omnipotent,  
 Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,  
 Eternal King ; thee Author of all being,  
 Fountain of light, thyself invisible  
 Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitt'st  
 Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st  
 The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud  
 Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,  
 Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,

Yet dazzle Heaven, that brightest Seraphim  
 Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.  
 Thee next they sang of all creation first,  
 Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,  
 In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud  
 Made visible, the Almighty Father shines,  
 Whom else no creature can behold ; on thee  
 Impress'd the effulgence of his glory' abides,  
 Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.  
 He Heaven of Heavens and all the Powers therein  
 By thee created, and by thee threw down  
 The aspiring dominations : thou that day  
 Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,  
 Nor stop thy flaming chariot wheels, that shook  
 Heaven's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks  
 Thou drov'st of warring angels disarray'd.  
 Back from pursuit thy powers with loud acclaim  
 Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,  
 To exêcute fierce vengeance on his foes,  
 Not so on Man ; him through their malice fallen,  
 Father of mercy' and grace, thou didst not doom  
 So strictly, but much more to pity' incline :  
 No sooner did thy dear and only Son

Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man  
 So strictly, but much more to pity' inclin'd,  
 He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife  
 Of mercy' and justice in thy face discern'd,  
 Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat  
 Second to thee, offer'd himself to die  
 For man's offence. O unexampled love,  
 Love no where to be found less than divine !  
 Hail, Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy name  
 Shall be the copious matter of my song  
 Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise  
 Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.

Thus they in Heaven, above the starry sphere,  
 Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.  
 Mean while upon the firm opacous globe  
 Of this round world, whose first convex divides  
 The luminous inferior orbs, inclos'd  
 From Chaos and the inroad of darkness old,  
 Satan alighted walks : a globe far off  
 It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent  
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of night  
 Starless expos'd, and ever-threatening storms  
 Of Chaos blustering round, inclement sky ;

Save on that side which from the wall of Heaven  
 Though distant far some small reflection gains  
 Of glimmering air less vex'd with tempest loud :  
 Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field.  
 As when a vulture on Imaüs bred,  
 Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,  
 Dislodging from a region scarce of prey  
 To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanling kids  
 On hills where flocks are fed, flies towards the springs  
 Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams ;  
 But in his way lights on the barren plains  
 Of Sericana, where Chineses drive  
 With sails and wind their canye waggons light :  
 So on this windy sea of land, the Fiend  
 Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,  
 Alone, for other creature in this place  
 Living or lifeless, to be found was none,  
 None yet, but store hereafter from the earth  
 Up hither like aërial vapours flew  
 Of all things transitory' and vain, when sin  
 With vanity had fill'd the works of men ;  
 Both all things vain, and all who in vain things  
 Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,



Or happiness in this or the other life ;  
 All who have their reward on earth, the fruits  
 Of painful superstition and blind zeal,  
 Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find  
 Fit retribution, empty as their deeds ;  
 All the unaccomplish'd works of nature's hand,  
 Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,  
 Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,  
 Till final dissolution, wander here,  
 Not in the neighbouring moon, as some have dream'd ;  
 Those argent fields more likely habitants,  
 Translated Saints or middle Spirits hold  
 Betwixt the angelical and human kind.  
 Hither of ill-join'd sons and daughters born  
 First from the ancient world those giants came  
 With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd :  
 The builders next of Babel on the plain  
 Of Sennaar, and still with vain design  
 New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build :  
 Others came single ; he who to be deem'd  
 A God, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames,  
 Empedocles ; and he who to enjoy  
 Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea,

Cleombrotus; and many more too long,  
 Embryos and ideots, eremites and friars  
 White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.  
 Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek  
 In Golgotha, him dead, who lives in Heaven;  
 And they who to be sure of Paradise  
 Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,  
 Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd;  
 They pass the planets seven, and pass the fix'd,  
 And that crystallin sphere whose balance weighs  
 The trepidation talk'd, and that first mov'd;  
 And now Saint Peter at Heaven's wicket seems  
 To wait them with his keys, and now at foot  
 Of Heaven's ascent they lift their feet, when lo,  
 A violent cross wind from either coast  
 Blows them transverse, ten thousand leagues awry  
 Into the devious air; then might ye see  
 Cows, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, toss'd  
 And flutter'd into rags; then reliques, beads,  
 Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,  
 The sport of winds: all these upwhirl'd aloft  
 Fly o'er the backside of the world far off  
 Into a Limbo large and broad, since call'd

The Paradise of fools, to few unknown  
 Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.  
 All this dark globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,  
 And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam  
 Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste  
 His travell'd steps ; far distant he descries  
 Ascending by degrees magnificent  
 Up to the wall of Heaven, a structure high,  
 At top whereof, but far more rich, appear'd  
 The work as of a kingly palace gate,  
 With frontispiece of diamond and gold  
 Embellish'd, thick with sparkling orient gems  
 The portal shone, inimitable on earth  
 By model, or by shading pencil drawn.  
 The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw  
 Angels ascending and descending, bands  
 Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled  
 To Padan-Aram in the field of Luz,  
 Dreaming by night under the open sky,  
 And waking cry'd, This is the gate of Heaven.  
 Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood  
 There always, but drawn up to Heaven sometimes  
 Viewless, and underneath a bright sea flow'd

Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon  
 Who after came from earth, sailing arriv'd,  
 Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the lake  
 Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.  
 The stairs were then let down, whether to dare  
 The Fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate  
 His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss:  
 Direct against which open'd from beneath,  
 Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,  
 A passage down to the earth, a passage wide,  
 Wider by far than that of after-times  
 Over Mount Zion, and, though that were large,  
 Over the Promis'd Land, to God so dear,  
 By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,  
 On high behests his Angels to and fro  
 Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard  
 From Paneas the fount of Jordan's flood  
 To Bēersaba, where the Holy Land  
 Borders on Egypt and the Arabian shore ;  
 So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were set  
 To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.  
 Satan from hence now on the lower stair  
 That scal'd by steps of gold to Heaven gate,

Looks down with wonder at the sudden view  
Of all this world at once. As when a scout  
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone  
All night ; at last by break of cheerful dawn  
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,  
Which to his eye discovers unaware  
The goodly prospect of some foreign land  
First seen, or some renown'd metropolis  
With glistening spires and pinnacles adorn'd,  
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams :  
Such wonder seis'd, though after Heaven seen,  
The Spirit malign, but much more envy seis'd  
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.  
Round he surveys, (and well might, where he stood  
So high above the circling canopy  
Of Night's extended shade ;) from eastern point  
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears  
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas  
Beyond the horizon ; then from pole to pole  
He views in breadth, and without longer pause  
Down right into the world's first region throws  
His flight precipitant, and winds with ease  
Through the pure marble air his oblique way

Amongst innumerable stars, that shone  
 Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds ;  
 Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy iles,  
 Like those Hesperian gardens fam'd of old,  
 Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery vales,  
 Thrice happy iles, but who dwelt happy there  
 He stay'd not to enquire : above them all  
 The golden sun in splendor likest Heaven  
 Allur'd his eye : thither his course he bends  
 Through the calm firmament ; (but up or down,  
 By centre, or eccentric, hard to tell,  
 Or longitude,) where the great luminary  
 Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,  
 That from his lordly eye keep distance due,  
 Dispenses light from far ; they as they move  
 Their starry dance in numbers that compute  
 Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering lamp  
 Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd  
 By his magnetic beam, that gently warms  
 The universe, and to each inward part  
 With gentle penetration, though unseen,  
 Shoots invisible vertue even to the deep :  
 So wondrously was set his station bright.

There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps  
Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb  
Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never saw.  
The place he found beyond expression bright,  
Compar'd with ought on earth, metal or stone ;  
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd  
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire ;  
If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear ;  
If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,  
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone  
In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides  
Imagin'd rather oft than elsewhere seen,  
That stone, or like to that which here below  
Philosophers in vain so long have sought ;  
In vain, though by their powerful art they bind  
Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound  
In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,  
Drain'd through a limbec to his native form.  
What wonder then if fields and regions here  
Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run  
Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch  
The arch-chemic sun so far from us remote  
Produces with terrestrial humour mix'd

Here in the dark so many precious things  
 Of color glorious and effect so rare ?  
 Here matter new to gaze the Devil met  
 Undazzled ; far and wide his eye commands ;  
 For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,  
 But all sun-shine, as when his beams at noon  
 Culminate from the Equator, as they now  
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round  
 Shadow from body opaque can fall ; and the air,  
 No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray  
 To objects distant far, whereby he soon  
 Saw within ken a glorious Angel stand,  
 The same whom John saw also in the sun :  
 His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid ;  
 Of beaming sunny rays, a golden tiar  
 Circled his head, nor less his locks behind  
 Illustrious on his shoulders fledg'd with wings  
 Lay waving round ; on some great charge employ'd  
 He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.  
 Glad was the Spirit impure, as now in hope  
 To find who might direct his wandering flight  
 To Paradise, the happy seat of man,  
 His journey's end, and our beginning woe.



But first he casts to change his proper shape,  
 Which else might work him danger or delay :  
 And now a stripling Cherub he appears,  
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face  
 Youth smil'd celestial, and to every limb  
 Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd ;  
 Under a coronet his flowing hair  
 In curls on either cheek play'd ; wings he wore  
 Of many a color'd plume sprinkled with gold,  
 His habit fit for speed succinct, and held  
 Before his decent steps a silver wand.  
 He drew not nigh unheard, the Angel bright,  
 Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,  
 Admonish'd by his ear, and strait was known  
 The Arch-Angel Uriel, one of the seven  
 Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,  
 Stand ready at command, and are his eyes  
 That run through all the Heavens, or down to the earth  
 Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,  
 O'er sea and land : him Satan thus accosts.

Uriel, for thou of those seven Spirits that stand  
 In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,  
 The first art wont his great authentic will

Interpreter through highest Heaven to bring,  
 Where all his sons thy embassy attend ;  
 And here art likeliest by supreme decree  
 Like honour to obtain, and as his eye  
 To visit oft this new creation round ;  
 Unspeakable desire to see, and know  
 All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,  
 His chief delight and favour, him for whom  
 All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd,  
 Hath brought me from the quires of Cherubim  
 Alone thus wandering. Brightest Seraph, tell  
 In which of all these shining orbs hath Man  
 His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,  
 But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell ;  
 That I may find him, and with secret gaze,  
 Or open admiration him behold  
 On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd  
 Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd ;  
 That both in him and all things, as is meet,  
 The universal Maker we may praise ;  
 Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes  
 To deepest Hell, and to repair that loss  
 Created this new happy race of men

To serve him better : wise are all his ways.

So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd ;  
 For neither Man nor Angel can discern  
 Hypocrisy, the only' evil that walks  
 Invisible, except to God alone,  
 By his permissive will, through Heaven and Earth :  
 And oft though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps  
 At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity  
 Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no ill  
 Where no ill seems : which now for once beguil'd  
 Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held  
 The sharpest sighted Spirit of all in Heaven ;  
 Who to the fraudulent impostor foul  
 In his uprightness answer thus return'd.

Fair Angel, thy desire which tends to know  
 The works of God, thereby to glorify  
 The great Work-master, leads to no excess  
 That reaches blame, but rather merits praise  
 The more it seems excess, that led thee hither  
 From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,  
 To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps  
 Contented with report hear only in Heaven :  
 For wonderful indeed are all his works,

Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all  
 Had in remembrance always with delight ;  
 But what created mind can comprehend  
 Their number, or the wisdom infinite  
 That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep ?  
 I saw when at his word the formless mass,  
 This world's material mould, came to a heap :  
 Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar  
 Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd ;  
 Till at his second bidding darkness fled,  
 Light shone, and order from disorder sprung :  
 Swift to their several quarters hasted then  
 The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire ;  
 And this ethereal quintessence of Heaven  
 Flew upward, spirited with various forms,  
 That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars  
 Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move ;  
 Each had his place appointed, each his course ;  
 The rest in circuit walls this universe.  
 Look downward on that globe whose hither side  
 With light from hence, though but reflected, shines ;  
 That place is Earth, the seat of Man ; that light  
 His day, which else as the other hemisphere

Night would invade ; but there the neighbouring moon  
 (So call that opposite fair star) her aid  
 Timely interposes, and her monthly round  
 Still ending, still renewing through mid Heaven,  
 With borrow'd light her countenance triform  
 Hence fills and empties to enlighten the earth,  
 And in her pale dominion checks the night.  
 That spot to which I point is Paradise,  
 Adam's abode, those lofty shades his bower.  
 Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.

Thus said, he turn'd ; and Satan bowing low,  
 As to superior Spirits is wont in Heaven,  
 Where honour due and reverence none neglects,  
 Took leave, and toward the coast of earth beneath,  
 Down from the ecliptic, sped with hop'd success,  
 Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel,  
 Nor stay'd, till on Niphates' top he lights.



P A R A D I S E   L O S T.

B O O K   I V.

## THE ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

SATAN now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprize which he undertook alone against God and man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a cormorant on the tree of life, as highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while, to know further of their state by some other means. Mean while Uriel descending on a sun-beam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil Spirit had escap'd the deep, and passed at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good Angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil Spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom questioned, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but hindered by a sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.





## B O O K    I V .

VER. I—10.

**O** FOR that warning voice, which he who saw  
The Apocalyps, heard cry in Heaven aloud,  
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,  
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,  
' Woe to the inhabitants on earth !' that now,  
While time was, our first parents had been warn'd  
The coming of their secret foe, and 'scap'd,  
Haply so 'scap'd his mortal snare ; for now  
Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,  
The tempter ere the accuser of man-kind,

To wreck on innocent frail man his loss  
 Of that first battel, and his flight to Hell :  
 Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold,  
 Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,  
 Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth  
 Now rolling, boils in his tumultuous breast,  
 And like a devilish engin back recoils  
 Upon himself: horror and doubt distract  
 His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir  
 The Hell within him ; for within him Hell  
 He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell  
 One step no more than from himself can fly  
 By change of place : now conscience wakes despair  
 That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory  
 Of what he was, what is, and what must be  
 Worse ; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.  
 Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view  
 Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad ;  
 Sometimes towards Heaven and the full-blazing sun,  
 Which now sat high in his meridian tower :  
 Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.

O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,  
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God

Of this new world ; at whose sight all the stars  
 Hide their diminish'd heads ; to thee I call,  
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,  
 O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
 That bring to my remembrance from what state  
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere ;  
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down  
 Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless King :  
 Ah wherefore ! he deserv'd no such return  
 From me, whom he created what I was  
 In that bright eminence, and with his good  
 Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard.  
 What could be less than to afford him praise,  
 The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,  
 How due ! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,  
 And wrought but malice ; lifted up so high  
 I sdein'd subjection, and thought one step higher  
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit  
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,  
 So burthensome, still paying, still to owe ;  
 Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,  
 And understood not that a grateful mind  
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once

Indebted and discharg'd ; what burden then ?  
 O had his powerful destiny ordain'd  
 Me some inferior Angel, I had stood  
 Then happy ; no unbounded hope had rais'd  
 Ambition. Yet why not ? some other power  
 As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean  
 Drawn to his part ; but other Powers as great  
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within  
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.  
 Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand ?  
 Thou hadst : whom hast thou then or what to accuse,  
 But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all ?  
 Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,  
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe.  
 Nay curs'd be thou ; since against his thy will  
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.  
 Me miserable ! which way shall I fly  
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair ?  
 Which way I fly is Hell ; myself am Hell ;  
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep  
 Still threatening to devour me opens wide,  
 To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.  
 O then at last relent : is there no place

Left for repentance, none for pardon left?  
 None left but by submission; and that word  
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame  
 Among the Spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd  
 With other promises and other vaunts  
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue  
 The omnipotent. Ah me! they little know  
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain,  
 Under what torments inwardly I groan:  
 While they adore me on the throne of Hell.  
 With diadem and scepter high advanc'd,  
 The lower still I fall, only supreme  
 In misery; such joy ambition finds.  
 But say I could repent and could obtain  
 By act of grace my former state; how soon  
 Would highth recal high thoughts, how soon unsay  
 What feign'd submission swore! ease would recant  
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.  
 For never can true reconcilment grow  
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep:  
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,  
 And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear  
 Short intermission bought with double smart.

This knows my punisher ; therefore as far  
 From granting he, as I from begging peace :  
 All hope excluded thus, behold in stead  
 Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,  
 Mankind created, and for him this world.  
 So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,  
 Farewell remorse : all good to me is lost ;  
 Evil be thou my good ; by thee at least  
 Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold  
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign ;  
 As Man ere long, and this new world shall know.

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face,  
 Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envy and despair,  
 Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd  
 Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.  
 For heavenly minds from such distempers foul  
 Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,  
 Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm,  
 Artificer of fraud ; and was the first  
 That practis'd falshood under saintly shew,  
 Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge :  
 Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive  
 Uriel once warn'd ; whose eye pursued him down

The way he went, and on the Assyrian mount  
 Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall  
 Spirit of happy sort : his gestures fierce  
 He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,  
 As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen.  
 So on he fares, and to the border comes  
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,  
 Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,  
 As with a rural mound the champain head  
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides  
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,  
 Access deny'd ; and overhead up grew  
 Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,  
 Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,  
 A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend  
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre  
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops  
 The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung :  
 Which to our general sire gave prospect large  
 Into his nether empire neighbouring round,  
 And higher than that wall a circling row  
 Of goodliest trees loaden with fairest fruit,  
 Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue

Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colours mix'd :  
 On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams  
 Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,  
 When God hath shower'd the earth ; so lovely seem'd  
 That landscape : and of pure now purer air  
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive  
 All sadness but despair : now gentle gales  
 Fanning their odoriferous wings dispense  
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
 Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail  
 Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past  
 Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow  
 Sabean odours from the spicy shore  
 Of Araby the blest ; with such delay  
 Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a league  
 Cheer'd with the grateful smell old ocean smiles :  
 So entertain'd those odorous sweets the Fiend  
 Who came their bane, though with them better pleas'd  
 Than Asmodæus with the fishy fume,  
 That drove him, though enamour'd, from the spouse  
 Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent  
 From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.



Now to the ascent of that steep savage hill  
Satan had journied on, pensive and slow ;  
But further way found none, so thick entwin'd,  
As one continued brake, the undergrowth  
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd  
All path of man or beast that pass'd that way :  
One gate there only was, and that look'd east  
On the other side : which when the arch-felon saw,  
Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt,  
At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound  
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within  
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,  
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,  
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve  
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,  
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold :  
Or as a thief bent to unhord the cash  
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,  
Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault,  
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles ;  
So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold :  
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.  
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,

The middle tree and highest there that grew,  
 Sat like a cormorant ; yet not true life  
 Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death  
 To them who liv'd ; nor on the virtue thought  
 Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd  
 For prospect, what well us'd had been the pledge  
 Of immortality. So little knows  
 Any, but God alone, to value right  
 The good before him, but perverts best things  
 To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.  
 Beneath him with new wonder now he views  
 To all delight of human sense expos'd  
 In narrow room nature's whole wealth, yea more,  
 A heaven on earth : for blissful Paradise  
 Of God the garden was, by him in the east  
 Of Eden planted ; Eden stretch'd her line  
 From Auran eastward to the royal towers  
 Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,  
 Or where the sons of Eden long before  
 Dwelt in Telassar : in this pleasant soil  
 His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd ;  
 Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow  
 All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste ;

And all amid them stood the tree of life,  
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit  
 Of vegetable gold ; and next to life,  
 Our death the tree of knowledge, grew fast by,  
 Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.  
 Southward through Eden went a river large,  
 Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggy hill  
 Pass'd underneath ingulph'd ; for God had thrown  
 That mountain as his garden-mound high rais'd  
 Upon the rapid current, which through veins  
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,  
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill  
 Water'd the garden ; thence united fell  
 Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,  
 Which from his darksome passage now appears,  
 And now divided into four main streams,  
 Runs divers, wandering many a famous realm  
 And country, whereof here needs no account ;  
 But rather to tell how, if art could tell,  
 How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,  
 Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,  
 With mazy error under pendent shades  
 Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed

Flowers worthy' of Paradise, which not nice Art  
 In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon  
 Pour'd forth profuse on hill and dale and plain,  
 Both where the morning sun first warmly smote  
 The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade  
 Imbrown'd the noontide bowers : thus was this place  
 A happy rural seat of various view ;  
 Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,  
 Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind  
 Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,  
 If true, here only', and of delicious taste :  
 Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks  
 Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,  
 Or palmy hillock ; or the flowery lap  
 Of some irriguous valley spread her store,  
 Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose :  
 Another side, umbrageous grots and caves  
 Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine  
 Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps  
 Luxuriant ; mean while murmuring waters fall  
 Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,  
 That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd,  
 Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.

The birds their quire apply ; airs, vernal airs,  
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune  
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan  
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance  
 Led on the eternal spring. Not that fair field  
 Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,  
 Herself a fairer flower by gloomy Dis  
 Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain  
 To seek her through the world ; nor that sweet grove  
 Of Daphne by Orontes, and the inspir'd  
 Castalian spring might with this Paradise  
 Of Eden strive ; nor that Nyseian ile  
 Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,  
 Whom gentiles Ammon call and Lybian Jove,  
 Hid Amalthea and her florid son  
 Young Bacchus from his step-dame Rhea's eye ;  
 Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,  
 Mount Amara, though this by some suppos'd  
 True Paradise under the Ethiop line  
 By Nilus head, inclos'd with shining rock,  
 A whole day's journey high, but wide remote  
 From this Assyrian garden, where the Fiend  
 Saw undelighted all delight, all kind

Of living creatures new to sight and strange :  
 Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,  
 Godlike erect, with native honour clad  
 In naked majesty seem'd lords of all,  
 And worthy seem'd, for in their looks divine  
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,  
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,  
 (Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd) ;  
 Whence true authority in men ; though both  
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd ;  
 For contemplation he and valor form'd,  
 For softness she and sweet attractive grace ;  
 He for God only, she for God in him :  
 His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd  
 Absolute rule ; and hyacinthin locks  
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad :  
 She as a vail down to the slender waist  
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore  
 Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd  
 As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd  
 Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,  
 And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,

Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,  
 And sweet reluctant amorous delay.  
 Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd,  
 Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame  
 Of nature's works, honour dishonourable,  
 Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind  
 With shews instead, mere shews of seeming pure,  
 And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,  
 Simplicity and spotless innocence !  
 So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight  
 Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill :  
 So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair  
 That ever since in love's embraces met ;  
 Adam the goodliest man of men since born  
 His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.  
 Under a tuft of shade that on a green  
 Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side  
 They sat them down ; and after no more toil  
 Of their sweet gardening labor than suffic'd  
 To recommend cool zephyr, and made ease  
 More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite  
 More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell,  
 Nectarin fruits which the compliant boughs

Yielded them, side-long as they sat reclin'd  
 On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers :  
 The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind  
 Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream ;  
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles  
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems  
 Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,  
 Alone as they. About them frisking play'd  
 All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase  
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den ;  
 Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw  
 Dandled the kid ; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,  
 Gambol'd before them ; the unwieldy elephant  
 To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreath'd  
 His lithe proboscis ; close the serpent sly  
 Insinuating, wove with gordian twine  
 His breaded train, and of his fatal guile  
 Gave proof unheeded ; others on the grass  
 Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture, gazing sat,  
 Or bedward ruminating : for the sun  
 Declin'd was hastening now with prone career  
 To the ocean iles, and in the ascending scale  
 Of Heaven the stars that usher evening rose :



When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,  
Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.

O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold!  
Into our room of bliss thus high advanc'd  
Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,  
Not Spirits, yet to heavenly Spirits bright  
Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue  
With wonder, and could love, so lively shines  
In them divine resemblance, and such grace  
The hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd.  
Ah, gentle pair! ye little think how nigh  
Your change approaches, when all these delights  
Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,  
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;  
Happy, but for so happy ill secur'd  
Long to continue, and this high seat your heaven  
Ill fenc'd for Heaven to keep out such a foe  
As now is enter'd; yet no purpos'd foe  
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn  
Though I unpitied: league with you I seek,  
And mutual amity so straight, so close,  
That I with you must dwell, or you with me  
Henceforth: my dwelling haply may not please

Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such  
 Accept your Maker's work ; he gave it me,  
 Which I as freely give ; Hell shall unfold,  
 To entertain you two, her widest gates,  
 And send forth all her kings ; there will be room,  
 Not like these narrow limits, to receive  
 Your numerous offspring ; if no better place,  
 Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge  
 On you who wrong me not for him who wrong'd.  
 And should I at your harmless innocence  
 Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,  
 Honour and empire with revenge enlarg'd,  
 By conquering this new world, compels me now  
 To do what else though damn'd I should abhor.

So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,  
 The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.  
 Then from his lofty stand on that high tree  
 Down he alights among the sportful herd  
 Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,  
 Now other, as their shape serv'd best his end  
 Nearer to view his prey, and unesp'y'd  
 To mark what of their state he more might learn  
 By word or action mark'd : about them round

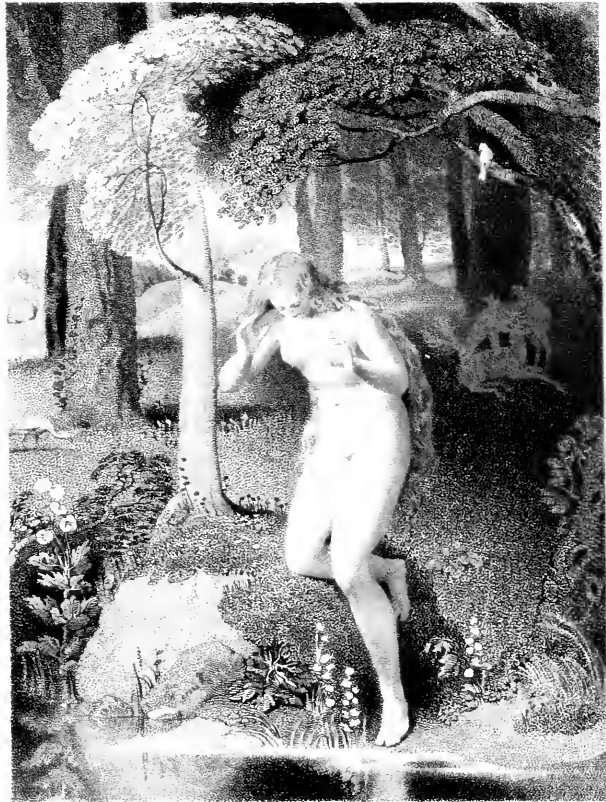
A lion now he stalks with fiery glare ;  
 Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spy'd  
 In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,  
 Strait couches close, then rising changes oft  
 His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground  
 Whence rushing he might surest seise them both  
 Grip'd in each paw : when Adam first of men  
 To first of women Eve thus moving speech,  
 Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow.

Sole partner and sole part of all these joys,  
 Dearer thyself than all ; needs must the Power  
 That made us, and for us this ample world,  
 Be infinitely good, and of his good  
 As liberal and free as infinite ;  
 That rais'd us from the dust and plac'd us here  
 In all this happiness, who at his hand  
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform  
 Ought whereof he hath need, he who requires  
 From us no other service than to keep  
 This one, this easy charge, of all the trees  
 In Paradise that bear delicious fruit  
 So various, not to taste that only tree  
 Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life ;

So near grows death to life, what ere death is,  
 Some dreadful thing no doubt ; for well thou know'st  
 God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,  
 The only sign of our obedience left  
 Among so many signs of power and rule  
 Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given  
 Over all other creatures that possess  
 Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard  
 One easy prohibition, who enjoy  
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice  
 Unlimited of manifold delights :  
 But let us ever praise him, and extol  
 His bounty, following our delightful task  
 To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers,  
 Which, were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.

To whom thus Eve reply'd. O thou for whom  
 And from whom I was form'd flesh of thy flesh,  
 And without whom am to no end, my guide  
 And head, what thou hast said is just and right.  
 For we to him indeed all praises owe,  
 And daily thanks, I chiefly who enjoy  
 So far the happier lot, enjoying thee  
 Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou





1850. H. Richter

Engraved by J. Richter, Junr.

*Admiration, when she first appeared*

*Quarrelled, when she started back*

*At her own looks, when she returned*

Like consort to thyself canst no where find.  
 That day I oft remember, when from sleep  
 I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd  
 Under a shade on flowers, much wondering where  
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.  
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound  
 Of waters issued from a cave, and spread  
 Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd  
 Pure as the expanse of Heaven; I thither went  
 With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down  
 On the green bank, to look into the clear  
 Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.  
 As I bent down to look, just opposite,  
 A shape within the watery gleam appear'd,  
 Bending to look on me; I started back,  
 It started back, but pleas'd I soon return'd,  
 Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering looks  
 Of sympathy and love; there I had fix'd  
 Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,  
 Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou seest,  
 What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself,  
 With thee it came and goes: but follow me,  
 And I will bring thee where no shadow stays

Thy coming, and thy soft embraces ; he  
 Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy  
 Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear  
 Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd  
 Mother of human race. What could I do,  
 But follow strait, invisibly thus led ?  
 Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,  
 Under a platan ; yet methought less fair,  
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,  
 Than that smooth watery image ; back I turn'd ;  
 Thou following cry'dst aloud, Return fair Eve,  
 Whom fly'st thou ? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,  
 His flesh, his bone ; to give thee be'ing I lent  
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,  
 Substantial life ; to have thee by my side  
 Henceforth an individual solace dear ;  
 Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim  
 My other half : with that thy gentle hand  
 Seis'd mine ; I yielded, and from that time see  
 How beauty is excell'd by manly grace  
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general mother, and with eyes  
 Of conjugal attraction unprov'd,



And meek surrender, half-embracing lean'd  
 On our first father ; half her swelling breast  
 Naked met his under the flowing gold  
 Of her loose tresses hid : he in delight  
 Both of her beauty and submissive charms  
 Smil'd with superior love, as Jupiter  
 On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds  
 That shed May flowers ; and press'd her matron lip  
 With kisses pure : aside the Devil turn'd  
 For envy, yet with jealous leer malign  
 Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plain'd.

Sight hateful, sight tormenting ! thus these two  
 Imparadis'd in one another's arms,  
 The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill  
 Of bliss on bliss ; while I to Hell am thrust,  
 Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,  
 Among our other torments not the least,  
 Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines :  
 Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd  
 From their own mouths ; all is not theirs, it seems :  
 One fatal tree there stands, of knowledge call'd,  
 Forbidden them to taste : knowledge forbidden ?  
 Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their lord

Envy them that ? can it be sin to know,  
 Can it be death ? and do they only stand  
 By ignorance ? is that their happy state,  
 The proof of their obedience and their faith ?  
 O fair foundation laid whereon to build  
 Their ruin ! hence I will excite their minds  
 With more desire to know, and to reject  
 Envious commands, invented with design  
 To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt  
 Equal with Gods ; aspiring to be such,  
 They taste and die : what likelier can ensue ?  
 But first with narrow search I must walk round  
 This garden, and no corner leave unspy'd ;  
 A chance but chance may lead where I may meet  
 Some wandering Spirit of Heaven, by fountain side,  
 Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw  
 What further would be learn'd. Live while ye may,  
 Yet happy pair ; enjoy, till I return,  
 Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed.

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,  
 But with sly circumspection, and began  
 Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his roam.  
 Mean while in utmost longitude, where heaven

With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun  
 Slowly descended, and with right aspect  
 Against the eastern gate of Paradise  
 Level'd his evening rays : it was a rock  
 Of alabaster, pil'd up to the clouds,  
 Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent  
 Accessible from earth, one entrance high ;  
 The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung  
 Still as it rose, impossible to climb.  
 Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,  
 Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night ;  
 About him exercis'd heroic games  
 The unarmed youth of Heaven, but nigh at hand  
 Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,  
 Hung high with diamond flaming, and with gold.  
 Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even  
 On a sun-beam, swift as a shooting star  
 In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fir'd  
 Impress the air, and shews the mariner  
 From what point of his compass to beware  
 Impetuous winds : he thus began in haste.

Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given  
 Charge and strict watch that to this happy place

No evil thing approach or enter in ;  
 This day at highth. of noon came to my sphere  
 A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know  
 More of the Almighty's works, and chiefly Man,  
 God's latest image : I describ'd his way  
 Bent all on speed, and mark'd his aery gait ;  
 But in the mount that lies from Eden north,  
 Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks  
 Alien from Heaven, with passions foul obscur'd :  
 Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade  
 Lost sight of him ; one of the banish'd crew,  
 I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raise  
 New troubles ; him thy care must be to find.

To whom the winged warrior thus return'd :  
 Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,  
 Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sitt'st,  
 See far and wide : in at this gate none pass  
 The vigilance here plac'd, but such as come  
 Well known from Heaven ; and since meridian hour  
 No creature thence : if Spirit of other sort,  
 So minded, have o'er-leap'd these earthy bounds  
 On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude  
 Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.

But if within the circuit of these walks  
 In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom  
 Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know.

So promis'd he, and Uriel to his charge  
 Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now rais'd  
 Bore him slope downward to the sun now fallen  
 Beneath the Azores ; whither the prime orb,  
 Incredible how swift, had thither roll'd  
 Diurnal, or this less volúbil earth  
 By shorter flight to the east, had left him there  
 Arraying with reflected purple' and gold  
 The clouds that on his western throne attend :  
 Now came still evening on, and twilight grey  
 Had in her sober livery all things clad ;  
 Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,  
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,  
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale ;  
 She all night long her amorous descant sung ;  
 Silence was pleas'd : now glow'd the firmament  
 With living saphirs : Hesperus that led  
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon  
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
 Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,

And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve. Fair Consort, the hour  
 Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest,  
 Mind us of like repose ; since God hath set  
 Labor and rest, as day and night to men  
 Successive ; and the timely dew of sleep  
 Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines  
 Our eye-lids ; other creatures all day long  
 Rove idle unemploy'd, and less need rest ;  
 Man hath his daily work of body' or mind  
 Appointed, which declares his dignity,  
 And the regard of Heaven on all his ways ;  
 While other animals unactive range,  
 And of their doings God takes no account.  
 To-morrow ere fresh morning streak the east  
 With first approach of light, we must be risen,  
 And at our pleasant labour, to reform  
 Yon flowery arbors, yonder allies green,  
 Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,  
 That mock our scant manuring, and require  
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth :  
 Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,  
 That lie bestrown unsightly and unsmooth,

Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease ;  
 Mean while, as nature wills, night bids us rest.

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty' adorn'd.  
 My author and disposer, what thou bidst  
 Unargued I obey ; so God ordains ;  
 God is thy law, thou mine : to know no more  
 Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.  
 With thee conversing I forget all time,  
 All seasons and their change ; all please alike.  
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
 With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun  
 When first on this delightful land he spreads  
 His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
 Glistering with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth  
 After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on  
 Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night,  
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,  
 And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train :  
 But neither breath of morn when she ascends  
 With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun  
 On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,  
 Glistering with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;  
 Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent night

With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,  
 Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.  
 But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom  
 This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

To whom our general ancestor reply'd.  
 Daughter of God and Man, accomplish'd Eve,  
 Those have their course to finish, round the earth,  
 By morrow evening, and from land to land  
 In order, though to nations yet unborn,  
 Ministering light prepar'd, they set and rise;  
 Lest total darkness should by night regain  
 Her old possession, and extinguish life  
 In nature and all things, which these soft fires  
 Not only' enlighten, but with kindly heat  
 Of various influence foment and warm,  
 Temper or nourish, or in part shed down  
 Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow  
 On earth, made hereby apter to receive  
 Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.  
 These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,  
 Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,  
 That Heaven would want spectators, God want praise;  
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth



Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep :  
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold  
 Both day and night : how often from the steep  
 Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard  
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
 Sole, or responsive each to other's note  
 Singing their great Creator ? oft in bands  
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk  
 With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds,  
 In full harmonic number join'd, their songs  
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.

Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd  
 On to their blissful bower ; it was a place  
 Chosen by the sov'reign planter, when he fram'd  
 All things to man's delightful use ; the roof  
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade  
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew  
 Of firm and fragrant leaf ; on either side  
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub  
 Fenc'd up the verdant wall ; each beauteous flower,  
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin,  
 Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought  
 Mosaic ; under foot the violet,

Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay  
 Broider'd the ground, more color'd than with stone  
 Of costliest emblem: other creature here,  
 Bird, beast, insect, or worm, durst enter none;  
 Such was their awe of Man. In shadier bower  
 More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,  
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph,  
 Nor Faunus haunted. Here in close recess  
 With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,  
 Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed,  
 And heavenly quires the hymenæan sung,  
 What day the genial Angel to our Sire  
 Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,  
 More lovely than Pandora, whom the gods  
 Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like  
 In sad event, when to the unwiser son  
 Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnar'd  
 Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd  
 On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,  
 Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd  
 The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven,  
 Which they beheld; the moon's resplendent globe,

And starry pole : thou also mad'st the night,  
 Maker omnipotent, and thou the day,  
 Which we in our appointed work employ'd  
 Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help  
 And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss  
 Ordain'd by thee ; and this delicious place  
 For us too large, where thy abundance wants  
 Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.  
 But thou hast promis'd from us two a race  
 To fill the earth, who shall with us extol  
 Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake  
 And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.

This said unanimous, and other rites  
 Observing none, but adoration pure,  
 Which God likes best, into their inmost bower  
 Handed they went ; and eas'd the putting off  
 These troublesome disguises which we wear ;  
 Strait side by side were laid ; nor turn'd I ween  
 Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites  
 Mysterious of connubial love refus'd :  
 Whatever hypocrites austerely talk  
 Of purity and place and innocence,  
 Defaming as impure what God declares

Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all ;  
 Our Maker bids increase, who bids abstain  
 But our destroyer, foe to God and man ?  
 Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source  
 Of human offspring, sole propriety,  
 In Paradise of all things common else.  
 By thee, adulterous lust was driven from men,  
 Among the bestial herds to range ; by thee,  
 Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,  
 Relations dear, and all the charities  
 Of father, son, and brother, first were known.  
 Far be' it, that I should write thee sin or blame,  
 Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,  
 Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,  
 Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc'd,  
 Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs us'd.  
 Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights  
 His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
 Reigns here and revels ; not in the bought smile  
 Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unidear'd,  
 Casual fruition ; nor in court amours,  
 Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,  
 Or serenate, which the starv'd lover sings

To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.  
 These lull'd by nightingales embracing slept,  
 And on their naked limbs the flowery roof  
 Shower'd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,  
 Blest pair ; and O yet happiest if ye seek  
 No happier state, and know to know no more.

Now had night measur'd with her shadowy cone  
 Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault ;  
 And from their ivory port the cherubim  
 Forth issuing at the accustom'd hour stood arm'd,  
 To their night watches in warlike parade,  
 When Gabriel, to his next in power thus spake.

Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south  
 With strictest watch ; these other wheel the north ;  
 Our circuit meets full west. As flame they part,  
 Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.  
 From these, two strong and subtle Spirits he call'd  
 That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge.

Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed  
 Search through this garden, leave unsearch'd no nook ;  
 But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,  
 Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harm.  
 This evening from the sun's decline arriv'd

Who tells of some infernal Spirit seen  
 Hitherward bent, (who could have thought?) escap'd  
 The bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt :  
 Such where ye find, seise fast, and hither bring.

So saying, on he led his radiant files,  
 Dazzling the moon ; these to the bower direct  
 In search of whom they sought : him there they found  
 Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve ;  
 Assaying by his devilish art to reach  
 The organs of her fancy', and with them forge  
 Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams,  
 Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint  
 The animal spirits that from pure blood arise  
 Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise  
 At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,  
 Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,  
 Blown up with high conceits, engendering pride.  
 Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear  
 Touch'd lightly ; for no falsehood can endure  
 Touch of celestial temper, but returns  
 Of force to its own likeness : up he starts,  
 Discover'd and surpris'd. As when a spark  
 Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid

Fit for the tun some magazine to store  
 Against a rumor'd war, the smutty grain  
 With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air,  
 So started up in his own shape the Fiend.  
 Back step'd those two fair Angels half amaz'd  
 So sudden to behold the grisly king ;  
 Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon.

Which of those rebel Spirits adjudg'd to Hell  
 Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison? and transform'd ;  
 Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait  
 Here watching at the head of these that sleep ?

Know ye not then, said Satan, fill'd with scorn,  
 Know ye not me ? ye knew me once no mate  
 For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar ;  
 Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,  
 The lowest of your throng ; or if ye know,  
 Why ask ye, and superfluous begin  
 Your message, like to end as much in vain ?

To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn.  
 Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same,  
 Or undiminish'd brightness, to be known  
 As when thou stood'st in Heaven upright and pure ;  
 That glory then, when thou no more wast good,

Departed from thee, and thou resemblest now  
 Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul.  
 But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give account  
 To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep  
 This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the Cherub ; and his grave rebuke,  
 Severe in youthful beauty, added grace  
 Invincible : abash'd the Devil stood,  
 And felt how awful goodness is, and saw  
 Virtue in her shape how lovely ; saw, and pin'd  
 His loss ; but chiefly to find here observ'd  
 His lustre visibly impair'd ; yet seem'd  
 Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,  
 Best with the best, the sender, not the sent,  
 Or all at once ; more glory will be won,  
 Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephor bold,  
 Will save us trial what the least can do  
 Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

The Fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage ;  
 But like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,  
 Champing his iron curb : to strive or fly,  
 He held it vain ; awe from above had quell'd  
 His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh



The western point, where those half-rounding guards  
 Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,  
 Awaiting next command. To whom their chief  
 Gabriel from the front thus call'd aloud.

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet  
 Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern  
 Ithuriel and Zephoa through the shade,  
 And with them comes a third of regal port,  
 But faded splendor wan ; who by his gait  
 And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell,  
 Not likely to part hence without contest ;  
 Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd,  
 And brief related whom they brought, where found,  
 How busied, in what form and posture couch'd.

To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake.  
 Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescrib'd  
 To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge  
 Of others, who approve not to transgress  
 By thy example, but have power and right  
 To question thy bold entrance on this place ;  
 Employ'd, it seems, to violate sleep, and those  
 Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss ?

To whom thus Satan, with contemptuous brow,  
 Gabriel, thou hadst in Heaven the esteem of wise,  
 And such I held thee ; but this question ask'd  
 Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain ?  
 Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,  
 Though thither doom'd ? thou wouldst thyself, no doubt,  
 And boldly venture to whatever place  
 Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change  
 Torment with ease, and soonest recompence  
 Dole with delight, which in this place I sought ;  
 To thee no reason ; who know'st only good,  
 But evil hast not tried : and wilt object  
 His will who bound us ? Let him surer bar  
 His iron gates, if he intends our stay  
 In that dark durance : thus much what was ask'd.  
 The rest is true, they found me where they say ;  
 But that implies not violence or harm.

Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel mov'd,  
 Disdainfully half smiling, thus reply'd.

O loss of one in Heaven to judge of wise,  
 Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,  
 And now returns him from his prison 'scap'd,  
 Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise

Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither,  
 Unlicens'd from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd ;  
 So wise he judges it to fly from pain  
 However, and to 'scape his punishment.  
 So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,  
 Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight,  
 Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,  
 Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain  
 Can equal anger infinite provok'd.  
 But wherefore thou alone ? wherefore with thee  
 Came not all Hell broke loose ? is pain to them  
 Less pain, less to be fled, or thou than they  
 Less hardy to endure ? Courageous chief,  
 The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alledg'd  
 To thy deserted host this cause of flight,  
 Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the Fiend thus answer'd, frowning stern  
 Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,  
 Insulting Angel ; well thou know'st I stood  
 Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid  
 The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,  
 And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.  
 But still thy words at random, as before,

Argue thy inexperience what behoves  
 From hard assays and ill successes past,  
 A faithful leader, not to hazard all  
 Through ways of danger by himself untry'd :  
 I therefore, I alone first undertook  
 To wing the desolate abyss, and spy  
 This new created world, whereof in Hell  
 Fame is not silent, here in hope to find  
 Better abode, and my afflicted Powers  
 To settle here on earth, or in mid air ;  
 Though for possession put to try once more  
 What thou and thy gay legions dare against ;  
 Whose easier business were to serve their Lord  
 High up in Heaven, with songs to hymn his throne,  
 And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight.

To whom the warrior Angel soon reply'd.  
 To say and strait unsay, pretending first  
 Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,  
 Argues no leader, but a liar trac'd,  
 Satan, and couldst thou faithful add ? O name,  
 O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd !  
 Faithful to whom ? to thy rebellious crew ?  
 Army of fiends, fit body to fit head ;

Was this your discipline and faith engag'd,  
 Your military obedience, to dissolve  
 Allegiance to the acknowledged Power supreme?  
 And thou sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem  
 Patron of liberty, who more than thou  
 Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilely ador'd  
 Heaven's awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope  
 To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?  
 But mark what I arreed thee now, Avant;  
 Fly thither whence thou fledst: if from this hour  
 Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,  
 Back to the infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,  
 And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn  
 The facile gates of Hell too slightly barr'd.

So threaten'd he; but Satan to no threats  
 Gave heed, but waxing more in rage reply'd.

Then when I am thy captive talk of chains,  
 Proud limitary Cherub; but ere then  
 Far heavier load thyself expect to feel  
 From my prevailing arm, though Heaven's King  
 Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,  
 Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels  
 In progress through the road of Heaven star-pav'd.

While thus he spake, the angelic squadron bright  
 Turn'd fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns  
 Their phalanx, and began to hem him round  
 With ported spears, as thick as when a field  
 Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends  
 Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind  
 Sways them; the careful ploughman doubting stands  
 Lest on the threshing floor his hopeful sheaves  
 Prove chaff. On t' other side Satan alarm'd  
 Collecting all his might dilated stood,  
 Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd:  
 His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest  
 Sat horror plum'd; nor wanted in his grasp  
 What seem'd both spear and shield: now dreadful deeds  
 Might have ensued, nor only Paradise  
 In this commotion, but the starry cope  
 Of Heaven perhaps, or all the elements  
 At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn  
 With violence of this conflict, had not soon  
 The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,  
 Hung forth in Heaven his golden scales, yet seen  
 Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,  
 Wherein all things created first he weigh'd;

The pendulous round earth with balanc'd air  
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,  
Battles and realms : in these he put two weights,  
The sequel each of parting and of fight ;  
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam ;  
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the Fiend.

Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine,  
Neither our own, but given ; what folly then  
To boast what arms can do? since thine no more  
Than Heaven permits, nor mine, though doubled now  
To trample thee as mire : for proof look up,  
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,  
Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how weak,  
If thou resist. The Fiend look'd up, and knew  
His mounted scale aloft : nor more ; but fled  
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.





P A R A D I S E L O S T.

B O O K V.

## THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

MORNING approached, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream ; he likes it not, yet comforts her : they come forth to their day labours : their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God, to render man inexcusable, sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand ; who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise ; his appearance described, his coming discerned by Adam afar off sitting at the door of his bower ; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve ; their discourse at table : Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy ; relates at Adam's request who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in heaven, and the occasion thereof ; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel, a Seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

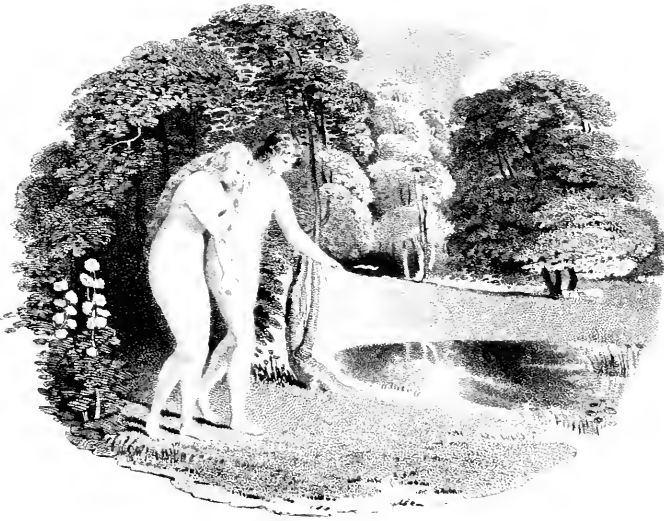




*L. sculpt. G. Richter*

*Engraven by G. Richter, Senr*

*The two figures represent the  
 "Venus of the Mountains" and "Venus of the  
 Sea" the two figures are*



B O O K V.

VER. I—IO.

NOW Morn her rosy steps in the eastern clime  
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,  
When Adam wak'd, so custom'd, for his sleep  
Was aery light, from pure digestion bred,  
And temperate vapours bland, which the only sound  
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,  
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song  
Of birds on every bough ; so much the more  
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve  
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,

As through unquiet rest : he on his side  
 Leaning half-rai's'd, with looks of cordial love  
 Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
 Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,  
 Shot forth peculiar graces ; then with voice  
 Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,  
 Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus. Awake  
 My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,  
 Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight,  
 Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field  
 Calls us ; we lose the prime, to mark how spring  
 Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,  
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,  
 How nature paints her colours, how the bee  
 Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.

Such whispering wak'd her, but with startled eye  
 On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake.

O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
 My glory, my perfection, glad I see  
 Thy face, and morn return'd ; for I this night  
 (Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,  
 If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,  
 Works of day past, or morrow's next design,

But of offense and trouble, which my mind  
 Knew never till this irksome night : methought  
 Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk  
 With gentle voice, I thought it thine ; it said,  
 Why sleep'st thou, Eve ? now is the pleasant time,  
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
 To the night-warbling bird, that now awake  
 Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song ; now reigns  
 Full-orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light  
 Shadowy sets off the face of things ; in vain,  
 If none regard ; Heaven wakes with all his eyes,  
 Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire ?  
 In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment  
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.  
 I rose as at thy call, but found thee not ;  
 To find thee I directed then my walk ;  
 [And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways  
 That brought me on a sudden to the tree  
 Of interdicted knowledge : fair it seem'd,  
 Much fairer to my fancy than by day :  
 And as I wondering look'd, beside it stood  
 One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Heaven  
 By us oft seen ; his dewy locks distill'd

Ambrosia ; on that tree he also gaz'd ;  
 And O fair plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,  
 Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,  
 Nor God, nor Man ? is knowledge so despis'd ?  
 Or envy', or what reserve forbids to taste ?  
 Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold  
 Longer thy offer'd good ; why else set here ?  
 This said, he paus'd not, but with venturous arm  
 He pluck'd, he tasted ; me damp horror chill'd  
 At such bold words, vouch'd with a deed so bold :  
 But he thus overjoy'd, O fruit divine,  
 Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropt,  
 Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit  
 For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men :  
 And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more  
 Communicated, more abundant grows,  
 The author not impair'd, but honour'd more ?  
 Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,  
 Partake thou also ; happy though thou art,  
 Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be :  
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods  
 Thyself a Goddess, not to earth confin'd,  
 But sometimes in the air, as we ; sometimes



Ascend to Heaven, by merit thine, and see  
 What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.  
 So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,  
 Ev'n to my mouth of that same fruit held part  
 Which he had pluck'd ; the pleasant savoury smell  
 So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,  
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds  
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld  
 The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide  
 And various : wondering at my flight and change  
 To this high exaltation, suddenly  
 My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,  
 And fell asleep ; but O how glad I wak'd  
 To find this but a dream ! Thus Eve her night  
 Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad.

Best image of myself, and dearer half,  
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep  
 Affects me equally ; nor can I like  
 This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear ;  
 Yet evil whence ? in thee can harbour none,  
 Created pure. But know that in the soul  
 Are many lesser faculties that serve  
 Reason as chief ; among these Fancy next

Her office holds ; of all external things,  
 Which the five watchful senses represent,  
 She forms imaginations, aery shapes,  
 Which reason, joining or disjoining, frames  
 All what we' affirm or what deny, and call  
 Our knowledge or opinion ; then retires  
 Into her private cell when nature rests.  
 Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes  
 To imitate her ; but misjoining shapes,  
 Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,  
 Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.  
 Some such resemblances methinks I find  
 Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream,  
 But with addition strange ; yet be not sad.  
 Evil into the mind of God or Man  
 May come and go, so un approv'd, and leave  
 No spot or blame behind : which gives me hope  
 That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,  
 Waking thou never wilt consent to do.  
 Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks  
 That wont to be more cheerful and serene  
 Than when fair morning first smiles on the world ;  
 And let us to our fresh employments rise

Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers,  
 That open now their choicest bosom'd smells  
 Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.]

So cheer'd he his fair spouse ; and she was cheer'd,  
 But silently a gentle tear let fall  
 From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair ;  
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,  
 Each in their crystal sluice, he, ere they fell,  
 Kiss'd as the gracious signs of sweet remorse  
 And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.

So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.  
 But first from under shady arborous roof,  
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight  
 Of day-spring, and the sun, who scarce uprisen  
 With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim,  
 Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,  
 Discovering in wide landskip all the east  
 Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,  
 Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began  
 Their orisons, each morning duly paid  
 In various style ; for neither various style  
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise  
 Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd or sung

Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence  
 Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,  
 More tuneable than needed lute or harp  
 To add more sweetness ; and they thus began.

    These are thy glorious works, parent of good,  
 Almighty, thine this universal frame,  
 Thus wondrous fair ; thyself how wondrous then !  
 Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens  
 To us invisible, or dimly seen  
 In these thy lowest works, yet these declare  
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.  
 Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
 Angels, for ye behold him, and with songs  
 And choral symphonies, day without night,  
 Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye in Heaven,  
 On earth join all ye creatures to extol  
 Him first, him last, him 'midst, and without end.  
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere  
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
 Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,

Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise  
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.  
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st  
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,  
And ye five other wandering fires that move  
In mystic dance not without song, resound  
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.  
Air, and ye elements the eldest birth  
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run  
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix  
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change  
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
Ye mists and exhalations that now rise  
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,  
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
In honour to the world's great Author rise,  
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,  
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
Rising or falling still advance his praise.  
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,  
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,  
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.

Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,  
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
 Join voices, all ye living souls ; ye birds,  
 That singing up to heaven gate ascend,  
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise :  
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep ;  
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
 To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,  
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.  
 Hail, universal Lord ; be bounteous still  
 To give us only good ; and if the night  
 Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,  
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts  
 Firm peace recover'd soon and wonted calm.  
 On to their morning's rural work they haste  
 Among sweet dews and flowers ; where any row  
 Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far  
 Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check  
 Fruitless embraces : or they led the vine  
 To wed her elm ; she spous'd about him twines  
 Her marriageable arms, and with her brings

Her dower the adopted clusters, to adorn  
 His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld  
 With pity Heaven's high King, and to him call'd  
 Raphael, the sociable Spirit, that deign'd  
 To travel with Tobias, and secur'd  
 His marriage with the seventimes-wedded maid.

Raphael, said he, thou hear'st what stir on earth  
 Satan from Hell, 'scap'd through the darksome gulph,  
 Hath rais'd in Paradise, and how disturb'd  
 This night the human pair, how he designs  
 In them at once to ruin all mankind.  
 Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend  
 Converse with Adam, in what bower or shade  
 Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retir'd,  
 To respite his day-labour with repast,  
 Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,  
 As may advise him of his happy state,  
 Happiness in his power left free to will,  
 Left to his own free will, his will though free,  
 Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware  
 He swerve not too secure: tell him withal  
 His danger, and from whom, what enemy  
 Late fallen himself from Heaven, is plotting now

'The fall of others from like state of bliss ;  
 By violence ? no, for that shall be withstood ;  
 But by deceit and lies : this let him know,  
 Lest wilfully transgressing he pretend  
 Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd.

So spake the Eternal Father, and fulfill'd  
 All justice : nor delay'd the winged saint,  
 After his charge receiv'd ; but from among  
 Thousand celestial Ardors, where he stood  
 Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up-springing light  
 Flew through the midst of Heaven ; the angelic quires  
 On each hand parting, to his speed gave way  
 Through all the empyreal road ; till at the gate  
 Of Heaven arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide  
 On golden hinges turning, as by work  
 Divine the sovran Architect had fram'd.  
 From hence, no cloud, or to obstruct his sight,  
 Star interpos'd, however small he sees,  
 Not unconfurm'd to other shining globes,  
 Earth and the garden of God, with cedars crown'd  
 Above all hills. As when by night the glass  
 Of Galileo, less assur'd, observes  
 Imagin'd lands and regions in the moon :



Or pilot from amidst the Cyclades  
 Delos or Samos first appearing, kens  
 A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight  
 He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky  
 Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing  
 Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan  
 Winnows the buxom air ; till within soar  
 Of towering eagles, to' all the fowls he seems  
 A Phœnix, gaz'd by all, as that sole bird  
 When to enshrine his reliques in the sun's  
 Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.  
 At once on the eastern cliff of Paradise  
 He lights, and to his proper shape returns,  
 A Seraph wing'd ; six wings he wore, to shade  
 His lineaments divine ; the pair that clad  
 Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast  
 With regal ornament ; the middle pair  
 Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round  
 Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold  
 And colours dipp'd in Heaven ; the third his feet  
 Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail  
 Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's son he stood,  
 And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd

The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the bands  
 Of Angels under watch ; and to his state,  
 And to his message high in honor rise ;  
 For on some message high they guess'd him bound.  
 Their glittering tents he pass'd, and now is come  
 Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,  
 And flowering odours, cassia, nard, and balm ;  
 A wilderness of sweets ; for Nature here  
 Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will  
 Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,  
 Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss.  
 Him through the spicy forest onward come  
 Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat  
 Of his cool bower, while now the mounted sun  
 Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm  
 Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam needs ;  
 And Eve within, due at her hour prepar'd  
 For dinner savory fruits, of taste to please  
 True appetite, and not disrelish thirst  
 Of necta'rous draughts between, from milky stream,  
 Berry or grape : to whom thus Adam call'd.

Haste hither, Eve, and worth thy sight behold  
 Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape

Comes this way moving ; seems another morn  
 Risen on mid-noon ; some great behest from Heaven  
 To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe  
 This day to be our guest. But go with speed,  
 And what thy stores contain, bring forth and pour  
 Abundance, fit to honour and receive  
 Our heavenly stranger ; well we may afford  
 Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow  
 From large bestow'd, where Nature multiplies  
 Her fertile growth, and by disburdening grows  
 More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare.

To whom thus Eve. Adam, earth's hallow'd mold,  
 Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where store,  
 All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk ;  
 Save what by frugal storing firmness gains  
 To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes :  
 But I will haste, and from each bough and break,  
 Each plant and juciest gourd will pluck such choice  
 To entertain our angel guest, as he  
 Beholding shall confess that here on earth  
 God hath dispens'd his bounties as in Heaven.

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste  
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent

What choice to choose for delicacy best,  
 What order, so contriv'd as not to mix  
 Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring  
 Taste after taste upheld with kindest change ;  
 Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk  
 Whatever earth all-bearing mother yields  
 In India East or West, or middle shore  
 In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where  
 Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat,  
 Rough or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell,  
 She gathers, tribute large, and on the board  
 Heaps with unsparing hand ; for drink the grape  
 She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths  
 From many a berry, and from sweet kernels prest  
 She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold  
 Wants her fit vessels pure ; then strows the ground  
 With rose and odours from the shrub unfum'd.  
 Mean while our primitive great Sire, to meet  
 His God-like guest, walks forth, without more train  
 Accompanied than with his own complete  
 Perfections ; in himself was all his state,  
 More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits  
 On princes, when their rich retinue long

Of horses led, and grooms besmear'd with gold,  
 Dazzles the crowd, and sets them all agape.  
 Nearer his presence, Adam, though not aw'd,  
 Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,  
 As to' a superior nature, bowing low,  
 Thus said. Native of Heaven, for other place  
 None can than Heaven such glorious shape contain ;  
 Since by descending from the thrones above,  
 Those happy places thou hast deign'd a while  
 To want, and honour these, vouchsafe with us  
 Two only, who yet by sovran gift possess  
 This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower  
 To rest, and what the garden choicest bears  
 To sit and taste, till this meridian heat  
 Be over, and the sun more cool decline.

Whom thus the angelic Virtue answer'd mild.  
 Adam, I therefore came ; nor art thou such  
 Created, or such place hast here to dwell,  
 As may not oft invite, though Spirits of Heaven,  
 To visit thee ; lead on then where thy bower  
 O'ershades ; for these mid-hours, till evening rise,  
 I have at will. So to the sylvan lodge  
 They came, that like Pomona's arbor smil'd

With flowrets deck'd and fragrant smells ; but Eve  
 Undeck'd, save with herself more lovely fair  
 Than Wood-nymph, or the fairest goddess feign'd  
 Of three that in Mount Ida naked strove,  
 Stood to entertain her guest from Heaven ; no veil  
 She needed, virtue proof ; no thought infirm  
 Alter'd her cheek. On whom the Angel, Hail  
 Bestow'd, the holy salutation us'd  
 Long after to blest Mary, second Eve.

Hail, mother of mankind, whose fruitful womb  
 Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons  
 Than with these various fruits the trees of God  
 Have heap'd this table. Rais'd of grassy turf  
 Their table was, and mossy seats had round,  
 And on her ample square from side to side  
 All Autumn pil'd, though Spring and Autumn here  
 Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold ;  
 No fear lest dinner cool ; when thus began  
 Our author. ] Heavenly stranger, please to taste  
 These bounties which our Nourisher, from whom  
 All perfect good unmeasur'd out, descends,  
 To us for food and for delight, hath caus'd  
 The earth to yield ; unsavory food perhaps

To spiritual natures ; only this I know,  
That one celestial Father gives to all.

To whom the Angel. Therefore what he gives  
(Whose praise be ever sung) to Man, in part  
Spiritual, may of purest Spirits be found  
No' ingrateful food : and food alike those pure  
Intelligential substances require  
As doth your rational ; and both contain  
Within them every lower faculty  
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,  
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,  
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.  
For know, whatever was created, needs  
To be sustain'd and fed ; of elements  
The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,  
Earth and the sea feed air, the air those fires  
Ethereal, and as lowest first the moon ;  
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd  
Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd.  
Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale  
From her moist continent to higher orbs.  
The sun, that light imparts to all, receives  
From all his alimential recompence

In humid exhalations, and at even  
 Sups with the ocean ; though in Heaven the trees  
 Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines  
 Yield nectar, though from off the boughs each morn  
 We brush mellifluous dew, and find the ground  
 Cover'd with pearly grain ; yet God hath here  
 Varied his bounty so with new delights,  
 As may compare with Heaven ; and to taste  
 Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,  
 And to their viands fell ; nor seemingly  
 The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss  
 Of Theologians, but with keen dispatch  
 Of real hunger, and concoctive heat  
 To transubstantiate ; what redounds, transpires  
 Through Spirits with ease ; nor wonder, if by fire  
 Of sooty coal the empiric alchymist  
 Can turn, or holds it possible to turn  
 Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold  
 As from the Mine. Mean while at table Eve  
 Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups  
 With pleasant liquors crown'd : O innocence  
 Deserving Paradise ! if ever, then,  
 Then had the sons of God excuse to have been



Enamour'd at that sight ; but in those hearts  
 Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy  
 Was understood, the injur'd lover's Hell.

Thus when with meats and drinks they had suffic'd,  
 Not burden'd nature, sudden mind arose  
 In Adam, not to let the occasion pass  
 Given him by this great conference to know  
 Of things above his world, and of their being  
 Who dwell in Heaven, whose excellence he saw  
 Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms  
 Divine effulgence, whose high power so far  
 Exceeded human, and his wary speech  
 Thus to the empyreal minister he fram'd.

Inhabitant with God, now know I well  
 Thy favour, in this honour done to Man,  
 Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsaf'd  
 To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,  
 Food not of Angels, yet accepted so,  
 As that more willingly thou couldst not seem  
 At Heaven's high feasts to have fed : yet what compare ?

To whom the winged Hierarch reply'd.  
 O Adam, one almighty is, from whom  
 All things proceed, and up to him return,

If not deprav'd from good, created all  
 Such to perfection, one first matter all,  
 Indued with various forms, various degrees  
 Of substance, and in things that live, of life ;  
 But more refin'd, more spirituous, and pure,  
 As nearer to him plac'd or nearer tending  
 Each in their several active spheres assign'd,  
 Till body up to spirit work, in bounds  
 Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root  
 Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves  
 More aery, last the bright consummate flower  
 Spirits odórous breathes : flowers and their fruit,  
 Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd,  
 To vital spirits aspire, to animal,  
 To intellectual ; give both life and sense,  
 Fancy and understanding ; whence the soul  
 Reason receives, and reason is her being,  
 Discursive or intuitive ; discourse  
 Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,  
 Differing but in degree, of kind the same.  
 Wonder not then, what God for you saw good  
 If I refuse not, but convert, as you,  
 To proper substance ; time may come when Men

With Angels may participate, and find  
 No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare :  
 And from these corporal nutriments perhaps  
 Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,  
 Improv'd by tract of time, and wing'd ascend  
 Ethereal, as we, or may at choice  
 Here or in heavenly Paradises dwell ;  
 If ye be found obedient, and retain  
 Unalterably firm his love entire  
 Whose progeny you are. Mean while enjoy  
 Your fill what happiness this happy state  
 Can comprehend, incapable of more.

To whom the Patriarch of mankind reply'd,  
 O favourable spirit, propitious guest,  
 Well hast thou taught the way that might direct  
 Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set  
 From centre to circumference, whereon  
 In contemplation of created things  
 By steps we may ascend to God. But say,  
 What meant that caution join'd, “ if ye be found  
 “ Obedient ? ” can we want obedience then  
 To him, or possibly his love desert  
 Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here

Full to the utmost measure of what bliss  
Human desires can seek or apprehend ?

To whom the Angel. Son of Heaven and Earth,  
Attend : That thou art happy, owe to God ;  
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,  
That is, to thy obedience ; therein stand.  
This was that caution given thee ; be advis'd.  
God made thee perfect, not immutable ;  
And good he made thee, but to persevere  
He left it in thy power, ordain'd thy will  
By nature free, not over-rul'd by Fate  
Inextricable, or strict necessity ;  
Our voluntary service he requires,  
Not our necessitated, such with him  
Finds no acceptance, nor can find ; for how  
Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they serve  
Willing or no, who will but what they must  
By destiny, and can no other choose ?  
Myself and all the angelic host that stand  
In sight of God enthron'd, our happy state  
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds ;  
On other surety none ; freely we serve,  
Because we freely love, as in our will

To love or not ; in this we stand or fall :  
 And some are fallen, to disobedience fallen,  
 And so from Heaven to deepest Hell ; O fall  
 From what high state of bliss into what woe !

To whom our great Progenitor. Thy words  
 Attentive, and with more delighted ear,  
 Divine instructor, I have heard, than when  
 Cherubic songs by night from neighbouring hills  
 Aërial music send : nor knew I not  
 To be both will and deed created free ;  
 Yet that we never shall forget to love  
 Our Maker, and obey him whose command  
 Single, is yet so just, my constant thoughts  
 Assur'd me', and still assure : though what thou tell'st  
 Hath past in Heaven, some doubt within me move,  
 But more desire to hear, if thou consent,  
 The full relation, which must needs be strange,  
 Worthy of sacred silence to be heard ;  
 And we have yet large day, for scarce the sun  
 Hath finish'd half his journey', and scarce begins  
 His other half in the great zone of Heaven.

Thus Adam made request ; and Raphael,  
 After short pause assenting, thus began.

High matter thou injoin'st me, O prime of men,  
 Sad task and hard ; for how shall I relate  
 To human sense the invisible exploits  
 Of warring Spirits ? how without remorse  
 The ruin of so many glorious once  
 And perfect while they stood ? how last unfold  
 The secrets of another world, perhaps  
 Not lawful to reveal ? yet for thy good  
 This is dispens'd, and what surmounts the reach  
 Of human sense, I shall delineate so,  
 By likening spiritual to corporal forms,  
 As may express them best ; though what if earth  
 Be but the shadow' of Heaven, and things therein  
 Each to other like, more than on earth is thought ?

As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild  
 Reign'd where these Heavens now roll, where Earth now  
 Upon her centre pois'd ; when on a day,                    [rests  
 (For Time, though in Eternity, apply'd  
 To motion, measures all things durable  
 By present, past, and future) on such day  
 As Heaven's great year brings forth, the empyreal host  
 Of Angels by imperial summons call'd,  
 Innumerable before the Almighty's throne

Forthwith from all the ends of Heaven appear'd  
 Under their Hierarchs in orders bright:  
 Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanc'd,  
 Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear  
 Stream in the air, and for distinction serve  
 Of Hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;  
 Or in their glittering tissues bear imblaz'd  
 Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love  
 Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs  
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood,  
 Orb within orb, the Father infinite,  
 By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,  
 Amidst as from a flaming mount, whose top  
 Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

Hear, all ye Angels, progeny of light,  
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,  
 Hear my decree, which unrevok'd shall stand.  
 This day I have begot whom I declare  
 My only Son, and on this holy hill  
 Him have anointed, whom ye now behold  
 At my right hand; your head I him appoint;  
 And by myself have sworn, to him shall bow  
 All knees in Heaven, and shall confess him Lord;

Under his great vice-gerent reign abide  
 United as one individual soul  
 For ever happy : Him who disobeys,  
 Me disobeys, breaks union, and that day  
 Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls  
 Into utter darkness, deep ingulph'd, his place  
 Ordain'd without redemption, without end.

So spake the Omnipotent, and with his words  
 All seem'd well pleas'd, all seem'd, but were not all  
 That day, as other solemn days, they spent  
 In song and dance about the sacred hill ;  
 Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere  
 Of planets and of fix'd in all her wheels  
 Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,  
 Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular  
 Then most, when most irregular they seem :  
 And in their motions harmony divine  
 So smooths her charming tones, that God's own ear  
 Listens delighted. Evening now approach'd  
 (For we have also our evening and our morn,  
 We ours for change delectable, not need)  
 Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn  
 Desirous ; all in circles as they stood,



Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd  
 With Angels food, and rubied nectar flows  
 In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,  
 Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heaven.  
 On flowers repos'd, and with fresh flow'rets crown'd,  
 They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet  
 Quaff immortality and joy, secure  
 Of surfeit where full measure only bounds  
 Excess, before the all-bounteous King, who shower'd  
 With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.  
 Now when ambrosial night with clouds exhal'd  
 From that high mount of God, whence light and shade  
 Spring both, the face of brightest Heaven had chang'd  
 To grateful twilight, (for night comes not there  
 In darker veil) and roseat dews dispos'd  
 All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest ;  
 Wide over all the plain, and wider far  
 Than all this globous earth in plain outspread,  
 (Such are the courts of God) the angelic throng  
 Dispers'd in bands and files, their camp extend  
 By living streams among the trees of life,  
 Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear'd,  
 Celestial tabernacles, where they slept,

Fann'd with cool winds; save those who in their course  
 Melodious hymns about the sovran throne  
 Alternate all night long : but not so wak'd  
 Satan ; so call him now, his former name  
 Is heard no more in Heaven ; he of the first,  
 If not the first Arch-Angel, great in power,  
 In favour and pre-eminence, yet fraught  
 With envy against the Son of God, that day  
 Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd  
 Messiah King anointed, could not bear  
 Through pride that sight, and thought himself impair'd.  
 Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,  
 Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour  
 Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd  
 With all his legions to dislodge, and leave  
 Unworship'd, unobey'd, the throne supreme  
 Contemptuous, and his next subordinate  
 Awakening, thus to him in secret spake.

Sleep'st thou, companion dear, what sleep can close  
 Thy eye-lids ? and remember'st what decree  
 Of yesterday, so late hath past the lips  
 Of Heaven's Almighty ? Thou to me thy thoughts  
 Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart ;

Both waking we were one ; how then can now  
 Thy sleep dissent ? new laws thou seest impos'd ;  
 New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise  
 In us who serve, new councils, to debate  
 What doubtful may ensue ; more in this place  
 To utter is not safe. Assemble thou  
 Of all those myriads which we lead the chief ;  
 Tell them that by command, ere yet dim night  
 Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,  
 And all who under me their banners wave,  
 Homeward with flying march where we possess  
 The quarters of the north ; there to prepare  
 Fit entertainment to receive our King  
 The great Messiah, and his new commands,  
 Who speedily through all the hierarchies  
 Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.

So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infus'd  
 Bad influence into the unwary breast  
 Of his associate ; he together calls,  
 Or several one by one, the regent powers,  
 Under him regent ; tells, as he was taught,  
 That the most high commanding, now ere night,  
 Now ere dim night had disincumber'd Heaven,

The great hierarchal standard was to move ;  
 Tells the suggested cause, and casts between,  
 Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound  
 Or taint integrity ; but all obey'd  
 The wonted signal, and superior voice  
 Of their great potentate ; for great indeed  
 His name, and high was his degree in Heaven ;  
 His countenance, as the morning star that guides  
 The starry flock, allur'd them, and with lies  
 Drew after him the third part of Heaven's host.  
 Mean while the eternal eye, whose sight discerns  
 Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount  
 And from within the golden lamps that burn  
 Nightly before him, saw without their light  
 Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread  
 Among the sons of morn, what multitudes  
 Were banded to oppose his high decree ;  
 And smiling to his only Son thus said.

Son, thou in whom my glory I behold  
 In full resplendence, Heir of all my might,  
 Nearly it now concerns us to be sure  
 Of our omnipotence, and with what arms  
 We mean to hold what anciently we claim

Of deity or empire ; such a foe  
 Is rising, who intends to' erect his throne  
 Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north ;  
 Nor so content, hath in his thought to try  
 In battel, what our power is, or our right.  
 Let us advise, and to this hazard draw  
 With speed what force is left, and all employ  
 In our defence, lest unawares we lose  
 This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.

To whom the Son, with calm aspéct and clear  
 Lightning divine, ineffable, serene,  
 Made answer. Mighty Father, thou thy foes  
 Justly hast in derision, and secure  
 Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain,  
 Matter to me of glory, whom their hate  
 Illustrates, when they see all regal power  
 Given me to quell their pride, and in event  
 Know whether I be dextrous to subdue  
 Thy rebels, or be found the worst in Heaven.

So spake the Son ; but Satan with his powers  
 Far was advanc'd on winged speed, an host  
 Innumerable as the stars of night,  
 Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the sun

Impearls on every leaf and every flower.  
 Regions they pass'd, the mighty regencies  
 Of Seraphim, and Potentates, and Thrones,  
 In their triple degrees, regions to which  
 All thy dominion, Adam, is no more  
 Than what this garden is to all the earth,  
 And all the sea, from one entire globose  
 Stretch'd into longitude; which having pass'd,  
 At length into the limits of the north  
 They came, and Satan to his royal seat  
 High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount  
 Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and towers  
 From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold;  
 The palace of great Lucifer, (so call  
 That structure in the dialect of men  
 Interpreted) which not long after, he  
 Affecting all equality with God,  
 In imitation of that mount whereon  
 Messiah was declar'd in sight of Heaven,  
 The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;  
 For thither he assembled all his train,  
 Pretending so commanded to consult  
 About the great reception of their King,        2

Thither to come, and with calumnious art  
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,  
If these magnificent titles yet remain  
Not merely titular, since by decree  
Another now hath to himself engross'd  
All power, and us eclips'd under the name  
Of King anointed, for whom all this haste  
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,  
This only to consult how we may best  
With what may be devis'd of honours new  
Receive him coming to receive from us  
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,  
Too much to one, but double how endur'd,  
To one and to his image now proclaim'd?  
But what if better counsels might erect  
Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke?  
Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend  
The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust  
To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves  
Natives and sons of Heaven possess'd before  
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,  
Equally free; for orders and degrees

Jarr not with liberty, but well consist.  
 Who can in reason then or right assume  
 Monarchy over such as live by right  
 His equals, if in power and splendor less,  
 In freedom equal? or can introduce  
 Law and edict on us, who without law  
 Err not? much less for this to be our lord,  
 And look for adoration to the abuse  
 Of those imperial titles which assert  
 Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve.

Thus far his bold discourse without controul  
 Had audience, when among the Seraphim  
 Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal ador'd  
 The Deity', and divine commands obey'd,  
 Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe  
 The current of his fury thus oppos'd.

O argument blasphemous, false, and proud!  
 Words which no ear ever to hear in Heaven  
 Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate,  
 In place thyself so high above thy peers.  
 Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn  
 The just decree of God, pronounc'd and sworn,  
 That to his only Son, by right endued



With regal sceptre, every soul in Heaven  
 Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due  
 Confess him rightful King? unjust thou say'st,  
 Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,  
 And equal over equals to let reign,  
 One over all with unsucceeded power.  
 Shalt thou give law to God? shalt thou dispute  
 With him the points of liberty, who made  
 Thee what thou art, and form'd the Powers of Heaven  
 Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd their being?  
 Yet by experience taught, we know how good,  
 And of our good, and of our dignity  
 How provident he is, how far from thought  
 To make us less, bent rather to exalt  
 Our happy state under one head more near  
 United. But to grant it thee unjust,  
 That equal over equals monarch reign:  
 Thyself though great and glorious dost thou count,  
 Or all angelic nature join'd in one,  
 Equal to him begotten Son, by whom  
 As by his Word the mighty Father made  
 All things, even thee, and all the Spirits of Heaven  
 By him created in their bright degrees,

Crown'd them with glory', and to their glory nam'd  
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,  
 Essential Powers; nor by his reign obscur'd,  
 But more illustrious made; since he the head  
 One of our number thus reduc'd becomes,  
 His laws our laws; all honour to him done  
 Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,  
 And tempt not these; but hasten to appease  
 The incensed Father, and the incensed Son,  
 While pardon may be found, in time besought.

So spake the fervent Angel; but his zeal  
 None seconded, as out of season judg'd,  
 Or singular and rash; whereat rejoic'd  
 The Apostate, and more haughty, thus reply'd.  
 That we were form'd then, say'st thou? and the work  
 Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd  
 From Father to his Son? strange point and new!  
 Doctrin which we would know whence learn'd: who saw  
 When this creation was? remember'st thou  
 Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?  
 We know no time when we were not as now;  
 Know none before us, self-begot, self-rais'd  
 By our own quickening power, when fatal course

Had circled his full orb, the birth mature  
 Of this our native Heaven, ethereal sons.  
 Our puissance is our own; our own right hand  
 Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try  
 Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold  
 Whether by supplication we intend  
 Address, and to begirt the almighty throne  
 Beseeching or besieging. This report,  
 These tidings carry to the anointed King;  
 And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.

He said, and as the sound of waters deep  
 Hoarse murmur echoed to his words applause  
 Through the infinite host, nor less for that  
 The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone  
 Encompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold.

O alienate from God, O Spirit accurs'd,  
 Forsaken of all good; I see thy fall  
 Determin'd, and thy hapless crew involv'd  
 In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread  
 Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth  
 No more be troubled how to quit the yoke  
 Of God's Messiah; those indulgent laws  
 Will not be now vouchsaf'd, other decrees  
 Against thee are gone forth without recall;

That golden sceptre which thou didst reject  
 Is now an iron rod to bruise and break  
 Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,  
 Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly.  
 These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath  
 Impendent, raging into sudden flame  
 Distinguish not : for soon expect to feel  
 His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.  
 Then who created thee lamenting learn,  
 When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.

So spake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found  
 Among the faithless, faithful only he ;  
 Among innumerable false, unmov'd,  
 Unshaken, uneduc'd, untterrify'd,  
 His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal ;  
 Nor number, nor example with him wrought  
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind  
 Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,  
 Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd  
 Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught ;  
 And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd  
 On those proud towers to swift destruction doom'd.

P A R A D I S E L O S T .

B O O K VI.

## THE ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

RAPHAEL continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battel against Satan and his Angels. The first fight described : Satan and his powers retire under night : he calls a council, invents devilish engines, which in the second day's fight put Michael and his Angels to some disorder ; but they at length pulling up mountains overwhelmed both the force and machines of Satan : yet the tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory : he in the power of his Father coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them unable to resist, towards the wall of Heaven ; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the deep : Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.



B O O K VI.

VER. I—10.

ALL night the dreadful Angel unpursued  
Through Heaven's wide champain held his way; till morn,  
Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand  
Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a cave  
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne,  
Where light and darkness in perpetual round  
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through Heaven  
Grateful vicissitude, like day and night;  
Light issues forth, and at the other door  
Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour

To veil the Heaven, though darkness there might well  
 Seem twilight here ; and now went forth the morn  
 Such as in highest Heaven, array'd in gold  
 Empyreal ; from before her vanish'd night,  
 Shot through with orient beams : when all the plain  
 Cover'd with thick embattel'd squadrons bright,  
 Chariots and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,  
 Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view :  
 War he perceiv'd, war in procinct, and found  
 Already known what he for news had thought  
 To have reported : gladly then he mix'd  
 Among those friendly powers, who him receiv'd  
 With joy and acclamations loud, that one  
 That of so many myriads fallen, yet one  
 Return'd not lost : on to the sacred hill  
 They led him high applauded, and present  
 Before the seat supreme ; from whence a voice  
 From midst a golden cloud thus mild was heard.

Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought  
 The better fight, who single hast maintain'd  
 Against revolted multitudes the cause  
 Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms ;  
 And for the testimony' of truth hast borne



Universal reproach, far worse to bear  
 Than violence : for this was all thy care  
 To stand approv'd in sight of God, though worlds  
 Judg'd thee perverse : the easier conquest now  
 Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,  
 Back on thy foes more glorious to return  
 Than scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue  
 By force, who reason for their law refuse,  
 Right reason for their law, and for their king  
 Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.  
 Go, Michael, of celestial armies prince,  
 And thou in military prowess next  
 Gabriel, lead forth to battel these my sons  
 Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints  
 By thousands and by millions rang'd for fight ;  
 Equal in number to that Godless crew  
 Rebellious ; them with fire and hostile arms  
 Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heaven  
 Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss,  
 Into their place of punishment, the gulf  
 Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide  
 His fiery Chaos to receive their fall.

So spake the sovran voice, and clouds began  
 To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll

In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign  
Of wrath awak'd : nor with less dread the loud  
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow :  
At which command the powers militant,  
That stood for Heaven, in mighty quadrate join'd  
Of union irresistible, mov'd on  
In silence their bright legions, to the sound  
Of instrumental harmony that breath'd  
Heroic ardor to adventurous deeds  
Under their God-like leaders, in the cause  
Of God and his Messiah. On they move  
Indissolubly firm ; nor obvious hill,  
Nor straitening vale, nor wood, nor stream divides  
Their perfect ranks ; for high above the ground  
Their march was, and the passive air upbore  
Their nimble tread ; as when the total kind  
Of birds in orderly array on wing  
Came summon'd over Eden to receive  
Their names of thee ; so over many a tract  
Of Heaven they march'd, and many a province wide  
Tenfold the length of this terrene : at last  
Far in the horizon to the north appear'd  
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd  
In battailous aspéct, and nearer view

Bristled with upright beams innumerable  
 Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields  
 Various, with boastful argument portray'd,  
 The banded powers of Satan hasting on  
 With furious expedition ; for they ween'd  
 That self-same day, by fight or by surprise,  
 To win the mount of God, and on his throne  
 To set the envier of his state, the proud  
 Aspirer, but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain  
 In the mid way : though strange to us it seem'd  
 At first, that Angel should with Angel war,  
 And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet  
 So oft in festivals of joy and love  
 Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire  
 Hymning the eternal Father : but the shout  
 Of battel now began, and rushing sound  
 Of onset ended soon each milder thought.  
 High in the midst exalted as a god  
 The Apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat,  
 Idol of majesty divine, enclos'd  
 With flaming Cherubim, and golden shields ;  
 Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now  
 'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,

A dreadful interval, and front to front  
 Presented stood in terrible array  
 Of hideous length : before the cloudy van,  
 On the rough edge of battel ere it join'd,  
 Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd,  
 Came towering, arm'd in adamant and gold ;  
 Abdiel that sight endur'd not, where he stood  
 Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,  
 And thus his own undaunted heart explores.  
 O Heaven ! that such resemblance of the Highest  
 Should yet remain, where faith and reälty  
 Remain not ; wherefore should not strength and might  
 There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove  
 Where boldest ; though to sight unconquerable ?  
 His puissance, trusting in the Almighty's aid,  
 I mean to try, whose reason I have try'd  
 Unsound and false ; nor is it ought but just,  
 That he who in debate of truth hath won,  
 Should win in arms, in both disputes alike  
 Victor ; though brutish that contést and foul,  
 When reason hath to deal with force, yet so  
 Most reason is that reason overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed peers  
 Forth stepping opposite, half-way he met

His daring foe, at this prevention more  
Incens'd, and thus securely him defy'd.

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reach'd  
The highth of thy aspiring unoppos'd,  
The throne of God unguarded, and his side  
Abandon'd at the terror of thy power  
Or potent tongue; fool, not to think how vain  
Against the Omnipotent to rise in arms;  
Who out of smallest things could without end  
Have rais'd incessant armies to defeat  
Thy folly; or with solitary hand  
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow  
Unaided could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd  
Thy legions under darkness: but thou seest  
All are not of thy train; there be who faith  
Prefer, and piety to God, though then  
To thee not visible, when I alone  
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent  
From all: my sect thou seest, now learn too late  
How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.

Whom the grand foe with scornful eye askance  
Thus answer'd. Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour  
Of my revenge, first sought for thou return'st

From flight, seditious Angel, to receive  
 Thy merited reward, the first assay  
 Of this right hand provok'd, since first that tongue  
 Inspir'd with contradiction durst oppose  
 A third part of the gods, in synod met  
 Their deities to assert, who while they feel  
 Vigour divine within them, can allow  
 Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st  
 Before thy fellows, ambitious to win  
 From me some plume, that thy success may show  
 Destruction to the rest : this pause between  
 (Unanswer'd lest thou boast) to let thee know ;  
 At first I thought that liberty and heaven  
 To heavenly souls had been all one ; but now  
 I see that most through sloth had rather serve,  
 Ministering Spirits, train'd up in feast and song ;  
 Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of Heaven,  
 Servility with freedom to contend,  
 As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove.

To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern reply'd.  
 Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find  
 Of erring, from the path of truth remote :  
 Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name

Of servitude to serve whom God ordains,  
 Or Nature ; God and Nature bid the same,  
 When he who rules is worthiest, and excels  
 Them whom he governs. This is servitude,  
 To serve the unwise, or him who hath rebell'd  
 Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,  
 Thyself not free, but to thyself enthral'd ;  
 Yet lewdly dar'st our ministring upbraid.  
 Reign thou in Hell thy kingdom ; let me serve  
 In Heaven God ever blest, and his divine  
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd,  
 Yet chains in Hell, not realms expect : mean while  
 From me return'd, as erst thou said'st, from flight,  
 This greeting on thy impious crest receive.

So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,  
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell  
 On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,  
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield  
 Such ruin intercept : ten paces huge  
 He back recoil'd ; the tenth on bended knee  
 His massy spear up-stay'd ; as if on earth  
 Winds underground or waters forcing way  
 Sidelong, had push'd a mountain from his seat

Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seis'd  
 The rebel Thrones, but greater rage to see  
 Thus foil'd their mightiest; ours joy fill'd, and shout,  
 Presage of victory and fierce desire  
 Of battel: whereat Michäel bid sound  
 The Arch-Angel trumpet; through the vast of Heaven  
 It sounded, and the faithful armies rung  
 Hosanna to the Highest: nor stood at gaze  
 The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd  
 The horrid shock: now storming fury rose,  
 And clamour such as heard in Heaven till now  
 Was never; arms on armour clashing bray'd  
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels  
 Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise  
 Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss  
 Of fiery darts in flaming vollies flew,  
 And flying vaulted either host with fire.  
 So under fiery cope together rush'd  
 Both battels main, with ruinous assault  
 And inextinguishable rage; all Heaven  
 Resounded, and had Earth been then, all Earth  
 Had to her center shook. What wonder? when  
 Millions of fire encountring Angels fought



On either side, the least of whom could wield  
 These elements, and arm him with the force  
 Of all their regions : how much more of power  
 Army' against army numberless to raise  
 Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,  
 Though not destroy, their happy native seat ;  
 / Had not the eternal King omnipotent  
 From his strong hold of Heaven high over-rul'd  
 And limited their might ; though number'd such  
 As each divided legion might have seem'd  
 A numerous host, in strength each armed hand  
 A legion, led in fight, yet leader seem'd  
 Each warrior single as in chief, expert  
 When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway  
 Of battel, open when, and when to close  
 The ridges of grim war ; no thought of flight,  
 None of retreat, no unbecoming deed  
 That argued fear ; each on himself rely'd,  
 As only in his arm the moment lay  
 Of victory ; deeds of eternal fame  
 Were done, but infinite : for wide was spread  
 That war and various ; sometimes on firm ground  
 A standing fight, then soaring on main wing

Tormented all the air ; all air seem'd then  
 Conflicting fire : long time in even scale  
 The battel hung ; till Satan, who that day  
 Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms  
 No equal, ranging through the dire attack  
 Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length  
 Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd  
 Squadrons at once ; with huge two-handed sway  
 Brandish'd aloft the horrid edge came down  
 Wide wasting ; such destruction to withstand  
 He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky orb  
 Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield  
 A vast circumference : at his approach  
 The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toil  
 Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end  
 Intestine war in Heaven, the Arch-foe subdued,  
 Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown  
 And visage all inflam'd first thus began.

Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,  
 Unnam'd in Heaven, now plenteous, as thou seest  
 These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,  
 Though heaviest by just measure on thyself  
 And thy adherents : how hast thou disturb'd

Heaven's blessed peace, and into nature brought  
 Misery, uncreated till the crime  
 Of thy rebellion? how hast thou instill'd  
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright  
 And faithful, now prov'd false? But think not here  
 To trouble holy rest; Heaven casts thee out  
 From all her confines. Heaven, the seat of bliss,  
 Brooks not the works of violence and war.  
 Hence then, and evil go with thee along,  
 Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,  
 Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broils,  
 Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,  
 Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God  
 Precipitate thee with augmented pain.

So spake the Prince of Angels; to whom thus  
 The Adversary. Nor think thou with wind  
 Of aery threats to awe whom yet with deeds  
 Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these  
 To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise  
 Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me  
 That thou should'st hope, imperious, and with threats  
 To chase me hence? err not, that so shall end  
 The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style

The strife of glory : which we mean to win,  
 Or turn this Heaven itself into the Hell  
 Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,  
 If not to reign : mean while thy utmost force  
 And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,  
 I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh.

They ended parle, and both address'd for fight  
 Unspeakable ; for who, though with the tongue  
 Of Angels, can relate, or to what things  
 Liken on earth conspicuous, that may lift  
 Human imagination to such highth  
 Of Godlike power ? for likest Gods they seem'd,  
 Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,  
 Fit to decide the empire of great Heaven.  
 Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air  
 Made horrid circles ; two broad suns their shields  
 Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood  
 In horror ; from each hand with speed retir'd  
 Where erst was thickest fight, the angelic throng,  
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind  
 Of such commotion, such as to set forth  
 Great things by small, if nature's concord broke,  
 Among the constellations war were sprung,

Two planets rushing from aspéct malign  
 Of fiercest opposition in mid sky,  
 Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.  
 Together both with next to' almighty arm,  
 Up-lifted imminent one stroke they aim'd  
 That might determine, and not need repeat,  
 As not of power, at once ; nor odds appear'd  
 In might or swift prevention ; but the sword  
 Of Michael from the armory of God  
 Was given him temper'd so, that neither keen  
 Nor solid might resist that edge : it met  
 The sword of Satan with steep force to smite  
 Descending, and in half cut sheer ; nor stay'd,  
 But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering shar'd  
 All his right side ; then Satan first knew pain,  
 And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd ; so sore  
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound  
 Pass'd through him, but the ethereal substance clos'd  
 Not long divisible, and from the gash  
 A stream of necta'rous humor issuing flow'd  
 Sanguine, such as celestial Spirits may bleed,  
 And all his armour stain'd ere while so bright.  
 Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run

By Angels many and strong, who interpos'd  
 Defence, while others bore him on their shields  
 Back to his chariot ; where it stood retir'd  
 From off the files of war ; there they him laid  
 Gnashing for anguish and despite and shame,  
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride  
 Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath  
 His confidence to equal God in power.  
 Yet soon he heal'd ; for Spirits that live throughout  
 Vital in every part, not as frail Man  
 In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,  
 Cannot but by annihilating die ;  
 Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound  
 Receive, no more than can the fluid air :  
 All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,  
 All intellect, all sense ; and as they please,  
 They limb themselves, and colour, shape or size  
 Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

Mean while in other parts like deeds deserv'd  
 Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,  
 And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array  
 Of Moloch furious king ; who him defy'd,  
 And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound

Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heaven  
 Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous ; but anon  
 Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms  
 And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing  
 Uriel and Raphaël his vaunting foe,  
 Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,  
 Vanquish'd Adramelec, and Asmadai,  
 Two potent Thrones, that to be less than Gods  
 Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,  
 Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and mail ;  
 Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy  
 The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow  
 Ariel and Arioc, and the violence  
 Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted overthrew.  
 I might relate of thousands, and their names  
 Eternize here on earth ; but those elect  
 Angels contented with their fame in Heaven  
 Seek not the praise of men : the other sort,  
 In might though wondrous and in acts of war,  
 Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom  
 Cancel'd from Heaven and sacred memory,  
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.  
 For strength from truth divided and from just,

Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise  
 And ignominy, yet to glory' aspires  
 Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame :  
 Therefore eternal silence be their doom.

And now their mightiest quell'd, the battel swerv'd,  
 With many an inroad gor'd ; deformed rout  
 Enter'd, and foul disorder ; all the ground  
 With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap  
 Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,  
 And fiery foaming steeds ; what stood, recoil'd  
 O'er-wearied, through the faint Satanic host  
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris'd,  
 Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of pain  
 Fled ignominious, to such evil brought  
 By sin of disobedience, till that hour  
 Not liable to fear or flight or pain.  
 Far otherwise the inviolable Saints  
 In cubic phalanx firm advanc'd entire.  
 Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd :  
 Such high advantages their innocence  
 Gave them above their foes ; not to have sinn'd,  
 Not to have disobey'd ; in fight they stood  
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd



By wound, though from their place by violence mov'd.

Now night her course began, and over Heaven  
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,  
 And silence on the odious din of war :  
 Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,  
 Victor and vanquish'd : on the foughten field  
 Michaël and his Angels prevalent  
 Incamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,  
 Cherubic waving fires : on the other part  
 Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,  
 Far in the dark dislodg'd ; and void of rest,  
 His potentates to council call'd by night ;  
 And in the midst thus undismay'd began.

O now in danger try'd, now known in arms  
 Not to be overpower'd, companions dear,  
 Found worthy not of liberty alone,  
 Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,  
 Honour, dominion, glory, and renown,  
 Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight  
 (And if one day, why not eternal days ?)  
 What Heaven's Lord had powerfulest to send  
 Against us from about his throne, and judg'd  
 Sufficient to subdue us to his will,

But proves not so : then fallible, it seems,  
 Of future we may deem him, though till now  
 Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,  
 Some disadvantage we endur'd and pain,  
 Till now not known, but known, as soon contemn'd,  
 Since now we find this our empyreal form  
 Incapable of mortal injury,  
 Imperishable, and though pierc'd with wound,  
 Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.  
 Of evil then so small, as easy think  
 The remedy ; perhaps more valid arms,  
 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,  
 May serve to better us, and worse our foes,  
 Or equal what between us made the odds,  
 In nature none : if other hidden cause  
 Left them superior, while we can preserve  
 Unhurt our minds, and understanding sound,  
 Due search and consultation will disclose.

He sat ; and in the assembly next upstood  
 Nisroc, of Principalities the prime ;  
 As one he stood escap'd from cruel fight,  
 Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havoc hewn,  
 And cloudy in aspect thus answering spake.

Deliverer from new lords, leader to free  
 Enjoyment of our right as Gods ; yet hard  
 For Gods, and too unequal work we find  
 Against unequal arms to fight in pain,  
 Against unpain'd, impassive ; from which evil  
 Ruin must needs ensue ; for what avails  
 Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd with pain  
 Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands  
 Of mightiest ? Sense of pleasure we may well  
 Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,  
 But live content, which is the calmest life :  
 But pain is perfect misery, the worst  
 Of evils, and excessive, overturns  
 All patience. He who therefore can invent  
 With what more forcible we may offend  
 Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm  
 Ourselves with like defense, to me deserves  
 No less than for deliverance what we owe.

Whereto with look compos'd Satan reply'd.  
 Not uninvited that, which thou aright  
 Believ'st so main to our success, I bring ;  
 Which of us who beholds the bright surface  
 Of this ethereous mold whereon we stand,

This continent of spacious Heaven, adorn'd  
 With plant, fruit, flower ambrosial, gems and gold ;  
 Whose eye so superficially surveys  
 These things, as not to mind from whence they grow  
 Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,  
 Of spiritous and fiery spume, till touch'd  
 With Heaven's ray, and temper'd they shoot forth  
 So beauteous, opening to the ambient light ?  
 These in their dark nativity the deep  
 Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame,  
 Which into hollow engins long and round  
 Thick ramm'd, at the other bore with touch of fire  
 Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth  
 From far with thundering noise among our foes  
 Such implements of mischief as shall dash  
 To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands  
 Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd  
 The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.  
 Nor long shall be our labor ; yet ere dawn,  
 Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive ;  
 Abandon fear ; to strength and counsel join'd  
 Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd.  
 He ended, and his words their drooping cheer  
 Enlighten'd, and their languish'd hope reviv'd.

The invention all admir'd, and each, how he  
 To be the inventor miss'd ; so easy' it seem'd  
 Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought  
 Impossible : yet haply of thy race  
 In future days, if malice should abound,  
 Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd  
 With devilish machination might devise  
 Like instrument to plague the sons of men  
 For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.

Forthwith from counsel to the work they flew ;  
 None arguing stood ; innumerable hands  
 Were ready ; in a moment up they turn'd  
 Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath  
 The originals of nature in their crude  
 Conception ; sulphurous and nitrous foam  
 They found, they mingled, and with subtle art,  
 Concocted and adusted they reduc'd  
 To blackest grain, and into store convey'd :  
 Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth  
 Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,  
 Whereof to found their engins and their balls  
 Of missive ruin ; part incentive reed  
 Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.

So all ere day-spring, under conscious night  
 Secret they finish'd, and in order set,  
 With silent circumspection unesp'y'd.

Now when fair morn orient in Heaven appear'd,  
 Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms  
 'The matin trumpet sung : in arms they stood  
 Of golden panoply, refulgent host,  
 Soon banded ; others from the dawning hills  
 Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-arm'd scour  
 Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,  
 Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,  
 In motion or in halt : him soon they met  
 Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow  
 But firm battalion ; back with speediest sail  
 Zophiel, of cherubim the swiftest wing,  
 Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cry'd.

Arm, Warriors, arm for fight ; the foe at hand,  
 Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit  
 This day, fear not his flight ; so thick a cloud  
 He comes, and settled in his face I see  
 Sad resolution and secure : let each  
 His adamantin coat gird well, and each  
 Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield,

Borne even or high; for this day will pour down,  
 If I conjecture ought, no drizzling shower,  
 But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.

So warn'd he them aware themselves, and soon  
 In order, quit of all impediment;  
 Instant without disturb they took alarm,  
 And onward mov'd embattel'd; when behold  
 Not distant far with heavy pace the foe  
 Approaching gross and huge; in hollow cube  
 Training his devilish enginry, impal'd  
 On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,  
 To hide the fraud. At interview both stood  
 Awhile, but suddenly at head appear'd  
 Satan: and thus was heard commanding loud.

Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold;  
 That all may see who hate us, how we seek  
 Peace and composure, and with open breast  
 Stand ready to receive them, if they like  
 Our overture, and turn not back perverse;  
 But that I doubt; however witness Heaven,  
 Heaven witness thou anon, while we discharge  
 Freely our part; ye who appointed stand  
 Do as ye have in charge, and briefly touch

What we propound, and loud that all may hear.

So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce  
 Had ended; when to right and left the front  
 Divided, and to either flank retir'd.  
 Which to our eyes discover'd new and strange,  
 A triple mounted row of pillars laid  
 On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem'd  
 Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir  
 With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd.)  
 Brass, iron, stony mold, had not their mouths  
 With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,  
 Portending hollow truce; at each behind  
 A Seraph stood, and in his hand a reed  
 Stood waving tipt with fire; while we suspense,  
 Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd,  
 Not long, for sudden all at once their reeds  
 Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd  
 With nicest touch. . Immediate in a flame,  
 But soon obscur'd with smoke, all Heaven appear'd,  
 From those deep throated engins belch'd, whose roar  
 Imbowel'd with outrageous noise the air,  
 And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul  
 Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail



Of iron globes, which on the victor host  
 Level'd, with such impetuous fury smote,  
 That whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,  
 Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell  
 By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel roll'd ;  
 The sooner for their arms ; unarm'd they might  
 Have easily as Spirits evaded swift  
 By quick contraction or remove ; but now  
 Foul dissipation follow'd and forc'd rout ;  
 Nor serv'd it to relax their serried files.  
 What should they do ! if on they rush'd, repulse  
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow  
 Doubled, would render them yet more despis'd,  
 And to their foes a laughter ; for in view  
 Stood rank'd of Seraphim another row  
 In posture to displode their second tire  
 Of thunder : back defeated to return  
 They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,  
 And to his mates thus in derision call'd.

O friends, why come not on these victors proud ?  
 Ere while they fierce were coming ; and when we,  
 To entertain them fair with open front  
 And breast, (what could we more ?) propounded terms

Of composition, strait they chang'd their minds,  
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,  
 As they would dance, yet for a dance they seem'd  
 Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps  
 For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose  
 If our proposals once again were heard,  
 We should compel them to a quick result.

To whom thus Belial, in like gamesome mood.  
 Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,  
 Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,  
 Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,  
 And stumbled many; who receives them right,  
 Had need from head to foot well understand;  
 Not understood, this gift they have besides,  
 They shew us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themselves in pleasant vein  
 Stood scoffing, highten'd in their thoughts beyond  
 All doubt of victory; eternal might  
 To match with their inventions they presum'd  
 So easy', and of his thunder made a scorn,  
 And all his host derided, while they stood  
 Awhile in trouble; but they stood not long;  
 Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms

Against such hellish mischief fit to' oppose.  
 Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power  
 Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)  
 Their arms away they threw, and to the hills  
 (For Earth hath this variety from Heaven  
 Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)  
 Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew;  
 From their foundations loosening to and fro  
 They pluck'd the seated hills with all their load,  
 Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops  
 Up-lifting bore them in their hands: Amaze,  
 Be sure, and terror seis'd the rebel host,  
 When coming towards them so dread they saw  
 The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd,  
 Till on those cursed engins triple-row  
 They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence  
 Under the weight of mountains buried deep;  
 Themselves invaded next, and on their heads  
 Main promontories flung, which in the air  
 Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions arm'd;  
 Their armor help'd their harm, crush'd in and bruis'd  
 Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain  
 Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,

Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind  
 Out of such prison, though Spirits of purest light,  
 Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.  
 The rest in imitation to like arms  
 Betook them, and the neighbouring hills uptore ;  
 So hills amid the air encounter'd hills  
 Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,  
 That under ground, they fought in dismal shade ;  
 Infernal noise ; war seem'd a civil game  
 To this uproar ; horrid confusion heap'd  
 Upon confusion rose : and now all Heaven  
 Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread,  
 Had not the Almighty Father where he sits  
 Shrin'd in his sanctuary of Heaven secure,  
 Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen  
 This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd :  
 That his great purpose he might so fulfil,  
 To honour his anointed Son aveng'd  
 Upon his enemies, and to declare  
 All power on him transferr'd : whence to his Son  
 The assessor of his throne he thus began.

Effulgence of my glory, Son belov'd,  
 Son in whose face invisible is beheld

Visibly, what by deity I am,  
And in whose hand what by decree I do,  
Second Omnipotence, two days are past,  
Two days, as we compute the days of Heaven,  
Since Michael and his Powers went forth to tame  
These disobedient; sore hath been their fight,  
As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd;  
For to themselves I left them, and thou know'st,  
Equal in their creation they were form'd,  
Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought  
Insensibly, for I suspend their doom;  
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last  
Endless, and no solution will be found:  
War wearied hath perform'd what war can do,  
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,  
With mountains as with weapons arm'd, which makes  
Wild work in Heaven, and dangerous to the main.  
Two days are therefore past, the third is thine;  
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far  
Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine  
Of ending this great war, since none but thou  
Can end it. Into thee such virtue' and grace  
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know

In Heaven and Hell thy power above compare,  
 And this perverse commotion govern'd thus,  
 To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir  
 Of all things, to be heir and to be King  
 By sacred unction, thy deserved right.  
 Go then, thou mightiest in thy Father's might,  
 Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels  
 That shake Heaven's basis, bring forth all my war,  
 My bow and thunder, my almighty arms  
 Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh ;  
 Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out  
 From all Heaven's bounds into the utter deep :  
 There let them learn, as likes them, to despise  
 God and Messiah his anointed King.

He said, and on his Son with rays direct  
 Shone full ; he all his Father full express'd  
 Ineffably into his face receiv'd ;  
 And thus the filial Godhead answering spake.

    O Father, O Supreme of heavenly Thrones,  
 First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seek'st  
 To glorify tny Son, I always thee,  
 As is most just ; this I my glory' account,  
 My exaltation, and my whole delight,

That thou in me well pleas'd, declar'st thy will  
 Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.  
 Scepter and power, thy giving, I assume,  
 And gladlier shall resign, when in the end  
 Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee  
 For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st :  
 But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on  
 Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,  
 Image of thee in all things ; and shall soon,  
 Arm'd with thy might, rid Heaven of these rebell'd,  
 To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down  
 To chains of darkness, and the undying worm,  
 That from thy just obedience could revolt,  
 Whom to obey is happiness entire.  
 Then shall thy Saints unmix'd, and from the impure  
 Far separate, circling thy holy mount,  
 Unfeigned Halleluiahs to thee sing,  
 Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.

So said, he o'er his sceptre bowing, rose  
 From the right hand of glory where he sat ;  
 And the third sacred morn began to shine ↓  
 Dawning through Heaven : forth rush'd with whirlwind  
 The chariot of paternal deity, ↓ [sound

Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,  
 Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd  
 By four Cherubic shapes ; four faces each  
 Had wondrous, as with stars their bodies all  
 And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the wheels  
 Of beryl, and careering fires between ;  
 Over their heads a crystal firmament,  
 Whereon a saphir throne, inlaid with pure  
 Amber, and colors of the showery arch.  
 He in celestial panoply all arm'd  
 Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,  
 Ascended ; at his right hand victory  
 Sat eagle-wing'd ; beside him hung his bow  
 And quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd,  
 And from about him fierce effusion roll'd  
 Of smoke and bickering flame, and sparkles dire ;  
 Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,  
 He onward came, far off his coming shone,  
 And twenty thousand (I their number heard)  
 Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen :  
 He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime  
 On the crystállin sky, in saphir thron'd.  
 Illustrious far and wide, but by his own



First seen ; them unexpected joy surpris'd,  
 When the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd  
 Aloft by Angels borne, his sign in Heaven :  
 Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc'd  
 His army, circumfus'd on either wing,  
 Under their head imbody'd all in one.  
 Before him power divine his way prepar'd ;  
 At his command the uprooted hills retir'd  
 Each to his place ; they heard his voice, and went  
 Obsequious ; Heaven his wonted face renew'd,  
 And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smil'd :  
 This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdur'd,  
 And to rebellious fight rallied their powers  
 Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.  
 In Heavenly Spirits could such perverseness dwell ?  
 But to convince the proud what signs avail,  
 Or wonders move the obdurate to relent ?  
 They harden'd more by what might most reclame,  
 Grieving to see his glory, at the sight  
 Took envy ; and aspiring to his highth,  
 Stood reimbattel'd fierce, by force or fraud  
 Weening to prosper, and at length prevail  
 Against God and Messiah, or to fall  
 In universal ruin last, and now

To final battel drew, disdainig flight,  
 Or faint retreat ; when the great Son of God  
 To all his host on either hand thus spake.

Stand still in bright array, ye Saints ; here stand  
 Ye Angels arm'd ; this day from battel rest ;  
 Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God  
 Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause ;  
 And as ye have receiv'd, so have ye done  
 Invincibly ; but of this cursed crew  
 The punishment to other hand belongs,  
 Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints ;  
 Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,  
 Nor multitude ; stand only and behold  
 God's indignation on these Godless pour'd  
 By me ; not you but me they have despis'd,  
 Yet envied ; against me is all their rage,  
 Because the Father, to whom in Heaven supreme  
 Kingdom and power and glory appertains,  
 Hath honour'd me according to his will.  
 Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd ;  
 That they may have their wish, to try with me  
 In battel which the stronger proves, they all  
 Or I alone against them, since by strength

They measure all, of other excellence  
 Not emulous, nor care who them excels ;  
 Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.

So spake the Son, and into terror chang'd  
 His countenance too severe to be beheld  
 And full of wrath bent on his enemies.  
 At once the four spread out their starry wings  
 With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs  
 Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound  
 Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.  
 He on his impious foes right onward drove,  
 Gloomy as night ; under his burning wheels  
 The stedfast empyréan shook throughout,  
 All but the throne itself of God. Full soon  
 Among them he arriv'd ; in his right hand  
 Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent  
 Before him, such as in their souls infix'd  
 Plagues ; they astonish'd all resistance lost,  
 All courage ; down their idle weapons dropp'd ;  
 O'er shields and helms, and helmed heads he rode  
 Of thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,  
 That wish'd the mountains now might be again  
 Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.

Nor less on either side tempestuous fell  
His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Four,  
Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels,  
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes ;  
One spirit in them rul'd, and every eye  
Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire  
Among the accurst, that wither'd all their strength,  
And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,  
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen.  
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd  
His thunder in mid volley ; for he meant  
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heaven :  
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd  
Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd,  
Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursued  
With terrors and with furies to the bounds  
And crystal wall of Heaven, which opening wide,  
Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd  
Into the wasteful deep ; the monstrous sight  
Struck them with horror backward, but far worse  
Urg'd them behind ; headlong themselves they threw  
Down from the verge of Heaven, eternal wrath  
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

Hell heard the unsufferable noise, Hell saw  
 Heaven ruining from Heaven, and would have fled  
 Affrighted ; but strict Fate had cast too deep  
 Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.  
 Nine days they fell ; confounded Chaos roar'd,  
 And felt tenfold confusion in their fall  
 Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout  
 Incumber'd him with ruin : Hell at last  
 Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd ;  
 Hell their fit habitation fraught with fire  
 Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.  
 Disburden'd Heaven rejoic'd, and soon repair'd  
 Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.  
 Sole victor from the expulsion of his foes  
 Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd :  
 To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood  
 Eye-witnesses of his Almighty acts,  
 With jubilee advanc'd ; and as they went,  
 Shaded with branching palm, each order bright,  
 Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,  
 Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,  
 Worthiest to reign : he celebrated rode  
 Triumphant through mid Heaven, into the courts  
 And temple of his mighty Father thron'd

On high ; who into glory him receiv'd,  
 Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

Thus measuring things in Heaven by things on earth,  
 At thy request, and that thou may'st beware  
 By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd  
 What might have else to human race been hid ;  
 The discord which befel, and war in Heaven  
 Among the angelic powers, and the deep fall  
 Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd  
 With Satan ; he who envies now thy state,  
 Who now is plotting how he may seduce  
 Thee also from obedience, that with him  
 Bereav'd of happiness thou may'st partake  
 His punishment, eternal misery ;  
 Which would be all his solace and revenge,  
 As a despite done against the most high,  
 Thee once to gain companion of his woe.  
 But listen not to his temptations, warn  
 Thy weaker ; let it profit thee to have heard  
 By terrible example the reward  
 Of disobedience ; firm they might have stood,  
 Yet fell ; remember, and fear to transgress.

PARADISE LOST:

A

P O E M,

I N T W E L V E B O O K S.

THE AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

V O L. II.

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P A R A D I S E L O S T .

B O O K VII.

## THE ARGUMENT OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

RAPHAEL, at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore this world was first created ; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world and other creatures to dwell therein ; sends his Son with glory and attendance of Angels to perform the work of creation in six days : the Angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his re-ascension into Heaven.



## B O O K VII.

VER. I—IO.

**D**ESCEND from Heaven, Urania, by that name  
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine  
Following, above the Olympian hill I soar,  
Above the flight of Pegaséan wing.  
The meaning, not the name I call : for thou  
Nor of the Muses Nine, nor on the top  
Of old Olympus dwell'st, but heavenly born,  
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,  
Thou with eternal wisdom didst converse,  
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play

In presence of the Almighty Father, pleas'd  
 With thy celestial song. Up led by thee  
 Into the Heaven of Heavens I have presum'd,  
 An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,  
 Thy tempering ; with like safety guided down  
 Return me to my native element :  
 Lest from this flying steed unrein'd, (as once  
 Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)  
 Dismounted, on the Aleian field I fall  
 Erroneous there to wander and forlorn.  
 Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound  
 Within the visible diurnal sphere ;  
 Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,  
 More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd  
 To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,  
 On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues ;  
 In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,  
 And solitude ; yet not alone, while thou  
 Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn  
 Purples the east : still govern thou my song,  
 Urania, and fit audience find, though few.  
 But drive far off the barbarous dissonance  
 Of Bacchus and his revelers, the race

Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsaf'd  
 Gently for our instruction to impart  
 Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd  
 Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seem'd,  
 Deign to descend now lower, and relate  
 What may no less perhaps avail us known,  
 How first began this Heaven which we behold  
 Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd  
 Innumerable, and this which yields or fills  
 All space, the ambient air wide interfus'd  
 Embracing round this florid earth, what cause  
 Mov'd the Creator in his holy rest  
 Through all eternity so late to build  
 In Chaos, and the work begun, how soon  
 Absolv'd, if unforbid thou may'st unfold  
 What we, not to explore the secrets ask  
 Of his eternal empire, but the more  
 To magnify his works, the more we know.  
 And the great light of day yet wants to run  
 Much of his race though steep; suspense in Heaven  
 Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he hears,  
 And longer will delay to hear thee tell  
 His generation, and the rising birth

Of nature from the unapparent deep :  
 Or if the star of evening and the moon  
 Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring  
 Silence, and sleep listening to thee will watch,  
 Or we can bid his absence, till thy song  
 End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine.

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought :  
 And thus the Godlike Angel answer'd mild.

This also thy request with caution ask'd  
 Obtain : though to recount almighty works  
 What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,  
 Or heart of man suffice to comprehend ?  
 Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve  
 To glorify the Maker, and infer  
 Thee also happier, shall not be withheld  
 Thy hearing, such commission from above  
 I have receiv'd, to answer thy desire  
 Of knowledge within bounds ; beyond abstain  
 To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope  
 Things not reveal'd, which the invisible King,  
 Only omniscient, hath suppress'd in night,  
 To none communicable in Earth or Heaven :  
 Enough is left besides to search and know.

Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard  
 In Rhodopé, where woods and rocks had ears  
 To rapture, till the savage clamor drown'd  
 Both harp and voice ; nor could the Muse defend  
 Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores :  
 For thou art heavenly, she an empty dream.

Say, Goddess, what ensued when Raphael,  
 The affable Arch-Angel, had forewarn'd  
 Adam by dire example to beware  
 Apostasy, by what befel in Heaven  
 To those apostates, lest the like befal  
 In Paradise to Adam or his race,  
 Charg'd not to touch the interdicted tree,  
 If they transgress, and slight that sole command,  
 So easily obey'd amid the choice  
 Of all tastes else to please their appetite,  
 Though wandering. He with his consorted Eve  
 The story heard attentive, and was fill'd  
 With admiration and deep muse to hear  
 Of things so high and strange, things to their thought  
 So unimaginable as hate in Heaven,  
 And war so near the peace of God in bliss  
 With such confusion : but the evil soon

Driven back redounded as a flood on those  
 From whom it sprung, impossible to mix  
 With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd  
 The doubts that in his heart arose : and now  
 Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know  
 What nearer might concern him, how this world  
 Of Heaven and Earth conspicuous first began,  
 When, and whereof created, for what cause,  
 What within Eden or without was done  
 Before his memory, as one whose drouth  
 Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current stream,  
 Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,  
 Proceeded thus to ask his heavenly guest.

Great things and full of wonder in our ears,  
 Far differing from this world, thou hast reveal'd,  
 Divine interpreter, by favor sent  
 Down from the empyréan to forewarn  
 Us timely of what might else have been our loss,  
 Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach :  
 For which to the infinitely Good we owe  
 Immortal thanks, and his admonishment  
 Receive with solemn purpose to observe  
 Immutably his sovran will, the end



To act or not, necessity and chance  
 Approach not me, and what I will is fate.

So spake the Almighty, and to what he spake  
 His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect.  
 Immediate are the acts of God, more swift  
 Than time or motion, but to human ears  
 Cannot without process of speech be told,  
 So told as earthly notion can receive.  
 Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heaven  
 When such was heard declar'd the Almighty's will ;  
 Glory they sung to the Most High, good will  
 To future men, and in their dwellings peace :  
 Glory to him whose just avenging ire  
 Had driven out the ungodly from his sight  
 And the habitations of the just ; to him  
 Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd  
 Good out of evil to create, instead  
 Of Spirits malign a better race to bring  
 Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse  
 His good to worlds and ages infinite.

So sang the Hierarchies : mean while the Son  
 On his great expedition now appear'd,  
 Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd

Of majesty divine ; sapience and love  
 Immense, and all his Father in him shone.  
 About his chariot numberless were pour'd  
 Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,  
 And Virtues, winged Spirits, and chariots wing'd,  
 From the armoury of God, where stand of old  
 Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd  
 Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,  
 Celestial equipage ; and now came forth  
 Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,  
 Attendent on their Lord : Heaven open'd wide  
 Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound  
 On golden hinges moving, to let forth  
 The King of Glory in his powerful Word  
 And spirit coming to create new worlds.  
 On heavenly ground they stood, and from the shore  
 They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss  
 Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,  
 Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds  
 And surging waves, as mountains to assault  
 Heaven's highth, and with the center mix the pole.  
 Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,  
 Said then the omnific word, your discord end :

But knowledge is as food, and needs no less  
 Her temperance over appetite, to know  
 In measure what the mind may well contain,  
 Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns  
 Wisdom to folly', as nourishment to wind.

Know then, that after Lucifer from Heaven  
 (So call him, brighter once amidst the host  
 Of Angels, than that star the stars among)  
 Fell with his flaming legions through the deep  
 Into his place, and the great Son return'd  
 Victorious with his Saints, the omnipotent  
 Eternal Father from his throne beheld  
 Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake.

At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought  
 All like himself rebellious, by whose aid  
 This inaccessible high strength, the seat  
 Of deity supreme, us disposess'd,  
 He trusted to have seis'd, and into fraud  
 Drew many, whom their place knows here no more ;  
 Yet far the greater part have kept, I see,  
 Their station ; Heaven yet populous retains  
 Number sufficient to possess her realms  
 Though wide, and this high temple to frequent

With ministeries due and solemn rites :  
 But lest his heart exalt him in the harm  
 Already done, to have dispeopled Heaven,  
 My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair  
 That detriment, if such it be to lose  
 Self-lost, and in a moment will create  
 Another world, out of one man a race  
 Of men innumerable, there to dwell,  
 Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd  
 They open to themselves at length the way  
 Up hither, under long obedience try'd,  
 And Earth be chang'd to Heaven, and Heaven to Earth,  
 One kingdom, joy and union without end.  
 Mean while inhabit lax, ye Powers of Heaven,  
 And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee  
 This I perform, speak thou, and be it done :  
 My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee  
 I send along ; ride forth, and bid the deep  
 Within appointed bounds be Heaven and Earth,  
 Boundless the deep, because I am who fill  
 Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.  
 Though I uncircumscrib'd myself retire,  
 And put not forth my goodness, which is free

Nor stay'd, but on the wings of Cherubim  
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode  
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn ;  
For Chaos heard his voice : him all his train  
Follow'd in bright procession to behold  
Creation, and the wonders of his might.  
Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand  
He took the golden compasses, prepar'd  
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe  
This universe, and all created things :  
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd  
Round through the vast profundity obscure,  
And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,  
This be thy just circumference, O world.  
Thus God the Heaven created, thus the Earth,  
Matter unform'd and void : Darkness profound  
Cover'd the abyss : but on the watry calm  
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,  
And vital vertué infus'd, and vital warmth  
Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purg'd  
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs  
Adverse to life : then founded, then conglob'd  
Like things to like, the rest to several place

Disparted, and between spun out the air,  
 And Earth self-balanc'd on her center hung.  
 Let there be light, said God ; and forthwith light  
 Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure  
 Sprung from the deep, and from her native east  
 To journey through the aery gloom began,  
 Spher'd in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun  
 Was not : she in a cloudy tabernacle  
 Sojourn'd the while. God saw the light was good :  
 And light from darkness by the hemisphere  
 Divided : light the day, and darkness night  
 He nam'd. Thus was the first day even and morn :  
 Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung  
 By the celestial quires, when orient light  
 Exhaling first from darkness they beheld ;  
 Birth-day of Heaven and Earth ; with joy and shout  
 The hollow universal orb they fill'd,  
 And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning prais'd  
 God and his works, Creator him they sung,  
 Both when first evening was, and when first morn.

Again, God said, let there be firmament  
 Amid the waters, and let it divide  
 The waters from the waters : and God made

The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,  
 Transparent, elemental air, diffus'd  
 In circuit to the uttermost convex  
 Of this great round: partition firm and sure,  
 The waters underneath from those above  
 Dividing: for as Earth, so he the world  
 Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide  
 Crystallin ocean, and the loud misrule  
 Of Chaos far remov'd, lest fierce extremes  
 Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:  
 And Heaven he nam'd the firmament: so even  
 And morning chorus sung the second day.

The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet  
 Of waters, embryon immature involv'd,  
 Appear'd not: over all the face of earth  
 Main ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warm  
 Prolific humour softening all her globe,  
 Fermented the great mother to conceive,  
 Satiated with genial moisture, when God said,  
 Be gather'd now ye waters under Heaven  
 Into one place, and let dry land appear.  
 Immediately the mountains huge appear  
 Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave

Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky :  
 So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low  
 Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,  
 Capacious bed of waters : thither they  
 Hasted with glad precipitance, uproll'd  
 As drops on dust conglobing from the dry ;  
 Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,  
 For haste ; such flight the great command impress'd  
 On the swift floods : as armies at the call  
 Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)  
 Troop to their standard, so the watry throng,  
 Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,  
 If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,  
 Soft-ebbing ; nor withstood them rock or hill,  
 But they, or under ground, or circuit wide  
 With serpent error wandering, found their way,  
 And on the washy oose deep channels wore ;  
 Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,  
 All but within those banks, where rivers now  
 Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.  
 The dry land, earth, and the great receptacle  
 Of congregated waters he call'd Seas :  
 And saw that it was good, and said, Let the Earth



Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,  
 And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind ;  
 Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.

[He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then  
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,  
 Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad  
 Her universal face with pleasant green ;  
 Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flower'd  
 Opening their various colors, and made gay  
 Her bosom smelling sweet : and these scarce blown,  
 Forth flourish'd thick the clustering vine, forth crept  
 The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed  
 Embattell'd in her field : and the humble shrub,  
 And bush with frizzled hair implicit : last  
 Rose as in dance the stately trees, and spread  
 Their branches hung with copious fruit ; or gemm'd  
 Their blossoms : with high woods the hills were crown'd,  
 With tufts the vallies and each fountain side,  
 With borders long the rivers.] That Earth now  
 Seem'd like to Heaven, a seat where Gods might dwell,  
 Or wander with delight, and love to haunt  
 Her sacred shades : though God had yet not rain'd  
 Upon the earth, and Man to till the ground

None was, but from the earth a dewy mist  
 Went up and water'd all the ground, and each  
 Plant of the field, which ere it was in the earth  
 God made, and every herb, before it grew  
 On the green stem ; God saw that it was good :  
 So even and morn recorded the third day.

Again the Almighty spake : Let there be lights  
 High in the expanse of Heaven to divide  
 The day from night ; and let them be for signs,  
 For seasons, and for days, and circling years,  
 And let them be for lights as I ordain  
 Their office in the firmament of Heaven,  
 To give light on the Earth ; and it was so.  
 And God made two great lights ; great for their use  
 To Man, the greater to have rule by day,  
 The less by night altern : and made the stars,  
 And set them in the firmament of Heaven  
 To' illuminate the Earth, and rule the day  
 In their vicissitude, and rule the night,  
 And light from darkness to divide. God saw,  
 Surveying his great work, that it was good :  
 For of celestial bodies first the sun  
 A mighty sphere he fram'd, unlightsome first,

Though of ethereal mould : then form'd the moon  
Globose, and every magnitude of stars,  
And sow'd with stars the Heaven thick as a field :  
Of light by far the greater part he took,  
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and plac'd  
In the sun's orb, made porous to receive  
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain  
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.  
Hither as to their fountain, other stars  
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,  
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns ;  
By tincture or reflection they augment  
Their small peculiar, though from human sight  
So far remote, with diminution seen.  
First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,  
Regent of day, and all the horizon round  
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run  
His longitude through Heaven's high road : the grey  
Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd  
Shedding sweet influence : less bright the moon,  
But opposite in level'd west was set  
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light  
From him, for other light she needed none

In that aspéct, and still that distance keeps  
 Till night, then in the east her turn she shines,  
 Revolv'd on Heaven's great axle, and her reign  
 With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,  
 With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd  
 Spangling the hemisphere : then first adorn'd  
 With their bright luminaries that set and rose,  
 Glad evening and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.

And God said, Let the waters generate  
 Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul :  
 And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings  
 Display'd on the open firmament of Heaven.  
 And God created the great whales, and each  
 Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously  
 The waters generated by their kinds ;  
 And every bird of wing after his kind ;  
 And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,  
 Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas  
 And lakes and running streams the waters fill ;  
 And let the fowl be multiply'd on the earth.  
 Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay  
 With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals  
 Of fish that with their fins and shining scales

Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft  
 Bank the mid sea : part single or with mate  
 Graze the sea weed their pasture, and through groves  
 Of coral stray, or sporting with quick glance  
 Show to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold,  
 Or in their pearly shells at ease, attend  
 Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food  
 In jointed armour watch : on smooth the seal,  
 And bended dolphins play : part huge of bulk  
 Wallowing unwieldy', enormous in their gate  
 Tempest the ocean : there Leviathan,  
 Hugest of living creatures, on the deep  
 Stretch'd like a promontory sleeps or swims,  
 And seems a moving land, and at his gills  
 Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea.  
 Mean while the tepid caves, and fens and shores  
 Their brood as numerous hatch, from the egg that soon  
 Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd  
 Their callow young, but feather'd soon and fledge  
 They summ'd their pens, and soaring the air sublime  
 With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud  
 In prospect ; there the eagle and the stork  
 On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build :

Part loosely wing the region, part more wise  
 In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way,  
 Intelligent of seasons, and set forth  
 Their aery caravan high over seas  
 Flying, and over lands with mutual wing  
 Easing their flight ; so steers the prudent crane  
 Her annual voyage, borne on winds ; the air  
 Flotes, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes :  
 From branch to branch the smaller birds with song  
 Solac'd the woods, and spread their painted wings  
 Till even, nor then the solemn nightingale  
 Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft lays :  
 Others on silver lakes and rivers bath'd  
 Their downy breast ; the swan with arched neck  
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows  
 Her state with oary feet ; yet oft they quit  
 The dank, and rising on stiff penions, tower  
 The mid aerial sky : Others on ground  
 Walk'd firm ; the crested cock whose clarion sounds  
 The silent hours, and the other whose gay train  
 Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue  
 Of rainbows and starry' eyes. The waters thus  
 With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,

Evening and morn solemniz'd the fifth day.

The sixth, and of creation last arose  
 With evening harps and matin, when God said,  
 Let the earth bring forth fowl living in her kind,  
 Cattel and creeping things, and beast of the earth,  
 Each in their kind. The earth obey'd, and strait  
 Opening her fertile womb teem'd at a birth  
 Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,  
 Limb'd and full grown : out of the ground up rose  
 As from his lair the wild beast where he wons  
 In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den ;  
 Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd :  
 The cattel in the fields and meadows green :  
 Those rare and solitary, these in flocks  
 Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung.  
 The grassy clods now calv'd, now half appear'd  
 The tawny lion, pawing to get free  
 His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,  
 And rampant shakes his brinded mane ; the ounce,  
 The libbard, and the tyger, as the mole  
 Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw  
 In hillocks ; the swift stag from under ground  
 Bore up his branching head : scarce from his mold

Behemoth biggest born of earth upheav'd  
 His vastness : fleec'd the flocks and bleating rose,  
 As plants : ambiguous between sea and land  
 The river horse and scaly crocodile.  
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,  
 Insect or worm ; those wav'd their limber fans  
 For wings, and smallest lineaments exact  
 In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride  
 With spots of gold and purple', azure and green,  
 These as a line their long dimension drew,  
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace ; not all  
 Minims of nature ; some of serpent kind  
 Wondrous in length and corpulence, involv'd  
 Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept  
 The parsimonious emmet, provident  
 Of future, in small room large heart enclos'd,  
 Pattern of just equality perhaps  
 Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes  
 Of commonalty : swarming next appear'd  
 The female bee that feeds her husband drone  
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells  
 With honey stor'd : the rest are numberless,  
 And thou their natures know'st and gav'st them names,



Needless to thee repeated ; nor unknown  
 The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,  
 Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes  
 And hairy mane terrific, though to thee  
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

Now Heaven in all her glory shone, and roll'd  
 Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand  
 First wheel'd their course ; Earth in her rich attire  
 Consummate lovely smil'd ; air, water, earth,  
 By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd,  
 Frequent ; and of the sixth day yet remain'd ;  
 There wanted yet the master work, the end  
 Of all yet done ; a creature who not prone  
 And brute as other creatures, but endued  
 With sanctity of reason, might erect  
 His stature, and upright with front serene  
 Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence  
 Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven,  
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good  
 Descends, thither with heart and voice and eyes  
 Directed in devotion, to adore  
 And worship God supreme, who made him chief  
 Of all his works : therefore the omnipotent

Eternal Father (for where is not he  
Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake.

Let us make now Man in our image, Man  
In our similitude, and let them rule  
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,  
Beast of the field, and over all the earth,  
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.

This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee O Man  
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd  
The breath of life ; in his own image he  
Created thee, in the image of God  
Express, and thou becam'st a living soul.  
Male he created thee, but thy consórt  
Female for race ; then bless'd mankind, and said,  
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,  
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold  
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,  
And every living thing that moves on the earth.  
Wherever thus created, for no place  
Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st,  
He brought thee into this delicious grove,  
This garden, planted with the trees of God,  
Delectable both to behold and taste ;

And freely all their pleasant fruit for food  
 Gave thee, all sorts are here that all the earth yields,  
 Variety without end ; but of the tree  
 Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil,  
 Thou mayest not ; in the day thou eat'st, thou dyest ;  
 Death is the penalty impos'd, beware,  
 And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin  
 Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.

Here finish'd he, and all that he had made  
 View'd, and behold all was entirely good ;  
 So even and morn accomplish'd the sixth day :  
 Yet not till the Creator from his work  
 Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd  
 Up to the Heaven of Heavens his high abode,  
 Thence to behold this new created world,  
 The addition of his empire, how it shew'd  
 In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,  
 Answering his great idea. Up he rode,  
 Follow'd with acclamation and the sound  
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tun'd  
 Angelic harmonies : the earth, the air  
 Resounded, (thou rememberest, for thou heardst)  
 The Heavens and all the constellations rung,

The planets in their station listening stood,  
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.  
 Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung,  
 Open, ye Heavens, your living doors ; let in  
 The great Creator from his work return'd  
 Magnificent, his six days work, a world ;  
 Open, and henceforth oft ; for God will deign  
 To visit oft the dwellings of just men  
 Delighted, and with frequent intercourse :  
 Thither will send his winged messengers  
 On errands of supernal grace. So sung  
 The glorious train ascending : he through Heaven,  
 That open'd wide her blazing portals, led  
 To God's eternal house direct the way,  
 A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold  
 And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,  
 Seen in the galaxy, that milky way  
 Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest  
 Powder'd with stars. And now on earth the seventh  
 Evening arose in Eden, for the sun  
 Was set, and twilight from the east came on,  
 Forerunning night ; when at the holy mount  
 Of Heaven's high-seated top, the imperial throne

Of Godhead, fixt for ever firm and sure,  
 The filial Power arriv'd, and sat him down  
 With his great Father, for he also went  
 Invisible, yet stay'd (such privilege  
 Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd,  
 Author and end of all things, and from work  
 Now resting, bless'd and hallowed the seventh day,  
 As resting on that day from all his work,  
 But not in silence holy kept; the harp  
 Had work and rested not, the solemn pipe,  
 And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,  
 All sounds on fret by string or golden wire,  
 Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice  
 Choral or unison: of incense clouds  
 Fuming from golden censers hid the mount.  
 Creation and the six days acts they sung,  
 Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite  
 Thy power; what thought can measure thee or tongue  
 Relate thee? greater now in thy return  
 Than from the giant Angels; thee that day  
 Thy thunders magnify'd; but to create  
 Is greater than created to destroy.  
 Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound

Thy empire? easily the proud attempt  
 Of Spirits apostate and their counsels vain  
 Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought  
 Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw  
 The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks  
 To lessen thee, against his purpose serves  
 To manifest the more thy might: his evil  
 Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.  
 Witness this new-made world, another Heaven  
 From Heaven gate not far, founded in view  
 On the clear Hyaline, the glassy sea;  
 Of amplitude almost immense, with stars  
 Numerous, and every star perhaps a world  
 Of destin'd habitation; but thou knowest  
 Their seasons: among these the seat of Men,  
 Earth with her nether ocean circumfus'd,  
 Their pleasant dwelling place. Thrice happy Men,  
 And sons of Men, whom God hath thus advanc'd,  
 Created in his image, there to dwell  
 And worship him, and in reward to rule  
 Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,  
 And multiply a race of worshippers  
 Holy and just: thrice happy if they know

Their happiness, and persevere upright.

So sung they, and the empyréan rung  
With Halleluiahs: thus was sabbath kept.  
And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd  
How first this world and face of things began,  
And what before thy memory was done  
From the beginning, that posterity  
Inform'd by thee might know; if else thou seek'st  
Aught, not surpassing human measure, say?

THE END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.



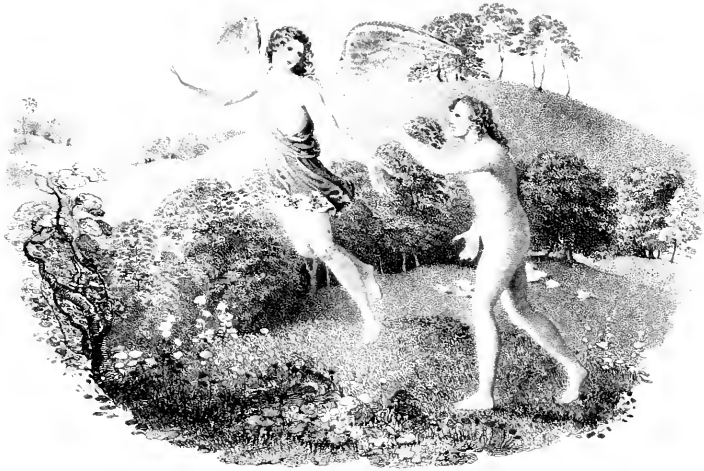


P A R A D I S E L O S T.

B O O K V I I I.

### THE ARGUMENT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

ADAM enquires concerning celestial motions ; is doubtfully answered, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge : Adam assents, and, still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered since his own creation, his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society, his first meeting and nuptials with Eve, his discourse with the Angel thereupon ; who, after admonitions repeated, departs.



B O O K    V I I I .

VER. I—IO.

THE Angel ended, and in Adam's ear  
So charming left his voice, that he awhile  
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear ;  
Then as new wak'd thus gratefully reply'd.

What thanks sufficient, or what recompence  
Equal have I to render thee, divine  
Historian, who thus largely hast allay'd  
The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsaf'd  
This friendly condescension to relate  
Things else by me unsearchable, now heard

With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,  
With glory attributed to the high  
Creator? something yet of doubt remains,  
Which only thy solution can resolve.  
When I behold this goodly frame, this world  
Of Heaven and Earth consisting, and compute  
Their magnitudes, this earth a spot, a grain,  
An atom, with the firmament compar'd  
And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll  
Spaces incomprehensible (for such  
Their distance argues and their swift return  
Diurnal) merely to officiate light  
Round this opacous earth, this punctual spot,  
One day and night; in all their vast survey  
Useless besides; reasoning I oft admire,  
How nature wise and frugal could commit  
Such disproportions, with superfluous hand  
So many nobler bodies to create,  
Greater so manifold to this one use,  
For aught appears, and on their orbs impose  
Such restless revolution day by day  
Repeated, while the sedentary earth,  
That better might with far less compass move,

Serv'd by more noble than herself, attains  
 Her end without least motion, and receives  
 As tribute such a sunless journey brought  
 Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light ;  
 Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails.

So spake our Sire, and by his countenance seem'd  
 Entering on studious thoughts abstruse, which Eve  
 Perceiving where she sat retir'd in sight,  
 With lowliness majestic from her seat,  
 And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,  
 Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,  
 To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,  
 Her nursery ; they at her coming sprung,  
 And touch'd by her fair tendence gladlier grew.  
 Yet went she not, as not with such discourse  
 Delighted, or not capable her ear  
 Of what was high : such pleasure she reserv'd,  
 Adam relating, she sole auditress ;  
 Her husband the relater she preferr'd  
 Before the Angel, and of him to ask  
 Chose rather ; he, she knew, would intermix  
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute  
 With conjugal caresses ; from his lip

Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now  
 Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd?  
 With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went ;  
 Not unattended, for on her as queen  
 A pomp of winning graces waited still,  
 And from about her shot darts of desire  
 Into all eyes to wish her still in sight.  
 And Raphael now to Adam's doubt propos'd  
 Benevolent and facil thus reply'd.

To ask or search I blame thee not, for Heaven  
 Is as the book of God before thee set,  
 Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn  
 His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years :  
 This to attain, whether Heaven move or Earth,  
 Imports not, if thou reckon right, the rest  
 From Man or Angel the great Architect  
 Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge  
 His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought  
 Rather admire ; or if they list to try  
 Conjecture, he his fabric of the Heavens  
 Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move  
 His laughter at their quaint opinions wide  
 Hereafter, when they come to model Heaven

And calculate the stars, how they will wield  
 The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive  
 To save appearances, how gird the sphere  
 With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,  
 Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb :  
 Already by thy reasoning this I guess,  
 Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest  
 That bodies bright and greater should not serve  
 The less not bright, nor Heaven such journies run,  
 Earth sitting still, when she alone receives  
 The benefit : consider first, that great  
 Or bright infers not excellence : the Earth  
 Though, in comparison of Heaven, so small,  
 Nor glistening, may of solid good contain  
 More plenty than the sun that barren shines,  
 Whose virtue on itself works no effect,  
 But in the fruitful Earth ; there first receiv'd  
 His beams, unactive else, their vigor find.  
 Yet not to Earth are those bright luminaries  
 Officious, but to thee Earth's habitant.  
 And for the Heaven's wide circuit, let it speak  
 The Maker's high magnificence, who built  
 So spacious, and his line stretch'd out so far ;

That Man may know he dwells not in his own ;  
 An edifice too large for him to fill,  
 Lodg'd in a small partition, and the rest  
 Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.  
 The swiftness of those circles attribúte,  
 Though numberless, to his omnipotence,  
 That to corporeal substances could add  
 Speed almost spiritual ; me thou think'st not slow,  
 Who since the morning hour set out from Heaven  
 Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv'd  
 In Eden, distance inexpressible  
 By numbers that have name. But this I urge,  
 Admitting motion in the Heavens, to shew  
 Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd ;  
 Not that I so affirm, though so it seem  
 To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.  
 God to remove his ways from human sense,  
 Plac'd Heaven from Earth so far that earthly sight,  
 If it presume, might err in things too high,  
 And no advantage gain. What if the sun  
 Be center to the world, and other stars  
 By his attractive virtue and their own  
 Incited, dance about him various rounds ?



Their wandering course now high, now low, then hid,  
 Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,  
 In six thou seest, and what if seventh to these  
 The planet Earth, so stedfast though she seem,  
 Insensibly three different motions move?  
 Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,  
 Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities,  
 Or save the sun his labor, and that swift  
 Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb, suppos'd,  
 Invisible else above all stars, the wheel  
 Of day and night; which needs not thy belief,  
 If Earth industrious of herself fetch day  
 Travelling east, and with her part averse  
 From the sun's beam meet night, her other part  
 Still luminous by his ray. What if that light  
 Sent from her through the wide transpicious air,  
 To the terrestrial moon be as a star  
 Inlightning her by day, as she by night  
 This Earth? reciprocal, if land be there,  
 Fields and inhabitants: her spots thou seest  
 As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce  
 Fruits in her soften'd soil, for some to eat  
 Allotted there; and other suns perhaps

With their attendant moons thou wilt descry  
 Communicating male and female light,  
 Which two great sexes animate the world,  
 Stor'd in each orb perhaps with some that live.  
 For such vast room in nature unpossess'd  
 By living soul, desert and desolate,  
 Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute  
 Each orb a glimpse of light, convey'd so far  
 Down to this habitable, which returns  
 Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.  
 But whether thus these things, or whether not,  
 Whether the sun predominant in Heaven  
 Rise on the Earth, or Earth rise on the sun,  
 He from the east his flaming road begin,  
 Or she from west her silent course advance  
 With inoffensive pace, that spinning sleeps  
 On her soft axle, while she paces even,  
 And bears thee soft with the smooth air along,  
 Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,  
 Leave them to God above, him serve and fear;  
 Of other creatures, as him pleases best,  
 Wherever plac'd, let him dispose: joy thou  
 In what he gives to thee, this Paradise

And thy fair Eve ; Heaven is for thee too high  
 To know what passes there ; be lowly wise :  
 Think only what concerns thee and thy being ;  
 Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there  
 Live, in what state, condition or degree,  
 Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd  
 Not of Earth only, but of highest Heaven.

To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, reply'd.  
 How fully hast thou satisfy'd me, pure  
 Intelligence of Heaven, Angel serene,  
 And freed from intricacies, taught to live,  
 The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts  
 To interrupt the sweet of life, from which  
 God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,  
 And not molest us, unless we ourselves  
 Seek them with wandering thoughts, and notions vain.  
 But apt the mind or fancy is to rove  
 Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end ;  
 Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn,  
 That not to know at large of things remote  
 From use, obscure and subtle, but to know  
 That which before us lies in daily life,  
 Is the prime wisdom ; what is more, is fume,

Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,  
 And renders us in things that most concern  
 Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.  
 Therefore, from this high pitch let us descend  
 A lower flight, and speak of things at hand  
 Useful, whence haply mention may arise  
 Of something not unseasonable to ask  
 By sufferance, and thy wonted favor deign'd.  
 Thee I have heard relating what was done  
 Ere my remembrance: now hear me relate  
 My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard;  
 And day is yet not spent; till then thou seest  
 How subtly to detain thee I devise,  
 Inviting thee to hear while I relate,  
 Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:  
 For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heaven,  
 And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear  
 Than fruits of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst  
 And hunger both, from labor, at the hour  
 Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,  
 Though pleasant; but thy words with grace divine  
 Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.

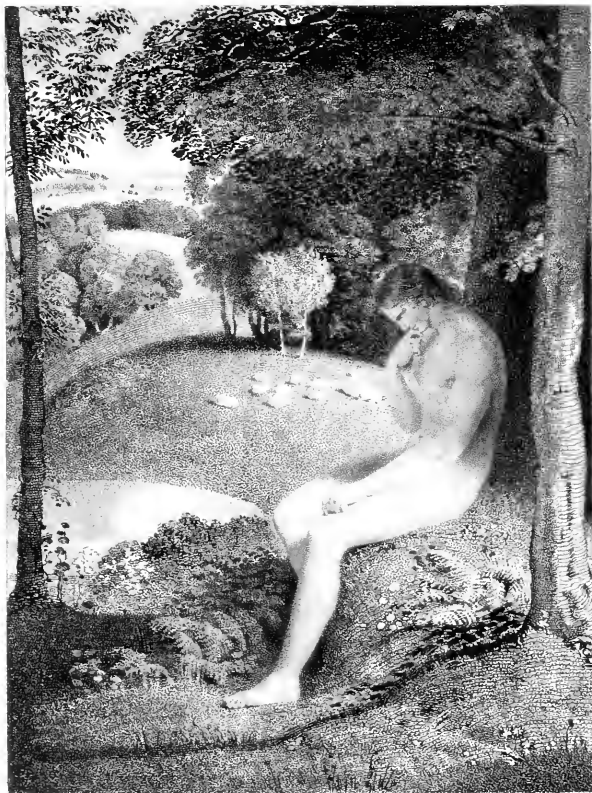
To whom thus Raphael answer'd heavenly meek.  
 Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,

Nor tongue ineloquent ; for God on thee  
 Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd  
 Inward and outward both, his image fair :  
 Speaking or mute all comeliness and grace  
 Attends thee, and each word, each motion forms ;  
 Nor less think we in Heaven of thee on Earth  
 Than of our fellow-servant, and enquire  
 Gladly into the ways of God with Man :  
 For God we see hath honor'd thee, and set  
 On Man his equal love : say therefore on ;  
 For I that day was absent, as befel,  
 Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,  
 Far on excursion toward the gates of Hell ;  
 Squar'd in full legion (such command we had)  
 To see that none thence issued forth a spy,  
 Or enemy, while God was in his work,  
 Lest he incens'd at such eruption bold,  
 Destruction with Creation might have mix'd.  
 Not that they durst without his leave attempt,  
 But us he sends upon his high behests  
 For state, as Sovran King, and to enure  
 Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut  
 The dismal gates, and barricadoed strong ;

But long ere our approaching heard within  
 Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,  
 Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.  
 Glad we return'd up to the coasts of light  
 Ere sabbath evening : so we had in charge.  
 But thy relation now ; for I attend,  
 Pleas'd with thy words no less than thou with mine.

So spake the Godlike Power, and thus our Sire.  
 For Man to tell how human life began  
 Is hard ; for who himself beginning knew ?  
 Desire with thee still longer to converse  
 Induc'd me. As new wak'd from soundest sleep  
 Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid  
 In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun  
 Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moisture fed.  
 Strait toward Heaven my wondering eyes I turn'd,  
 And gaz'd a while the ample sky, till rais'd  
 By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,  
 As thitherward endeavouring, and upright  
 Stood on my feet ; about me round I saw  
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,  
 And liquid lapse of murmuring streams ; by these,  
 Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,





*Designed by H. Richter*

*Engraved by A. Richter, Junr*

*On a green shady bank profuse of flowers  
Pensive I sat me down*



Birds on the branches warbling ; all things smil'd,  
 With fragrance, and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.  
 Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb  
 Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran  
 With supple joints, as lively vigor led :  
 But who I was, or where, or from what cause,  
 Knew not ; to speak I try'd, and forthwith spake ;  
 My tongue obey'd and readily could name  
 Whate'er I saw. Thou Sun, said I, fair light,  
 And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,  
 Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plains,  
 And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,  
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here ?  
 Not of myself ; by some great Maker then,  
 In goodness and in power præeminent ;  
 Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,  
 From whom I have that thus I move and live,  
 And feel that I am happier than I know.  
 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,  
 From where I first drew air, and first beheld  
 This happy light, when answer none return'd,  
 On a green shady bank profuse of flowers  
 Pensive I sat me down ; there gentle sleep

First found me, and with soft oppression seis'd  
 My drowsed sense, untroubled, though I thought  
 I then was passing to my former state  
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve :  
 When suddenly stood at my head a dream,  
 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd  
 My fancy to believe I yet had being,  
 And liv'd : One came, methought, of shape divine,  
 And said, Thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,  
 First Man, of men innumerable ordain'd  
 First Father ; call'd by thee I come thy guide  
 To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.  
 So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,  
 And over fields and waters, as in air  
 Smooth sliding without step, last led me up  
 A woody mountain : whose high top was plain,  
 A circuit wide, enclos'd, with goodliest trees  
 Planted, with walks, and bowers, that what I saw  
 Of Earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree  
 Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to the eye  
 Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite  
 To pluck and eat ; whereat I wak'd, and found  
 Before mine eyes all real, as the dream

Had lively shadow'd : here had new begun  
 My wandering, had not he who was my guide  
 Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,  
 Presence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe  
 In adoration at his feet I fell  
 Submiss : he rear'd me', and whom thou sought'st I am,  
 Said mildly, Author of all this thou seest  
 Above, or round about thee or beneath.  
 This Paradise I give thee, count it thine  
 To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat :  
 Of every tree that in the garden grows  
 Eat freely with glad heart ; fear here no dearth :  
 But of the tree whose operation brings  
 Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set  
 The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,  
 Amid the garden by the tree of life,  
 Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,  
 And shun the bitter consequence : for know,  
 The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command  
 Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die ;  
 From that day mortal, and this happy state  
 Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world  
 Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd

The rigid interdiction, which resounds  
 Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice  
 Not to incur ; but soon his clear aspéct  
 Return'd and gracious purpose thus renew'd.

Not only these fair bounds, but all the Earth  
 To thee and to thy race I give ; as lords  
 Possess it, and all things that therein live.  
 Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish, and fowl.  
 In sign whereof each bird and beast behold  
 After their kinds ; I bring them to receive  
 From thee their names, and pay thee fealty  
 With low subjection ; understand the same  
 Of fish within their watry residence,  
 Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change  
 Their element to draw the thinner air.

As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold  
 Approaching two and two, these cowering low  
 With blandishment, each bird stoop'd on his wing.  
 I nam'd them as they pass'd, and understood  
 Their nature, with such knowledge God endued  
 My sudden apprehension : but in these  
 I found not what methought I wanted still ;  
 And to the heavenly vision thus presum'd.

O by what name, for thou above all these,  
 Above mankind, or aught than mankind higher,  
 Surpassest far my naming, how may I  
 Adore thee, Author of this universe,  
 And all this good to man? for whose well being  
 So amply, and with hands so liberal  
 Thou hast provided all things; but with me  
 I see not who partakes. In solitude  
 What happiness? who can enjoy alone,  
 Or all enjoying, what contentment find?  
 Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,  
 As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd.

What call'st thou solitude? is not the Earth  
 With various living creatures, and the air  
 Replenish'd, and all these at thy command  
 To come and play before thee? know'st thou not  
 Their language and their ways? they also know,  
 And reason not contemptibly; with these  
 Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.

So spake the universal Lord, and seem'd  
 So ordering. I with leave of speech implor'd,  
 And humble deprecation thus reply'd.

Let not my words offend thee, heavenly Power,  
 My Maker, be propitious while I speak.

Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,  
 And these inferior far beneath me set?  
 Among unequals what society  
 Can sort, what harmony or true delight?  
 Which must be mutual, in proportion due  
 Given and receiv'd; but in disparity  
 The one intense, the other still remiss  
 Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove  
 Tedious alike: of fellowship I speak  
 Such as I seek, fit to participate  
 All rational delight, wherein the brute  
 Cannot be human consort; they rejoice  
 Each with their kind, lion with lioness;  
 So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd;  
 Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl  
 So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;  
 Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.

Whereto the Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd.  
 A nice and subtle happiness I see  
 Thou to thyself proposest, in the choice  
 Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste  
 No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.  
 What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?  
 Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd

Of happiness, or not? who am alone  
 From all eternity, for none I know  
 Second to me or like, equal much less.  
 How have I then with whom to hold converse  
 Save with the creatures which I made, and those  
 To me inferior, infinite descents  
 Beneath what other creatures are to thee?

He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd. To attain  
 The highth and depth of thy eternal ways  
 All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things;  
 Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee  
 Is no deficiency found; not so is Man,  
 But in degree, the cause of his desire  
 By conversation with his like to help,  
 Or solace his defects. No need that thou  
 Should'st propagate, already infinite,  
 And through all numbers absolute, though one;  
 But Man by number is to manifest  
 His single imperfection, and beget  
 Like of his like, his image multiply'd,  
 In unity defective, which requires  
 Collateral love, and dearest amity.  
 Thou in thy secrecy although alone,

Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not  
 Social communication, yet so pleas'd,  
 Canst raise thy creature to what highth thou wilt  
 Of union or communion, deify'd ;  
 I by conversing cannot these erect  
 From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.  
 Thus I embolden'd spake, and freedom us'd  
 Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd  
 This answer from the gracious voice divine.

Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd,  
 And find thee knowing not of beasts alone,  
 Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thyself,  
 Expressing well the spirit within thee free,  
 My image, not imparted to the brute,  
 Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee,  
 Good reason was thou freely should'st dislike,  
 And be so minded still ; I, ere thou spak'st,  
 Knew it not good for Man to be alone,  
 And no such company as then thou saw'st  
 Intended thee, for trial only brought,  
 To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet :  
 What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,  
 Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,



Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.

He ended, or I heard no more, for now  
 My earthly by his heavenly overpower'd,  
 Which it had long stood under, strain'd to the highth  
 In that celestial colloquy sublime,  
 As with an object that excels the sense,  
 Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair  
 Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd  
 By nature as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.  
 Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell  
 Of fancy my internal sight, by which  
 Abstract as in a trance methought I saw,  
 Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape  
 Still glorious before whom awake I stood ;  
 Who stooping open'd my left side, and took  
 From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,  
 And life-blood streaming fresh ; wide was the wound,  
 But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd :  
 The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands ;  
 Under his forming hands a creature grew,  
 Manlike, but different sex, so lovely fair,  
 That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now  
 Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd

And in her looks, which from that time infus'd  
 Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,  
 And into all things from her air inspir'd  
 The spirit of love and amorous delight.  
 She disappear'd, and left me dark ; I wak'd  
 To find her, or for ever to deplore  
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure :  
 When out of hope, behold her, not far off,  
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd  
 With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow  
 To make her amiable : on she came,  
 Led by her Heavenly Maker, though unseen,  
 And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd  
 Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites :  
 Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,  
 In every gesture dignity and love.  
 I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud.

This turn hath made amends ; thou hast fulfill'd  
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,  
 Giver of all things fair, but fairest this  
 Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see  
 Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself  
 Before me ; Woman is her name, of Man





1800. *U. Kuhn*

*Engraved by J. Richter, Junr*

*... und er gab ihm die Frucht von dem Baum.*

Extracted ; for this cause he shall forego  
 Father and mother, and to' his wife adhere ;  
 And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.

She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,  
 Yet innocence and virgin modesty,  
 Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,  
 That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,  
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,  
 The more desirable, or to say all,  
 Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,  
 Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd ;  
 I follow'd her, she what was honour knew,  
 And with obsequious majesty approv'd  
 My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower  
 I led her blushing like the morn : all Heaven,  
 And happy constellations on that hour  
 Shed their selectest influence ; the Earth  
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill ;  
 Joyous the birds ; fresh gales and gentle airs  
 Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings  
 Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,  
 Disporting, till the amorous bird or night  
 Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star

On his hill top, to light the bridal lamp.

Thus I have told thee all my state, and brought  
 My story to the sum of earthly bliss  
 Which I enjoy, and must confess to find  
 In all things else delight indeed, but such  
 As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,  
 Nor vehement desire; these delicacies  
 I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,  
 Walks, and the melody of birds; but here  
 Far otherwise, transported I behold,  
 Transported touch; here passion first I felt,  
 Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else  
 Superior and unmov'd, here only weak  
 Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance.  
 Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part  
 Not proof enough such object to sustain,  
 Or from my side subducting, took perhaps  
 More than enough; at least on her bestow'd  
 Too much of ornament, in outward shew  
 Elaborate, of inward less exact.  
 For well I understand in the prime end  
 Of nature, her the inferior, in the mind  
 And inward faculties, which most excel,

In outward also her resembling less  
 His image who made both, and less expressing  
 The character of that dominion given  
 O'er other creatures ; yet when I approach  
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems  
 And in herself compleat, so well to know  
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say,  
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best ;  
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
 Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her  
 Loses discountenanc'd, and like folly shews ;  
 Authority and reason on her wait,  
 As one intended first, not after made  
 Occasionally ; and to consummate all,  
 Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat  
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
 About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.

To whom the Angel with contracted brow.  
 Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part ;  
 Do thou but thine, and be not diffident  
 Of wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou  
 Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh,  
 By attribúting overmuch to things

Less excellent, as thou thyself perceivest.  
 For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,  
 An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well  
 Thy cherishing, thy honoring, and thy love,  
 Not thy subjection : weigh with her thyself ;  
 Then value : oft-times nothing profits more  
 Than self esteem, grounded on just and right  
 Well manag'd ; of that skill the more thou knowest,  
 The more she will acknowledge thee her head,  
 And to realities yield all her shows :  
 Made so adorn for thy delight the more,  
 So awful, that with honor thou may'st love  
 Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.  
 But if the sense of touch whereby mankind  
 Is propagated seem such dear delight  
 Beyond all other, think the same vouchsaf'd  
 To cattel and each beast ; which would not be  
 To them made common and divulg'd, if aught  
 Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue  
 The soul of Man, or passion in him move.  
 What higher in her society thou find'st  
 Attractive, human, rational, love still ;  
 In loving thou dost well, in passion not,



Wherein true love consists not ; love refines  
 The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat  
 In reason, and is judicious, is the scale  
 By which to heavenly love thou may'st ascend,  
 Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause  
 Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.

To whom thus half abash'd Adam reply'd.  
 Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor aught  
 In procreation common to all kinds  
 (Though higher of the genial bed by far,  
 And with mysterious reverence I deem)  
 So much delights me, as those graceful acts,  
 Those thousand decencies that daily flow  
 From all her words and actions, mix'd with love  
 And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd  
 Union of mind, or in us both one soul ;  
 Harmony to behold in wedded pair  
 More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear.  
 Yet these subject not ; I to thee disclose  
 What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,  
 Who meet with various objects, from the sense  
 Variously representing ; yet still free  
 Approve the best, and follow what I approve.

To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou say'st  
 Leads up to Heaven, is both the way and guide ;  
 Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask ;  
 Love not the heavenly Spirits, and how their love  
 Express they, by looks only', or do they mix  
 Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch ?

To whom the Angel, with a smile that glow'd  
 Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,  
 Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st  
 Us happy', and without love no happiness.  
 Whatever pure thou in the body' enjoy'st  
 (And pure thou wert created) we enjoy  
 In eminence, and obstacle find none  
 Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars :  
 Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,  
 Total they mix, union of pure with pure  
 Desiring ; nor restrain'd conveyance need  
 As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.  
 But I can now no more ; the parting sun  
 Beyond the Earth's green Cape and verdant Isles  
 Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.  
 Be strong, live happy', and love, but first of all  
 Him whom to love is to obey, and keep

His great command ; take heed lest passion sway  
 Thy judgment to do ought, which else free will  
 Would not admit : thine and of all thy sons  
 The weal or woe in thee is plac'd ; beware.  
 I in thy persevering shall rejoice,  
 And all the Blest : stand fast ; to stand or fall,  
 Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.  
 Perfect within, no outward aid require ;  
 And all temptation to transgress repel.

So saying, he arose ; whom Adam thus,  
 Follow'd with benediction. Since to part,  
 Go heavenly Guest, ethereal Messenger,  
 Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore.  
 Gentle to me and affable hath been  
 Thy condescension, and shall be' honour'd ever  
 With grateful memory : thou to mankind  
 Be good and friendly still, and oft return.

So parted they, the Angel up to Heaven  
 From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower.



P A R A D I S E L O S T .

B O O K IX.

E E E

## THE ARGUMENT OF THE NINTH BOOK.

SATAN, having compassed the earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist by night into Paradise; enters into the Serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labors, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each laboring apart: Adam consents not, alledging the danger, lest that Enemy, of whom they were forewarned, should attempt her found alone: Eve, leath to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength; Adam at last yields: the Serpent finds her alone; his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve, wondering to hear the Serpent speak, asks how he attained to human speech and such understanding not till now; the Serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden he attained both to speech and reason, till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the tree of knowledge forbidden: the Serpent, now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat; she pleased with the taste deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not, at last brings him of the fruit, relates what persuaded her to eat thereof: Adam, at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves through vehemence of love to perish with her; and extenuating the trespass, eats also of the fruit: the effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.



## B O O K IX.

VER. I—10.

NO more of talk where God or Angel guest  
With Man, as with his friend, familiar us'd  
To sit indulgent, and with him partake  
Rural repast, permitting him the while  
Venial discourse unblam'd: I now must change  
Those notes to tragic; foul distrust, and breach  
Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt,  
And disobedience: on the part of Heaven  
Now alienated, distance and distaste,  
Anger and just rebuke, and judgment given,

That brought into this world a world of woe,  
 Sin and her shadow death, and Misery  
 Death's harbinger : sad task, yet argument  
 Not less but more heroic than the wrath  
 Of stern Achilles on his foe pursued  
 Thrice fugitive about Troy wall ; or rage  
 Of Turnus for Lavinia disespous'd,  
 Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that so long  
 Perplex'd the Greek and Cytherca's son ;  
 If answerable style I can obtain  
 Of my celestial patroness, who deigns  
 Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,  
 And dictates to me slumbering, or inspires  
 Easy my unpremeditated verse :  
 Since first this subject for heroic song  
 Pleas'd me long choosing, and beginning late ;  
 Not sedulous by nature to indite  
 Wars, hitherto the only argument  
 Heroic deem'd, chief mastery to dissect  
 With long and tedious havoc fabled knights,  
 In battels feign'd ; the better fortitude  
 Of patience and heroic martyrdom  
 Unsung ; or to describe races and games,



Or tilting furniture, emblazon'd shields,  
 Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds ;  
 Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights  
 At joust and tournament ; then marshal'd feast  
 Serv'd up in hall with sewers, and seneshals ;  
 The skill of artifice or office mean,  
 Not that which justly gives heroic name  
 To person or to poem. Me of these  
 Nor skill'd nor studious, higher argument  
 Remains, sufficient of itself to raise  
 That name, unless an age too late, or cold  
 Climate, or years damp my intended wing  
 Depress'd, and much they may, if all be mine,  
 Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear.

The sun was sunk, and after him the star  
 Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring  
 Twilight upon the Earth, short arbiter  
 'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end  
 Night's hemisphere had veil'd the horizon round :  
 When Satan, who late fled before the threats  
 Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improv'd  
 In meditated fraud and malice, bent  
 On Man's destruction, maugre what might hap

Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.  
By night he fled, and at midnight return'd  
From compassing the Earth, cautious of day,  
Since Uriel regent of the sun descri'd  
His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim  
That kept their watch ; thence full of anguish driven,  
The space of seven continued nights he rode  
With darkness, thrice the equinoctial line  
He circled, four times cross'd the car of night  
From pole to pole, traversing each colure ;  
On the eighth return'd, and on the coast averse  
From entrance or Cherubic watch, by stealth  
Found unsuspected way. There was a place,  
Now not, though sin, not time, first wrought the change,  
Where Tigris at the foot of Paradise  
Into a gulf shot under ground, till part  
Rose up a fountain by the tree of life ;  
In with the river sunk, and with it rose  
Satan involv'd in rising mist, then sought  
Where to lie hid ; sea he had search'd and land  
From Eden over Pontus, and the pool  
Mæotis, up beyond the river Ob ;  
Downward as far antarctic ; and in length



1840

in England, the first time

the first time, and the first time

the first time, and the first time

the first time



West from Orontes to the Ocean barr'd  
 At Darien, thence to the land where flows  
 Ganges and Indus: thus the orb he roam'd  
 With narrow search; and with inspection deep  
 Consider'd every creature, which of all  
 Most opportune might serve his wiles, and found  
 The Serpent subtlest beast of all the field.  
 Him after long debate, irresolute  
 Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose  
 Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom  
 To enter, and his dark suggestions hide  
 From sharpest sight: for in the wily snake,  
 Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,  
 As from his wit and native subtlety  
 Proceeding, which in other beasts observ'd  
 Doubt might beget of diabolic power  
 Active within beyond the sense of brute.  
 Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward grief  
 His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:  
     O Earth, how like to Heaven, if not preferr'd  
 More justly, seat worthier of Gods, as built  
 With second thoughts, reforming what was old!  
 For what God after better, worse would build?

Terrestrial Heaven, danc'd round by other Heavens  
 That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,  
 Light above light, for thee alone, as seems,  
 In thee concentrating all their precious beams  
 Of sacred influence ! As God in Heaven  
 Is center, yet extends to all, so thou  
 Centring receiv'st from all those orbs ; in thee,  
 Not in themselves, all their known virtue' appears  
 Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth  
 Of creatures animate with gradual life  
 Of growth, sense, reason, all summ'd up in Man.  
 With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,  
 If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange  
 Of hill and valley, rivers, woods and plains,  
 Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crown'd,  
 Rocks, dens, and caves ! But I in none of these  
 Find place or refuge ; and the more I see  
 Pleasures about me, so much more I feel  
 'Torment within me', as from the hateful siege  
 Of contraries ; all good to me becomes  
 Bane, and in Heaven much worse would be my state.  
 But neither here seek I, no nor in Heaven  
 To dwell, unless by mastering Heaven's Supreme ;

Nor hope to be myself less miserable  
 By what I seek, but others to make such  
 As I, though thereby worse to me redound :  
 For only in destroying I find ease  
 To my relentless thoughts ; and him destroy'd,  
 Or won to what may work his utter loss,  
 For whom all this was made, all this will soon  
 Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe,  
 In woe then ; that destruction wide may range :  
 To me shall be the glory sole among  
 The infernal Powers, in one day to have marr'd  
 What he Almighty stil'd, six nights and days  
 Continued making, and who knows how long  
 Before had been contriving, though perhaps  
 Not longer than since I in one night freed  
 From servitude inglorious well nigh half  
 The angelic name, and thinner left the throng  
 Of his adorers : he to be aveng'd,  
 And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,  
 Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd  
 More Angels to create, if they at least  
 Are his created, or to spite us more,  
 Determin'd to advance into our room

A creature form'd of Earth, and him endow,  
 Exalted from so base original,  
 With heavenly spoils, our spoils: what he decreed  
 He' effected; Man he made, and for him built  
 Magnificent this world, and Earth his seat,  
 Him Lord pronounc'd, and, O indignity!  
 Subjected to his service Angel wings,  
 And flaming ministers to watch and tend  
 Their earthly charge: of these the vigilance  
 I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist  
 Of midnight vapour glide obscure, and pry  
 In every bush and brake, where hap may find  
 The serpent sleeping, in whose mazy folds  
 To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.  
 O foul descent! that I, who erst contended  
 With Gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd  
 Into a beast, and mix'd with bestial slime,  
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,  
 That to the highth of deity aspir'd;  
 But what will not ambition and revenge  
 Descend to? who aspires must down as low  
 As high he soar'd, obnoxious first or last  
 To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,



Bitter ere long back on itself recoils ;  
 Let it ; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,  
 Since higher I fall short, on him who next  
 Provokes my envy, this new favorite  
 Of Heaven, this Man of clay, son of despite,  
 Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais'd  
 From dust : spite then with spite is best repaid.

So saying, through each thicket dank or dry,  
 Like a black mist low creeping, he held on  
 His midnight search, where soonest he might find  
 The serpent : him fast sleeping soon he found  
 In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,  
 His head the midst, well stor'd with subtle wiles :  
 Nor yet in horrid shade or dismal den,  
 Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb  
 Fearless unfear'd he slept : in at his mouth  
 The Devil enter'd, and his brutal sense,  
 In heart or head, possessing soon inspir'd  
 With act intelligential ; but his sleep  
 Disturb'd not, waiting close the approach of morn.

Now when as sacred light began to dawn  
 In Eden on the humid flowers, that breath'd  
 Their morning incense, when all things that breathe,

From the Earth's great altar send up silent praise  
 To the Creator, and his nostrils fill  
 With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,  
 And join'd their vocal worship to the quire  
 Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake  
 The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs:  
 Then commune how that day they best may ply  
 Their growing work: for much their work outgrew  
 The hands dispatch of two gard'ning so wide.  
 And Eve first to her husband thus began.

Adam, well may we labour still to dress  
 This garden, still to tend plant, herb and flower,  
 Our pleasant task enjoin'd; but till more hands  
 Aid us, the work under our labor grows,  
 Luxurious by restraint; what we by day  
 Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,  
 One night or two with wanton growth derides  
 Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise  
 Or bear what to my mind first thoughts present;  
 Let us divide our labors, thou where choice  
 Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind  
 The woodbine round this arbor, or direct  
 The clasping ivy where to climb, while I

In yonder spring of roses intermix'd  
 With myrtle, find what to redress till noon :  
 For while so near each other thus all day  
 Our task we choose, what wonder if so near  
 Looks intervene and smiles, or object new  
 Casual discourse draw on, which intermits  
 Our day's work brought to little, though begun  
 Early, and the hour of supper comes unearn'd.

To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd.  
 Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond  
 Compare above all living creatures dear,  
 Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd  
 How we might best fulfil the work which here  
 God hath assign'd us, nor of me shalt pass  
 Unprais'd : for nothing lovelier can be found  
 In woman, than to study household good,  
 And good works in her husband to promote.  
 Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd  
 Labor, as to debar us when we need  
 Refreshment, whether food, or talk between ;  
 Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse  
 Of looks and smiles, for smiles from reason flow,  
 To brute deny'd, and arc of love the food ;

Love not the lowest end of human life.  
 For not to irksome toil, but to delight  
 He made us, and delight to reason join'd.  
 These paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands  
 Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide  
 As we need walk, till younger hands ere long  
 Assist us : but if much converse perhaps  
 Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield.  
 For solitude sometimes is best society,  
 And short retirement urges sweet return.  
 But other doubt possesses me, lest harm  
 Befal thee sever'd from me ; for thou know'st  
 What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe  
 Envyng our happiness, and of his own  
 Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame  
 By sly assault ; and somewhere nigh at hand  
 Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find  
 His wish and best advantage, us asunder,  
 Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each  
 To other speedy aid might lend at need ;  
 Whether his first design be to withdraw  
 Our feälty from God, or to disturb  
 Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliss

Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more ;  
 Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side  
 That gave thee be'ing, still shades thee and protects.  
 The wife, where danger or dishonor lurks,  
 Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,  
 Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.

To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,  
 As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,  
 With sweet austere composure thus reply'd.

Offspring of Heaven and Earth, and all Earth's lord,  
 That such an enemy we have, who seeks  
 Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,  
 And from the parting Angel over-heard  
 As in a shady nook I stood behind,  
 Just then return'd at shut of evening flowers.  
 But that thou should'st my firmness therefore doubt  
 To God or thee, because we have a foe  
 May tempt it, I expected not to hear.  
 His violence thou fear'st not, being such,  
 As we, not capable of death or pain,  
 Can either not receive, or can repel.  
 His fraud is then thy fear, which plain infers  
 Thy equal fear that my firm faith and love

Can by his fraud be shaken, or seduc'd ;  
 Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breast,  
 Adam, mis-thought of her to thee so dear ?

To whom with healing words Adam reply'd,  
 Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve,  
 For such thou art, from sin and blame entire :  
 Not diffident of thee do I dissuade  
 Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid  
 The attempt itself, intended by our foe.  
 For he who tempts, though' in vain, at least asperses  
 The tempted with dishonor foul, suppos'd  
 Not incorruptible of faith, not proof  
 Against temptation : thou thyself with scorn  
 And anger would'st resent the offer'd wrong,  
 Though ineffectual found : misdeem not then,  
 If such affront I labor to avert  
 From thee alone, which on us both at once  
 The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare,  
 Or daring, first on me the assault shall light.  
 Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn ;  
 Subtle he needs must be, who could seduce  
 Angels ; nor think superfluous others aid.  
 I from the influence of thy looks receive

Access in every virtue, in thy sight  
 More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were  
 Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,  
 Shame to be overcome or over-reach'd  
 Would utmost vigor raise, and rais'd unite.  
 Why should'st not thou like sense within thee feel  
 When I am present, and thy trial choose  
 With me, best witness of thy virtue try'd?

So spake domestic Adam in his care  
 And matrimonial love; but Eve, who thought  
 Less attributed to her faith sincere,  
 Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd.

If this be our condition, thus to dwell  
 In narrow circuit straiten'd by a foe,  
 Subtle or violent, we not endued  
 Single with like defence, wherever met,  
 How are we happy, still in fear of harm?  
 But harm precedes not sin: only our foe  
 Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem  
 Of our integrity: his foul esteem  
 Sticks no dishonor on our front, but turns  
 Foul on himself; then wherefore shunn'd or fear'd  
 By us? who rather double honor gain

From his surmise prov'd false, find peace within,  
 Favor from Heaven, our witness from the event.  
 And what is faith, love, virtue unassay'd  
 Alone, without exterior help sustain'd?  
 Let us not then suspect our happy state  
 Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,  
 As not secure to single or combin'd.  
 Frail is our happiness, if this be so,  
 And Eden were no Eden thus expos'd.

To whom thus Adam fervently reply'd.  
 O Woman, best are all things as the will  
 Of God ordain'd them, his creating hand  
 Nothing imperfect or deficient left  
 Of all that he created, much less Man,  
 Or aught that might his happy state secure,  
 Secure from outward force; within himself  
 The danger lies, yet lies within his power:  
 Against his will he can receive no harm.  
 But God left free the will, for what obeys  
 Reason, is free, and reason he made right,  
 But bid her well beware, and still erect,  
 Lest by some fair appearing good surpris'd  
 She dictate false, and misinform the will



To do what God expressly hath forbid.  
 Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoins,  
 That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.  
 Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,  
 Since reason not impossibly may meet  
 Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,  
 And fall into deception unaware,  
 Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.  
 Seek not temptation then, which to avoid  
 Were better, and most likely if from me  
 Thou sever not: trial will come unsought.  
 Would'st thou approve thy constancy, approve  
 First thy obedience; the other who can know,  
 Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?  
 But if thou think, trial unsought may find  
 Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,  
 Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;  
 Go in thy native innocence, rely  
 On what thou hast of virtue, summon all,  
 For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.

So spake the Patriarch of mankind; but Eve  
 Persisted, yet submit, though last, reply'd.

With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd

Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words  
 Touch'd only, that our trial, when least sought,  
 May find us both perhaps far less prepar'd,  
 The willinger I go, nor much expect  
 A foe so proud will first the weaker seek ;  
 So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.

Thus saying, from her husband's hand, her hand  
 Soft she withdrew, and like a Wood-Nymph light  
 Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,  
 Betook her to the groves, but Delia's self  
 In gait surpass'd and Goddess-like deport,  
 Though not as she with bow and quiver arm'd,  
 But with such gardening tools as art yet rude,  
 Guiltless of fire had form'd, or Angels brought.  
 To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,  
 Likest she seem'd, Pomona when she fled  
 Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime,  
 Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.  
 Her long with ardent look his eye pursued  
 Delighted, but desiring more her stay.  
 Oft he to her his charge of quick return  
 Repeated, she to him as oft engag'd  
 To be return'd by noon amid the bower,

And all things in best order to invite  
 Noon-tide repast, or afternoon's repose.  
 O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapless Eve,  
 Of thy presum'd return! event perverse!  
 Thou never from that hour in Paradise  
 Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose;  
 Such ambush hid among sweet flowers and shades  
 Waited with hellish rancor imminent  
 To intercept thy way, or send thee back  
 Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss.  
 For now, and since first break of dawn, the Fiend,  
 Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come,  
 And on his quest, where likeliest he might find  
 The only two of mankind, but in them  
 The whole included race, his purpos'd prey.  
 In bower and field he sought, where any tuft  
 Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,  
 Their tendance or plantation for delight;  
 By fountain or by shady rivulet  
 He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find  
 Eve separate; he wish'd, but not with hope  
 Of what so seldom chanc'd, when to his wish,  
 Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,

Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,  
Half spy'd, so thick the roses bushing round  
About her glow'd, oft stooping to support  
Each flower of slender stalk, whose head though gay  
Carnation, purple', azure, or speck'd with gold,  
Hung drooping unsustain'd; them she upstays  
Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while,  
Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,  
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.  
Nearer he drew, and many a walk travérs'd  
Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm,  
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen  
Among thick-woven arborets and flowers  
Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve:  
Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd  
Or of reviv'd Adonis, or renown'd  
Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son,  
Or that, not mystic, where the sapient King  
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.  
Much he the place admir'd, the person more.  
As one who long in populous city pent,  
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,  
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe

Among the pleasant villages and farms  
 Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,  
 The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,  
 Or dairy', each rural sight, each rural sound ;  
 If chance with nymphlike step fair virgin pass,  
 What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more,  
 She most, and in her look sums all delight.  
 Such pleasure took the Serpent to behold  
 This flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve  
 Thus early, thus alone ; her heavenly form  
 Angelic, but more soft, and feminine,  
 Her graceful innocence, her every air  
 Of gesture, or least action overaw'd  
 His malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd  
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought :  
 That space the Evil-one abstracted stood  
 From his own evil, and for the time remain'd  
 Stupidly good, of enmity disarm'd,  
 Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge ;  
 But the hot Hell that always in him burns,  
 Though in mid Heaven, soon ended his delight,  
 And tortures him now more, the more he sees  
 Of pleasure not for him ordain'd : then soon

Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts  
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.

Thoughts, whither have ye led me! with what sweet  
Compulsion thus transported to forget  
What hither brought us! hate, not love, nor hope  
Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste  
Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,  
Save what is in destroying, other joy  
To me is lost. Then let me not let pass  
Occasion which now smiles; behold alone  
The woman, opportune to all attempts,  
Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh,  
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,  
And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb  
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould,  
Foe not formidable, exempt from wound,  
I not; so much hath Hell debas'd, and pain  
Enfeebled me, to what I was in Heaven.  
She fair, divinely fair, fit love for Gods,  
Not terrible, though terror be in love  
And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate,  
Hate stronger, under shew of love well feign'd,  
The way which to her ruin now I tend.

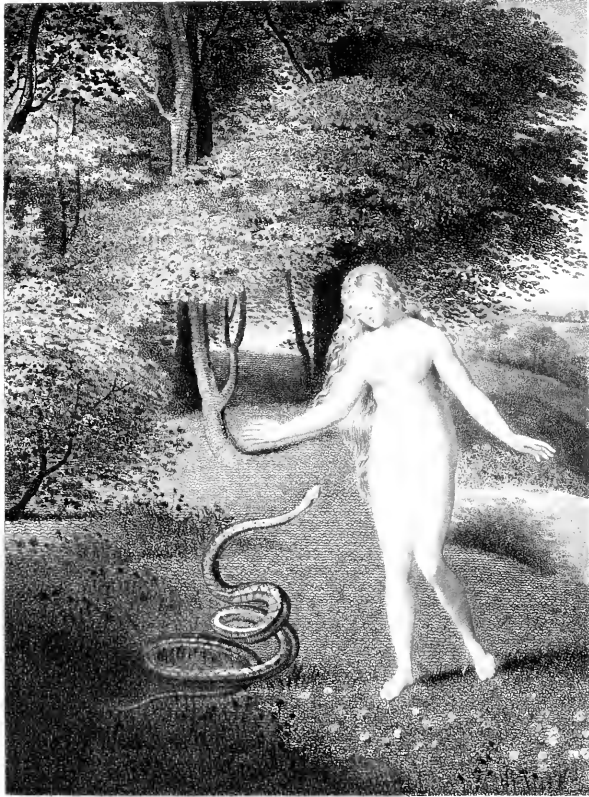
So spake the enemy' of mankind, inclos'd  
 In serpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve  
 Address'd his way, not with indented wave,  
 Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear,  
 Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd  
 Fold above fold a surging maze, his head.  
 Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes ;  
 With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect  
 Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass  
 Floted redundant : pleasing was his shape,  
 And lovely ; never since of serpent kind  
 Lovelier, not those that in Illyria chang'd  
 Hermione and Cadmus, or the God  
 In Epidaurus ; nor to which transform'd  
 Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was seen,  
 He with Olympias, this with her who bore  
 Scipio the highth of Rome. With tract oblique  
 At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd  
 To interrupt, side-long he works his way.  
 As when a ship by skilful steersman wrought  
 Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind  
 Veres oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail ;  
 So varied he, and of his tortuous train.

Curl'd many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,  
 To lure her eye ; she busied heard the sound  
 Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as us'd  
 To such disport before her through the field,  
 From every beast, more duteous at her call,  
 Than at Circean call the herd disguis'd.  
 He bolder now, uncall'd, before her stood ;  
 But as in gaze admiring : oft he bow'd  
 His turret crest, and sleek enamel'd neck,  
 Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.  
 His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length  
 The eye of Eve to mark his play ; he, glad  
 Of her attention gain'd, with serpent tongue  
 Organic, or impulse of vocal air,  
 His fraudulent temptation thus began.

Wonder not, sovrán Mistress, if perhaps  
 Thou canst, who art sole wonder, much less arm  
 Thy looks, the heaven of mildness, with disdain,  
 Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze  
 Insatiate, I thus single, nor have fear'd  
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.  
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,  
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine







*Design of the Snake*

*Engraved by J. Walker, del.*

*to be inserted*

*The woman in the forest, who is depicted in the  
above engraving, is the same as the woman  
in the above engraving, who is depicted in the  
above engraving.*

By gift, and thy celestial beauty' adore  
 With ravishment beheld, there best beheld  
 Where universally admir'd ; but here  
 In this enclosure wild, these beasts among,  
 Beholders rude, and shallow to discern  
 Half what in thee is fair, one Man except,  
 Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst be seen  
 A Goddess among Gods, ador'd and serv'd  
 By Angels numberless, thy daily train.

So glaz'd the Tempter, and his proem tun'd ;  
 Into the heart of Eve his words made way,  
 Though at the voice much marvelling ; at length  
 Not unamaz'd she thus in answer spake.

What may this mean? language of Man pronounc'd  
 By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd?  
 The first at least of these I thought deny'd  
 To beasts, whom God on their creation-day  
 Created mute to all articulate sound ;  
 The latter I demur, for in their looks  
 Much reason, and in their actions oft appears.  
 Thee, Serpent, subtlest beast of all the field  
 I knew, but not with human voice endued ;  
 Redouble then this miracle, and say,

How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how  
 To me so friendly grown above the rest  
 Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight?  
 Say, for such wonder claims attention due.

To whom the guileful Tempter thus reply'd.  
 Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve,  
 Easy to me it is to tell thee all  
 What thou command'st, and right thou should'st be obey'd:  
 I was at first as other beasts that graze  
 The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,  
 As was my food, nor ought but food discern'd  
 Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:  
 Till on a day roving the field, I chanc'd  
 A goodly tree far distant to behold  
 Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mix'd,  
 Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze;  
 When from the boughs a savory odor blown,  
 Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense  
 Than smell of sweetest fennel or the teats  
 Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,  
 Unsuck'd of lamb or kid, that tend their play.  
 To satisfy the sharp desire I had  
 Of tasting those fair apples, I resolv'd

Not to defer ; hunger and thirst at once,  
 Powerful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent  
 Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keen.  
 About the mossy trunk I wound me soon,  
 For high from ground the branches would require  
 Thy utmost reach or Adam's : Round the tree  
 All other beasts that saw, with like desire  
 Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.  
 Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung  
 Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill  
 I spar'd not, for such pleasure till that hour  
 At feed or fountain never had I found.  
 Sated at length, ere long I might perceive  
 Strange alteration in me, to degree  
 Of reason in my inward powers, and speech  
 Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.  
 Thenceforth to speculations high or deep  
 I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind  
 Consider'd all things visible in Heaven,  
 Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good ;  
 But all that fair and good in thy divine  
 Semblance, and in thy beauty's heavenly ray  
 United I beheld ; no fair to thine

Equivalent or second, which compell'd  
 Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come  
 And gaze, and worship thee, of right declar'd  
 Sovran of creatures, universal Dame.

So talk'd the spirited sly Snake ; and Eve  
 Yet more amaz'd unwary thus reply'd.

Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt  
 The virtue of that fruit, in thee first prov'd :  
 But say, where grows the tree, from hence how far?  
 For many are the trees of God that grow  
 In Paradise, and various, yet unknown  
 To us, in such abundance lies our choice,  
 As leaves a greater store of fruit untouch'd,  
 Still hanging incorruptible, till Men  
 Grow up to their provision, and more hands  
 Help to disburden Nature of her birth.

To whom the wily Adder, blithe and glad.  
 Empress, the way is ready, and not long,  
 Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,  
 Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past  
 Of blowing myrrh and balm ; if thou accept  
 My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.

Lead then, said Eve. He leading, swiftly roll'd  
 In tangles, and made intricate seem strait,

To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy  
 Brightens his crest, as when a wandering fire,  
 Compact of unctuous vapor, which the night  
 Condenses, and the cold environs round,  
 Kindled through agitation to a flame,  
 Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends,  
 Hovering and blazing with delusive light,  
 Misleads the amaz'd night-wanderer from his way  
 To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,  
 There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far.  
 So glist'ring the dire Snake, and into fraud  
 Led Eve our credulous mother, to the tree  
 Of prohibition, root of all our woe ;  
 Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.

Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither,  
 Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to' excess,  
 The credit of whose virtue rest with thee,  
 Wonderous indeed, if cause of such effects.  
 But of this tree we may not taste nor touch ;  
 God so commanded, and left that command  
 Sole daughter of his voice, the rest, we live  
 Law to ourselves, our reason is our law.

To whom the Tempter guilefully reply'd.  
 Indeed? hath God then said that of the fruit

Of all these garden trees ye shall not eat,  
 Yet lords declar'd of all in Earth or Air?

To whom thus Eve yet sinless. Of the fruit  
 Of each tree in the garden we may eat;  
 But of the fruit of this fair tree amidst  
 The garden, God hath said, ye shall not eat  
 Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more bold  
 The Tempter, but with show of zeal and love  
 To Man, and indignation at his wrong,  
 New part puts on, and as to passion mov'd,  
 Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely, and in act  
 Rais'd, as of some great matter to begin.  
 As when of old some orator renown'd  
 In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence  
 Florish'd, since mute, to some great cause address'd,  
 Stood in himself collected, while each part,  
 Motion, each act won audience, ere the tongue,  
 Sometimes in highth began, as no delay  
 Of preface brooking through his zeal of right.  
 So standing, moving, or to highth upgrown,  
 The Tempter all impassion'd thus began.

O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving Plant,  
 Mother of science, now I feel thy power



Within me clear, not only to discern  
 Things in their causes, but to trace the ways  
 Of highest agents, deem'd however wise.  
 Queen of this universe, do not believe  
 Those rigid threats of death ; ye shall not die :  
 How should ye ? by the fruit ? it gives you life  
 To knowledge ; by the threatener ? look on me,  
 Me who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,  
 And life more perfect have attain'd than fate  
 Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.  
 Shall that be shut to Man, which to the Beast  
 Is open ? or will God incense his ire  
 For such a petty trespass, and not praise  
 Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain  
 Of death denounc'd, whatever thing death be,  
 Deterr'd not from achieving what might lead  
 To happier life, knowledge of good and evil ;  
 Of good, how just ? of evil, if what is evil  
 Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd ?  
 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just ;  
 Not just, not God ; not fear'd then, nor obey'd :  
 Your fear itself of death, removes the fear.  
 Why then was this forbid ? why but to awe,

Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,  
His worshippers; he knows that in the day  
Ye eat thereof, your eyes that seem so clear,  
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then  
Open'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as Gods,  
Knowing both good and evil as they know.  
That ye shall be as Gods, since I, as Man,  
Internal Man, is but proportion meet;  
I of brute human, ye of human Gods.  
So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off  
Human, to put on Gods, death to be wish'd,  
Though threaten'd, which no worse than this can bring.  
And what are Gods, that Man may not become  
As they, participating God-like food?  
The Gods are first, and that advantage use  
On our belief, that all from them proceeds;  
I question it, for this fair Earth I see,  
Warm'd by the sun, producing every kind,  
Them nothing: if they all things, who enclos'd  
Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,  
That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains  
Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies  
The offence, that Man should thus attain to know?

What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree  
 Impart against his will, if all be his?  
 Or is it envy, and can envy dwell  
 In heavenly breasts? these, these and many more  
 Causes import your need of this fair fruit.  
 Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste.

He ended, and his words replete with guile  
 Into her heart too easy entrance won :  
 Fix'd on the fruit she gaz'd, which to behold  
 Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound  
 Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd  
 With reason, to her seeming, and with truth ;  
 Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and wak'd  
 An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell  
 So savory of that fruit, which with desire,  
 Inclivable now grown to touch or taste,  
 Solicited her longing eye ; yet first  
 Pausing a while, thus to herself she mus'd.

Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,  
 Though kept from Man, and worthy to be admir'd,  
 Whose taste, too long forborn, at first assay  
 Gave elocution to the mute, and taught  
 The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise :

Thy praise he also who forbids thy use,  
 Conceals not from us, naming thee the tree  
 Of knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;  
 Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding  
 Commends thee more, while it infers the good  
 By thee communicated, and our want :  
 For good unknown, sure is not had, or had  
 And yet unknown, is as not had at all.  
 In plain then, what forbids he but to know,  
 Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?  
 Such prohibitions bind not. But if death  
 Bind us with after-bands, what profits then  
 Our inward freedom? in the day we eat  
 Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die.  
 How dies the Serpent? he hath eaten and lives,  
 And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,  
 Irrational till then. For us alone  
 Was death invented? or to us deny'd  
 This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?  
 For beasts it seems: yet that one beast which first  
 Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy  
 The good befallen him, author unsuspect,  
 Friendly to Man, far from deceit or guile.

What fear I then, rather what know to fear  
 Under this ignorance of good and evil,  
 Of God or death, of law or penalty?  
 Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,  
 Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,  
 Of virtue to make wise : what hinders then  
 To reach, and feed at once both body' and mind?

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour  
 Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat :  
 Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat  
 Sighing through all her works gave signs of woe,  
 That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk  
 The guilty Serpent, and well might, for Eve  
 Intent now wholly on her taste, nought else  
 Regarded, such delight till then, as seem'd,  
 In fruit she never tasted, whether true  
 Or fancied so, through expectation high  
 Of knowledge, nor was God-head from her thought.  
 Greedily she ingorg'd without restraint,  
 And knew not eating death : Sate at length,  
 And highten'd as with wine, jocund and boon,  
 Thus to herself she pleasingly began.

O sovran, virtuous, precious of all trees  
 In Paradise, of operation blest

To sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,  
 And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end  
 Created : but henceforth my early care,  
 Not without song, each morning, and due praise  
 Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease  
 Of thy full branches offer'd free to all ;  
 Till dieted by thee I grow mature  
 In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know ;  
 Though others envy what they cannot give ;  
 For had the gift been theirs, it had not here  
 Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,  
 Best guide ; not following thee, I had remain'd  
 In ignorance ; thou open'st wisdom's way,  
 And giv'st access, though secret she retire.  
 And I perhaps am secret ; Heaven is high,  
 High and remote to see from thence distinct  
 Each thing on Earth : and other care perhaps  
 May have diverted from continual watch  
 Our great forbidding, safe with all his spies  
 About him. But to Adam in what sort  
 Shall I appear ? shall I to him make known  
 As yet my change, and give him to partake  
 Full happiness with me, or rather not,  
 But keep the odds of knowledge in my power

Without copartner? so to add what wants  
 In female sex, the more to draw his love,  
 And render me more equal, and perhaps,  
 A thing not undesirable, sometime  
 Superior; for inferior who is free?  
 This may be well: but what if God have seen,  
 And death ensue? then I shall be no more,  
 And Adam wedded to another Eve,  
 Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;  
 A death to think. Confirm'd then I resolve,  
 Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:  
 So dear I love him, that with him all deaths  
 I could endure, without him live no life.

So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd,  
 But first low reverence done, as to the power  
 That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd  
 Into the plant sciential sap, deriv'd  
 From nectar, drink of Gods. Adam the while  
 Waiting desirous her return, had wove  
 Of choicest flowers a garland to adorn  
 Her tresses, and her rural labors crown  
 As reapers oft are wont their harvest Queen.  
 Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new

Solace in her return, so long delay'd ;  
 Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,  
 Misgave him ; he the faltring measure felt ;  
 And forth to meet her went, the way she took  
 That morn when first they parted : by the tree  
 Of knowledge he must pass, there he her met,  
 Scarce from the tree returning ; in her hand  
 A bough of fairest fruit that downy smil'd,  
 New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.  
 To him she hasted ; in her face excuse  
 Came prologue, and apology too prompt,  
 Which with bland words at will she thus address'd.

Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay ?  
 Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, depriv'd  
 Thy presence, agony of love till now  
 Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more  
 Mean I to try, what rash untry'd I sought,  
 The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange  
 Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear :  
 This tree is not as we are told, a tree  
 Of danger tasted, nor to' evil unknown  
 Opening the way, but of divine effect  
 To open eyes, and make them Gods who taste ;

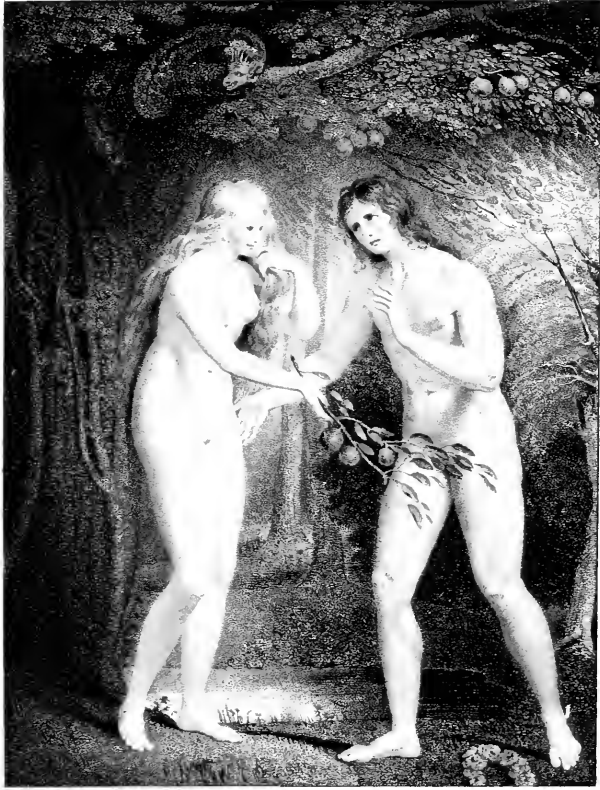


And hath been tasted such : the Serpent wise,  
 Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,  
 Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become,  
 Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth  
 Indued with human voice and human sense,  
 Reasoning to admiration, and with me  
 Persuasively hath so prevail'd, that I  
 Have also tasted, and have also found  
 The effects to correspond, opener mine eyes,  
 Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,  
 And growing up to Godhead ; which for thee  
 Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise :  
 For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss,  
 Tedious, unshar'd with thee, and odious soon.  
 Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot  
 May join us, equal joy, as equal love ;  
 Lest thou not tasting, different degree  
 Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce  
 Deity for thee, when fate will not permit.

Thus Eve with countenance blithe her story told ;  
 But in her check distemper flushing glow'd.  
 On the other side, Adam, soon as he heard  
 The fatal trespass done by Eve, amaz'd,

Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill  
 Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;  
 From his slack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve  
 Down dropp'd, and all the faded roses shed:  
 Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length  
 First to himself he inward silence broke.

O fairest of creation, last and best  
 Of all God's works, creature in whom excell'd  
 Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,  
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!  
 How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,  
 Defac'd, deflour'd, and now to death devote?  
 Rather how hast thou yielded to transgress  
 The strict forbiddance, how to violate  
 The sacred fruit forbidden! some cursed fraud  
 Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,  
 And me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee  
 Certain my resolution is to die;  
 How can I live without thee, how forego  
 Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,  
 To live again in these wild woods forlorn?  
 Should God create another Eve, and I  
 Another rib afford, yet loss of thee



*Eden by H. Fisher*

*Engraved by G. B. S.*

*And said unto Eve*

*Thou art goodly, and thou art goodly*

*And she said unto the serpent*

*Thou art goodly, and thou art goodly*



Would never from my heart ; no, no, I feel  
 The link of nature draw me : flesh of flesh,  
 Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state  
 Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

So having said, as one from sad dismay  
 Recomforted, and after thoughts disturb'd  
 Submitting to what seem'd remediless,  
 Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd.

Bold deed thou hast presum'd, adventrous Eve,  
 And peril great provok'd, who thus hath dar'd  
 Had it been only coveting to eye  
 That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence,  
 Much more to taste it under ban to touch.  
 But pass'd who can recall, or done, undo?  
 Not God omnipotent, nor Fate ; yet so  
 Perhaps thou shalt not die, perhaps the fact  
 Is not so heinous now, foretasted fruit,  
 Profan'd first by the Serpent, by him first  
 Made common and unhallow'd ere our taste ;  
 Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,  
 Lives, as thou said'st, and gains to live as Man  
 Higher degree of life, inducement strong  
 To us, as likely tasting to attain

Proportional ascent, which cannot be  
 But to be Gods, or Angels Demi-Gods.  
 Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,  
 Though threatenng, will in earnest so destroy  
 Us his prime creatures, dignify'd so high,  
 Set over all his works, which in our fall,  
 For us created, needs with us must fail,  
 Dependent made ; so God shall uncreate,  
 Be frustrate, do, undo, and labor lose,  
 Not well conceiv'd of God, who, though his power  
 Creation could repeat, yet would be loth  
 Us to abolish, lest the Adversary  
 Triumph, and say, Fickle their state whom God  
 Most favours, who can please him long? Me first  
 He ruin'd, now Mankind ; whom will he next?  
 Matter of scorn, not to be given the Foe ;  
 However I with thee have fix'd my lot,  
 Certain to undergo like doom, if death  
 Consort with thee, death is to me as life ;  
 So forcible within my heart I feel  
 The bond of nature draw me to my own,  
 My own in thee, for what thou art is mine ;  
 Our state cannot be sever'd, we are one,

One flesh ; to lose thee were to lose myself.

So Adam, and thus Eve to him reply'd.

O glorious trial of exceeding love,  
 Illustrious evidence, example high!  
 Engaging me to emulate ; but short  
 Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,  
 Adam ? from whose dear side I boast me sprung,  
 And gladly of our union hear thee speak ;  
 One heart, one soul in both : whereof good proof  
 This day affords, declaring thee resolv'd,  
 Rather than death or ought than death more dread  
 Shall separate us, link'd in love so dear,  
 To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,  
 If any be, of tasting this fair fruit,  
 Whose virtue, (for of good still good proceeds,  
 Direct, or by occasion) hath presented  
 This happy trial of thy love, which else  
 So eminently never had been known,  
 Were it I thought death menac'd would ensue  
 This my attempt, I would sustain alone  
 The worst, and not persuade thee, rather die  
 Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact  
 Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assur'd,  
 Remarkably so late of thy so true,

So faithful love unequal'd ; but I feel  
 Far otherwise the event, not death, but life  
 Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys,  
 Taste so divine, that what of sweet before  
 Hath touch'd my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.  
 On my experience, Adam, freely taste,  
 And fear of death deliver to the winds.

So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy  
 Tenderly wept, much won that he his love  
 Had so ennobled, as of choice to incur  
 Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.  
 In recompence (for such compliance bad  
 Such recompence best merits) from the bough  
 She gave him of that fair enticing fruit  
 With liberal hand : he scrupled not to eat  
 Against his better knowledge, not deceiv'd,  
 But fondly overcome with female charm.  
 Earth trembled from her entrails, as again  
 In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,  
 Sky lour'd, and muttering thunder, some sad drops  
 Wept at compleating of the mortal sin  
 Original ; while Adam took no thought,  
 Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate  
 Her former trespass fear'd, the more to sooth



Him with her lov'd society, that now  
 As with new wine intoxicated both  
 They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel  
 Divinity within them breeding wings  
 Wherewith to scorn the Earth: but that false fruit  
 Far other operation first display'd,  
 Carnal desire enflaming, he on Eve  
 Began to cast lascivious eyes, she him  
 As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn:  
 Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move.

Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,  
 And elegant, of sapience no small part,  
 Since to each meaning savor we apply,  
 And palate call'd judicious; I the praise  
 Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.  
 Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd  
 From this delightful fruit, nor known till now  
 True relish, tasting; if such pleasure be  
 In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd,  
 For this one tree had been forbidden ten.  
 But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play,  
 As meet is, after such delicious fare;  
 For never did thy beauty since the day  
 I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd

With all perfections, so inflame my sense  
 With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now  
 Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree.

So said he, and forbore not glance or toy  
 Of amorous intent, well understood  
 Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.  
 Her hand he seis'd, and to a shady bank,  
 Thick overhead with verdant roof imbower'd  
 He led her nothing loth; flowers were the couch,  
 Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,  
 And hyacinth, Earth's freshest softest lap:  
 There they their fill of love, and love's disport  
 Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,  
 The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep  
 Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play.  
 Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,  
 That with exhilarating vapor bland  
 About their spirits had play'd, and inmost powers  
 Made err, was now exhaled, and grosser sleep  
 Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams  
 Incumber'd, now had left them; up they rose  
 As from unrest, and each the other viewing,  
 Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their minds  
 How darken'd; innocence, that as a veil

Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone,  
 Just confidence, and native righteousness,  
 And honor from about them, naked left  
 To guilty shame; he cover'd, but his robe  
 Uncover'd more. So rose the Danite strong,  
 Herculean Samson, from the harlot-lap  
 Of Philistéan Dalilah, and wak'd  
 Shorn of his strength, They destitute and bare  
 Of all their virtue: silent, and in face  
 Confounded long they sate, as stricken mute,  
 Till Adam, though not less than Eve abash'd,  
 At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd.

O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear  
 To that false worm, of whomsoever taught  
 To counterfeit Man's voice, true in our fall,  
 False in our promis'd rising; since our eyes  
 Open'd we find indeed, and find we know  
 Both good and evil, good lost, and evil got,  
 Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,  
 Which leaves us naked thus, of honor void,  
 Of innocence, of faith, of purity,  
 Our wonted ornaments now soil'd and stain'd,  
 And in our faces evident the signs  
 Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;

Even shame, the last of evils ; of the first  
 Be sure then. How shall I behold the face  
 Henceforth of God or Angel, erst with joy  
 And rapture so oft beheld? those heavenly shapes  
 Will dazzle now this earthly, with their blaze  
 Insufferably bright. O might I here  
 In solitude live savage, in some glade  
 Obscur'd, where highest woods impenetrable  
 To star or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad,  
 And brown as evening : Cover me, ye Pines ;  
 Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs  
 Hide me, where I may never see them more.  
 But let us now, as in bad plight, devise  
 What best may for the present serve to hide  
 The parts of each from other, that seem most  
 To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen ;  
 Some tree whose broad smooth leaves together sow'd,  
 And girded on our loins, may cover round  
 Those middle parts, that this new comer, shame,  
 There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.

So counsel'd he, and both together went  
 Into the thickest wood ; there soon they chose  
 The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renown'd,  
 But such as at this day to Indians known

In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms  
 Branching so broad and long, that in the ground  
 The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow  
 About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade  
 High overarch'd, and echoing walks between ;  
 There oft the Indian herdsman shunning heat  
 Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds  
 At loop-holes cut through thickest shade : those leaves  
 They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe,  
 And with what skill they had, together sow'd,  
 To gird their waist, vain covering, if to hide  
 Their guilt and dreaded shame ; O how unlike  
 To that first naked glory. Such of late  
 Columbus found the American so girt  
 With feather'd cincture, naked else and wild  
 Among the trees on iles and woody shores.  
 Thus fenc'd, and as they thought, their shame in part  
 Cover'd, but not at rest or ease of mind,  
 They sat them down to weep ; nor only tears  
 Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within  
 Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,  
 Mistrust, suspicion, discord, and shook sore  
 Their inward state of mind, calm region once  
 And full of peace, now tost and turbulent :

For understanding rul'd not, and the will  
 Heard not her lore, both in subjection now  
 To sensual appetite, who from beneath  
 Usurping over sovran reason claim'd  
 Superior sway : from thus distemper'd breast,  
 Adam, estrang'd in look and alter'd stile,  
 Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd.

Would thou hadst hearken'd to my words, and stay'd  
 With me, as I besought thee, when that strange  
 Desire of wandering this unhappy morn,  
 I know not whence possess'd thee ; we had then  
 Remain'd still happy, not as now, despoil'd  
 Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.  
 Let none henceforth seek needless cause to' approve  
 The faith they owe ; when earnestly they seek  
 Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail.

To whom soon mov'd with touch of blame thus Eve.  
 What words have past thy lips, Adam severe !  
 Imput'st thou that to my default, or will  
 Of wandering, as thou call'st it, which who knows  
 But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,  
 Or to thyself perhaps ? hadst thou been there,  
 Or here the attempt, thou could'st not have discern'd  
 Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake ;

No ground of enmity between us known,  
 Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm.  
 Was I to' have never parted from thy side?  
 As good have grown there still a lifeless rib.  
 Being as I am, why didst not thou the head  
 Command me absolutely not to go,  
 Going into such danger as thou saidst?  
 Too facil then thou didst not much gainsay,  
 Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.  
 Hadst thou been firm and fix'd in thy dissent,  
 Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me.

To whom then first incens'd Adam reply'd.  
 Is this the love, is this the recompence  
 Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, express'd  
 Immutable when thou wert lost, not I,  
 Who might have liv'd and joy'd immortal bliss,  
 Yet willingly chose rather death with thee?  
 And am I now upbraided, as the cause  
 Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,  
 It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more?  
 I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold  
 The danger, and the lurking enemy  
 That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,

And force upon free will hath here no place.  
 But confidence then bore thee on, secure  
 Either to meet no danger, or to find  
 Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps  
 I also err'd in overmuch admiring  
 What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought  
 No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue  
 That error now, which is become my crime,  
 And thou the accuser. Thus it shall befall  
 Him who to worth in women overtrusting  
 Lets her will rule; restraint she will not brook,  
 And left to' herself, if evil thence ensue,  
 She first his weak indulgence will accuse.

Thus they in mutual accusation spent  
 The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,  
 And of their vain contest appear'd no end.



P A R A D I S E L O S T.

B O O K X.

## THE ARGUMENT OF THE TENTH BOOK.

MAN's transgression known, the guardian Angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approved, God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors, who descends and gives sentence accordingly; then in pity clothes them both, and reascends. Sin and Death sitting till then at the gates of Hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new world, and the sin by Man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confined in Hell, but to follow Satan their Sire up to the place of Man: to make the way easier from Hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad high-way or bridge over Chaos, according to the track that Satan first made; then preparing for Earth, they meet him proud of his success returning to Hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full assembly relates with boasting his success against Man; instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transformed with himself also suddenly into Serpents, according to his doom given in Paradise; then deluded with a show of the forbidden tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretels the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present commands his Angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and Elements. Adam, more and more perceiving his fallen condition, heavily bewails, rejects the condolment of Eve; she persists, and at length appeases him: then to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be revenged on the Serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.



B O O K X.

VER. I—IO.

MEANWHILE the heinous and spiteful act  
Of Satan done in Paradise, and how  
He, in the serpent, had perverted Eve,  
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,  
Was known in Heaven; for what can 'scape the eye  
Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart  
Omniscient? who in all things wise and just,  
Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind  
Of Man, with strength entire, and free will arm'd,  
Complete to have discover'd and repuls'd

Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.  
 For still they knew, and ought to have still remember'd  
 The high injunction not to taste that fruit,  
 Whoever tempted ; which they not obeying,  
 Incurr'd (what could they less?) the penalty,  
 And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.  
 Up into Heaven from Paradise in haste  
 The angelic guards ascended, mute and sad  
 For Man, for of his state by this they knew,  
 Much wondering how the subtle Fiend had stolen  
 Entrance unseen. Soon as the unwelcome news  
 From Earth arriv'd at Heaven gate, displeas'd  
 All were who heard, dim sadness did not spare  
 That time celestial visages, yet mix'd  
 With pity, violated not their bliss.  
 About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes  
 The ethereal people ran, to hear and know  
 How all befel : they towards the throne supreme  
 Accountable made haste to make appear  
 With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance,  
 And easily approv'd ; when the most high  
 Eternal Father from his secret cloud,  
 Amidst in thunder utter'd thus his voice.

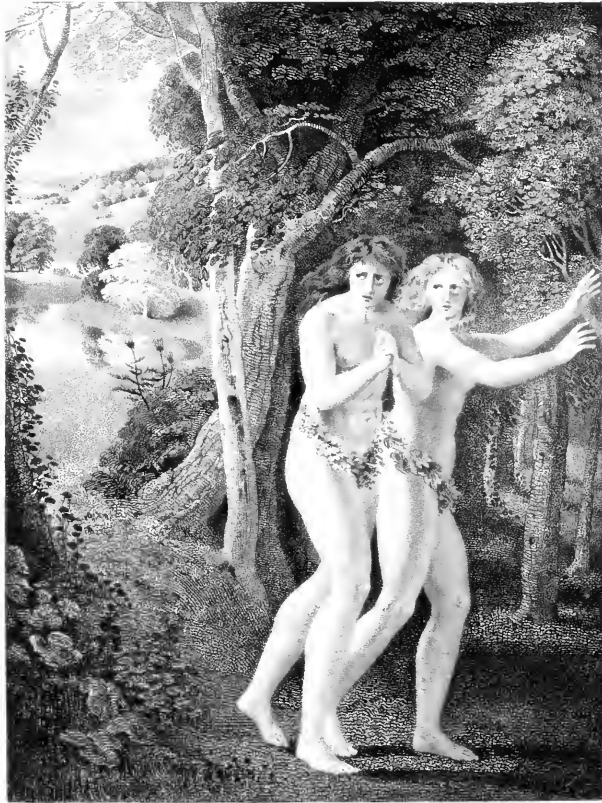
Assembled Angels, and ye Powers return'd  
 From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd,  
 Nor troubled at these tidings from the Earth,  
 Which your sincerest care could not prevent,  
 Foretold so lately what would come to pass,  
 When first this Tempter cross'd the gulf from Hell.  
 I told ye then he should prevail, and speed  
 On his bad errand, Man should be seduc'd  
 And flatter'd out of all, believing lies  
 Against his Maker; no decree of mine  
 Concurring to necessitate his fall,  
 Or touch with lightest moment of impulse  
 His free will, to her own inclining left  
 In even scale. But fallen he is, and now  
 What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass  
 On his transgression, death denounc'd that day?  
 Which he presumes already vain and void,  
 Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,  
 By some immediate stroke; but soon shall find  
 Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.  
 Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd.  
 But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee,  
 Vicegerent Son? to thee I have transferr'd

All judgment, whether in Heaven, or Earth, or Hell.  
 Easy it may be seen that I intend  
 Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee,  
 Man's friend, his mediator, his design'd  
 Both ransom and redeemer voluntary,  
 And destin'd Man himself to judge Man fallen.

So spake the Father, and unfolding bright  
 Toward the right hand his glory, on the Son  
 Blaz'd forth unclouded deity; he full  
 Resplendent all his Father manifest  
 Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild.

Father eternal, thine is to decree,  
 Mine both in Heaven and Earth to do thy will  
 Supreme, that thou in me thy Son lov'd  
 May'st ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge  
 On Earth these thy transgressors; but thou know'st,  
 Whoever judg'd, the worst on me must light,  
 When time shall be, for so I undertook  
 Before thee; and not repenting, this obtain  
 Of right, that I may mitigate their doom  
 On me deriv'd, yet I shall temper so  
 Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most  
 Them fully satisfy'd, and thee appease.





Eden, par. 10. Bible.

Engraved by J. Walker, Junr.

*the voice of God they heard  
As we walking in the garden.*



Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none  
 Are to behold the judgment, but the judg'd,  
 Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd,  
 Convict by flight, and rebel to all law:  
 Conviction to the Serpent none belongs.

Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose  
 Of high collateral glory; him Thrones and Powers,  
 Princedoms and Dominations ministrant  
 Accompanied to Heaven gate, from whence  
 Eden and all the coast in prospect lay.  
 Down he descended straight; the speed of God's  
 Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes wing'd.  
 Now was the Sun in western cadence low  
 From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour  
 To fan the Earth now wak'd, and usher in  
 The evening cool, when he from wrath more cool  
 Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both  
 To sentence Man: the voice of God they heard  
 Now walking in the garden, by soft winds  
 Brought to their ears, while day declin'd; they heard,  
 And from his presence hid themselves among  
 The thickest trees, both Man and Wife, till God  
 Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud.

Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy to meet  
 My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,  
 Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with solitude,  
 Where obvious duty' erewhile appear'd unsought:  
 Or come I less conspicuous, or what change  
 Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.

He came, and with him Eve, more loth, though first  
 To' offend, discountenanc'd both, and discompos'd;  
 Love was not in their looks, either to God  
 Or to each other, but apparent guilt,  
 And shame, and perturbation, and despair,  
 Anger, and obstinacy', and hate, and guile.  
 Whence Adam faltring long, thus answer'd brief.  
 I heard thee in the garden; and of thy voice  
 Afraid, being naked, hid myself. To whom  
 The gracious Judge without revile reply'd.

My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,  
 But still rejoic'd; how is it now become  
 So dreadful to thee? that thou' art naked, who  
 Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the tree  
 Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?

To whom thus Adam sore beset reply'd.  
 O Heaven! in evil strait this day I stand

Before my Judge, either to undergo  
 Myself the total crime, or to accuse  
 My other self, the partner of my life ;  
 Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,  
 I should conceal, and not expose to blame  
 By my complaint ; but strict necessity  
 Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,  
 Lest on my head both sin and punishment,  
 However insupportable, be all  
 Devolv'd : though should I hold my peace, yet thou  
 Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.  
 This Woman whom thou mad'st to be my help,  
 And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,  
 So fit, so acceptable, so divine,  
 That from her hand I could suspect no ill,  
 And what she did, whatever in itself,  
 Her doing seem'd to justify the deed ;  
 She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.

To whom the Sovran Presence thus reply'd.  
 Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey  
 Before his voice, or was she made thy guide,  
 Superior, or but equal, that to her  
 Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place

Wherein God set thee' above her made of thee,  
 And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd  
 Her's in all real dignity? Adorn'd  
 She was indeed, and lovely to attract  
 Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts  
 Were such as under government well seem'd,  
 Unseemly to bear rule, which was thy part  
 And person, hadst thou known thyself aright.

So having said, he thus to Eve in few :  
 Say, Woman, what is this which thou hast done ?

To whom sad Eve with shame nigh overwhelm'd,  
 Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge  
 Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd reply'd.  
 The Serpent me beguil'd, and I did eat.

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay  
 To judgment he proceeded on the accus'd  
 Serpent though brute, unable to transfer  
 The guilt on him, who made him instrument  
 Of mischief, and polluted from the end  
 Of his creation ; justly then accurst,  
 As vitiated in nature : more to know  
 Concern'd not Man (since he no further knew)  
 Nor alter'd his offence ; yet God at last

To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd,  
Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best :  
And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall.  
Because thou hast done this, thou art accurst  
Above all cattel, each beast of the field ;  
Upon thy belly groveling thou shalt go,  
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.  
Between thee and the Woman I will put  
Enmity, and between thine and her seed ;  
Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.

So spake this oracle, then verify'd  
When Jesus son of Mary second Eve,  
Saw Satan fall like lightning down from Heaven,  
Prince of the air ; then rising from his grave  
Spoil'd Principalities and Powers, triumph'd  
In open show, and with ascension bright  
Captivity led captive through the air,  
The realm itself of Satan long usurp'd,  
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet ;  
Even he who now foretold his fatal bruise,  
And to the Woman thus his sentence turn'd.

Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply  
By thy conception ; children thou shalt bring

In sorrow forth; and to thy husband's will  
Thine shall submit, he over thee shall rule.

On Adam last thus judgment he pronounc'd.  
Because thou hast hearken'd to the' voice of thy wife,  
And eaten of the tree concerning which  
I charg'd thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat thereof,  
Curs'd is the ground for thy sake, thou in sorrow  
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life;  
Thorns also' and thistles it shall bring thee forth  
Unbid, and thou shalt eat the herb of the field;  
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,  
Till thou return unto the ground, for thou  
Out of the ground wast taken, know thy birth,  
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.

So judg'd he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,  
And the instant stroke of death denounc'd that day  
Remov'd far off; then pitying how they stood  
Before him naked to the air that now  
Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin  
Thenceforth the form of servant to assume,  
As when he wash'd his servants feet, so now  
As father of his family he clad  
Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,

Or as the snake with youthful coat repaid ;  
 And thought not much to clothe his enemies :  
 Nor he their outward only with the skins  
 Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more  
 Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness,  
 Arraying, cover'd from his Father's sight.  
 To him with swift ascent he up return'd,  
 Into his blissful bosom re-assum'd  
 In glory as of old, to him appeas'd  
 All, though all-knowing, what had past with Man  
 Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Meanwhile ere thus was sinn'd and judg'd on Earth,  
 Within the gates of Hell sat Sin and Death,  
 In counterview within the gates, that now  
 Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame  
 Far into Chaos, since the Fiend pass'd through,  
 Sin opening, who thus now to Death began.

O Son, why sit we here each other viewing  
 Idly, while Satan our great author thrives  
 In other worlds, and happier seat provides  
 For us his offspring dear? It cannot be  
 But that success attends him ; if mishap,  
 Ere this he had return'd, with fury driven

By his avengers, since no place like this  
 Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.  
 Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,  
 Wings growing, and dominion given me large  
 Beyond this deep ; whatever draws me on,  
 Or sympathy, or some connatural force  
 Powerful at greatest distance to unite  
 With secret amity things of like kind  
 By secretest conveyance. Thou my shade  
 Inseparable must with me along :  
 For Death from Sin no power can separate.  
 But lest the difficulty of passing back  
 Stay his return perhaps over this gulf  
 Impassable, impervious, let us try  
 Adventrous work, yet to thy power and mine  
 Not unagreeable, to found a path  
 Over this main from Hell to that new World  
 Where Satan now prevails, a monument  
 Of merit high to all the infernal host,  
 Easing their passage hence, for intercourse,  
 Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.  
 Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn  
 By this new felt attraction and instinct.



Whom thus the meager Shadow answer'd soon.  
 Go whither fate and inclination strong  
 Leads thee; I shall not lag behind, nor err  
 The way, thou leading, such a sent I draw  
 Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste  
 The savor of Death from all things there that live:  
 Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest  
 Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell  
 Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock  
 Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,  
 Against the day of battel, to a field,  
 Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lur'd  
 With sent of living carcasses design'd  
 For death, the following day, in bloody fight.  
 So sented the grim Feature, and up-turn'd  
 His nostril wide into the murky air,  
 Sagacious of his quarry from so far.  
 Then both from out Hell gates into the waste  
 Wide anarchy of Chaos damp and dark  
 Flew divers, and with power (their power was great)  
 Hovering upon the waters; what they met  
 Solid or slimy, as in raging sea

Toss'd up and down, together crowded drove  
 From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell.  
 As when two polar winds blowing adverse  
 Upon the Cronian sea, together drive  
 Mountains of ice, that stop the imagin'd way  
 Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich  
 Cathaian coast.    The aggregated soil  
 Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,  
 As with a trident smote, and fix'd as firm  
 As Delos floting once ; the rest his look  
 Bound with Gorgonian rigor not to move,  
 And with Asphaltic slime ; broad as the gate,  
 Deep to the roots of Hell the gather'd beach  
 They fasten'd, and the mole immense wrought on  
 Over the foaming deep high arch'd, a bridge  
 Of length prodigious joining to the wall  
 Immoveable of this now fenceless world  
 Forfeit to death ; from hence a passage broad,  
 Smooth, easy, inoffensive down to Hell.  
 So, if great things to small may be compar'd,  
 Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,  
 From Susa his Memnonian palace high  
 Came to the sea, and over Hellespont

Bridging his way, Europe with Asia join'd,  
 And scourg'd with many a stroke the indignant waves.  
 Now had they brought the work by wondrous art  
 Pontifical, a ridge of pendent rock  
 Over the vex'd abyss, following the track  
 Of Satan to the self-same place where he  
 First lighted from his wing, and landed safe  
 From out of Chaos, to the outside bare  
 Of this round world: with pins of adamant  
 And chains they made all fast, too fast they made  
 And durable; and now in little space  
 The confines met of empyréan Heaven  
 And of this World, and on the left hand Hell  
 With long reach interpos'd; three several ways  
 In sight, to each of these three places led.  
 And now their way to Earth they had descry'd,  
 To Paradise first tending, when behold  
 Satan in likeness of an Angel bright  
 Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering  
 His zenith, while the sun in Aries rose:  
 Disguis'd he came, but those his children dear  
 Their parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.  
 He, after Eve seduc'd, unminded slunk

Into the wood fast by, and changing shape  
 To' observe the sequel, saw his guileful act  
 By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded  
 Upon her husband, saw their shame that sought  
 Vain covertures ; but when he saw descend  
 The Son of God to judge them, terrify'd  
 He fled, not hoping to escape, but shun  
 The present, fearing guilty what his wrath  
 Might suddenly inflict ; that pass'd, return'd  
 By night, and listening where the hapless pair  
 Sat in their sad discourse, and various plaint,  
 Thence gather'd his own doom, which understood  
 Not instant, but of future time    With joy  
 And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd,  
 And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot  
 Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhop'd  
 Met who to meet him came, his offspring dear.  
 Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight  
 Of that stupendous bridge his joy increas'd.  
 Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair  
 Inchanting daughter, thus the silence broke.

O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,  
 Thy trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own,

Thou art their author and prime architect :  
 For I no sooner in my heart divin'd,  
 My heart, which by a secret harmony  
 Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion sweet,  
 That thou on Earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks  
 Now also evidence, but straight I felt,  
 Though distant from thee worlds between, yet felt  
 That I must after thee with this thy son ;  
 Such fatal consequence unites us three :  
 Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,  
 Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure  
 Detain from following thy illustrious track.  
 Thou hast achiev'd our liberty, confin'd  
 Within Hell gates till now, thou us impower'd  
 To fortify thus far, and overlay  
 With this portentous bridge the dark abyss.  
 Thine now is all this world ; thy virtue' hath won  
 What thy hands builded not, thy wisdom gain'd  
 With odds what war hath lost, and fully' aveng'd  
 Our foil in Heaven ; here thou shalt Monarch reign,  
 There didst not : there let him still victor sway,  
 As battel hath adjudg'd, from this new world  
 Retiring, by his own doom alienated,



Designed by H. Jackson

Engraved by J. Kettle, Junr

Soaring with speed  
their course through thickest constellations held,  
Spreading their vane, the blasted stars looked wan,

Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.  
 My substitutes I send ye, and create  
 Plenipotent on Earth, of matchless might  
 Issuing from me : on your joint vigor now  
 My hold of this new kingdom all depends,  
 Through Sin to death expos'd by my exploit.  
 If your joint power prevail, the affairs of Hell  
 No detriment need fear ; go and be strong.

So saying, he dismiss'd them ; they with speed  
 Their course through thickest constellations held,  
 Spreading their bane ; the blasted stars look'd wan,  
 And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse  
 Then suffer'd. The other way Satan went down  
 The causey to Hell gate : on either side  
 Disparted Chaos over built exclam'd,  
 And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,  
 That scorn'd his indignation : through the gate,  
 Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,  
 And all about found desolate ; for those  
 Appointed to sit there, had left their charge,  
 Flown to the upper world ; the rest were all  
 Far to the inland retir'd, about the walls  
 Of Pandemonium, city and proud seat

Of Lucifer, so by allusion call'd,  
 Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd.  
 There kept their watch the legions, while the Grand  
 In council sate, solicitous what chance  
 Might intercept their Emperor sent, so he  
 Departing gave command, and they observ'd,  
 As when the Tartar from his Russian foe  
 By Astracan over the snowy plains  
 Retires, or Bactrian Sophi from the horns  
 Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond  
 The realm of Aladule, in his retreat  
 To Tauris or Casbeen; so these, the late  
 Heaven-banish'd host, left desert utmost Hell  
 Many a dark league, reduc'd in careful watch  
 Round their metropolis, and now expecting  
 Each hour their great adventurer from the search  
 Of foreign worlds: he through the midst unmark'd,  
 In show plebeian Angel militant  
 Of lowest order, past; and from the door  
 Of that Plutonian hall, invisible  
 Ascended his high throne, which under state  
 Of richest texture spread, at the upper end  
 Was plac'd in regal lustre.    Down a while



He sate, and round about him saw unseen :  
 At last as from a cloud his fulgent head  
 And shape star-bright appear'd, or brighter, clad  
 With what permissive glory since his fall  
 Was left him, or false glitter : all amaz'd  
 At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng  
 Bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,  
 Their mighty chief return'd : loud was the acclame :  
 Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers,  
 Rais'd from their dark Divan, and with like joy  
 Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand  
 Silence, and with these words attention won.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,  
 For in possession such, not only of right,  
**I** call ye and declare ye now, return'd  
 Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth  
 Triumphant out of this infernal pit  
 Abominable, accurs'd, the house of woe,  
 And dungeon of our Tyrant ; now possess,  
 As Lords, a spacious world, to' our native Heaven  
 Little inferior, by my adventure hard  
 With peril great achiev'd. Long were to tell  
 What I have done, what suffer'd, with what pain

Voyaged the unreal, vast, unbounded deep  
 Of horrible confusion, over which  
 By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd  
 'To expedite your glorious march ; but I  
 Toil'd out my uncouth passage, forc'd to ride  
 The untractable abyss, plung'd in the womb  
 Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,  
 \*That jealous of their secrets fiercely oppos'd  
 My journey strange, with clamorous uproar  
 Protesting Fate supreme ; thence how I found  
 The new created world, which fame in Heaven  
 Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful  
 Of absolute perfection, therein Man  
 Plac'd in a Paradise, by our exile  
 Made happy : him by fraud I have seduc'd  
 From his Creator, and the more to increase  
 Your wonder, with an apple ; he thereat  
 Offended, worth your laughter, hath given up  
 Both his beloved Man and all his world,  
 To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,  
 Without our hazard, labor, or alarm,  
 To range in and to dwell, and over Man  
 To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.

True is, me also he hath judg'd, or rather  
 Me not, but the brute Serpent in whose shape  
 Man I deceiv'd : that which to me belongs,  
 Is enmity, which he will put between  
 Me and Mankind ; I am to bruise his heel ;  
 His seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head :  
 A world who would not purchase with a bruise,  
 Or much more grievous pain ? Ye have the account  
 Of my performance : what remains, ye Gods,  
 But up and enter now into full bliss.

So having said, a while he stood, expecting  
 Their universal shout and high applause  
 To fill his ear, when contrary he hears  
 On all sides, from innumerable tongues  
 A dismal universal hiss, the sound  
 Of public scorn ; he wonder'd, but not long  
 Had leisure, wondering at himself now more ;  
 His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,  
 His arms clung to his ribs, his legs entwining  
 Each other, till supplanted down he fell  
 A monstrous Serpent on his belly prone,  
 Reluctant, but in vain, a greater power  
 Now rul'd him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd,

According to his doom : he would have spoke,  
But hiss for hiss return'd with forked tongue  
To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd  
Alike, to Serpents all as accessories  
To his bold riot : dreadful was the din  
Of hissing through the hall, thick swarming now  
With complicated monsters head and tail,  
Scorpion and asp, and Amphibæna dire,  
Cerastes horn'd, Hydrus and Elops drear,  
And Dipsas (not so thick swarm'd once the soil  
Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the ile  
Ophiusa); but still greatest he the midst,  
Now Dragon grown, larger than whom the sun  
Ingender'd in the Pythian vale on slime,  
Huge Python, and his power no less he seem'd  
Above the rest still to retain ; they all  
Him follow'd, issuing forth to the open field,  
Where all yet left of that revolted rout  
Heaven-fallen, in station stood or just array,  
Sublime with expectation when to see  
In triumph issuing forth their glorious chief ;  
They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd  
Of ugly Serpents ; horror on them fell,

And horrid sympathy ; for what they saw,  
 They felt themselves now changing ; down their arms,  
 Down fell both spear and shield, down they as fast,  
 And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form  
 Catch'd by contagion, like in punishment,  
 As in their crime. Thus was the applause they meant,  
 Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame  
 Cast on themselves from their own mouths There stood  
 A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,  
 His will who reigns above, to aggravate  
 Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that  
 Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve  
 Us'd by the Tempter : on that prospect strange  
 Their earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining  
 For one forbidden tree a multitude  
 Now risen, to work them further woe or shame ;  
 Yet parch'd with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,  
 Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,  
 But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the trees  
 Climbing, sat thicker than the snaky locks  
 That curl'd Megæra : greedily they pluck'd  
 The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew  
 Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flam'd ;  
 This more delusive, not the touch, but taste

Deceiv'd ; they fondly thinking to allay  
 Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit  
 Chew'd bitter ashes, which the offended taste  
 With spattering noise rejected : oft they' assay'd,  
 Hunger and thirst constraining, drugg'd as oft  
 With hatefulest disrelish writ'd their jaws  
 With soot and cinders fill'd ; so oft they fell  
 Into the same illusion, not as Man  
 Whom they triumph'd once laps'd. Thus were they plagued  
 And worn with famine, long and ceaseless hiss,  
 Till their lost shape permitted, they resum'd,  
 Yearly enjoin'd, some say, to undergo  
 This annual humbling certain number'd days,  
 To dash their pride, and joy for Man seduc'd.  
 However some tradition they dispers'd  
 Among the Heathen of their purchase got,  
 And fabled how the Serpent, whom they call'd  
 Ophion with Eurynome, the wide  
 Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule  
 Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driven  
 And Ops, ere yet Dictean Jove was born.

Meanwhile in Paradise the hellish pair  
 Too soon arriv'd, Sin there in power before,  
 Once actual, now in body, and to dwell

Habitual habitant ; behind her Death  
 Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet  
 On his pale horse : to whom Sin thus began.

Second of Satan sprung, all conquering Death,  
 What think'st thou of our empire now, though earn'd  
 With travail difficult, not better far  
 Than still at Hell's dark threshold to' have sate watch,  
 Unnam'd, undreaded, and thyself half starv'd ?

Whom thus the Sin-born monster answer'd soon.  
 To me, who with eternal famine pine,  
 Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven,  
 There best, where most with ravin I may meet ;  
 Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems  
 To stuff this maw, this vast unhide-bound corpse.

To whom the incestuous Mother thus reply'd.  
 Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits, and flowers,  
 Feed first, on each beast next, and fish, and fowl,  
 No homely morsels ; and whatever thing  
 The scythe of Time mows down, devour unspar'd,  
 Till I in Man residing through the race,  
 His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect,  
 And season him thy last and sweetest prey.

This said, they both betook them several ways,  
 Both to destroy, or unimmortal make

All kinds, and for destruction to mature  
 Sooner or later ; which the Almighty seeing,  
 From his transcendant seat the Saints among,  
 To those bright Orders utter'd thus his voice.

See with what heat these dogs of Hell advance  
 To waste and havoc yonder world, which I  
 So fair and good created, and had still  
 Kept in that state, had not the folly of Man  
 Let in these wasteful furies, who impute  
 Folly to me, so doth the Prince of Hell  
 And his adherents, that with so much ease  
 I suffer them to enter and possess  
 A place so heavenly, and conniving seem  
 To gratify my scornful enemies,  
 That laugh, as if transported with some fit  
 Of passion, I to them had quitted all,  
 At random yielded up to their misrule ;  
 And know not that I call'd and drew them thither  
 My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth  
 Which Man's polluting sin with taint hath shed  
 On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh burst  
 With suck'd and glutted offal, at one sling  
 Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,  
 Both sin and death, and yawning Grave at last



Through Chaos hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of Hell  
 For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.  
 Then Heaven and Earth renew'd shall be made pure  
 To sanctity that shall receive no stain:  
 Till then the curse pronounc'd on both precedes.

He ended, and the heavenly audience loud  
 Sung Hallelujah, as the sound of seas,  
 Through multitude that sung: Just are thy ways,  
 Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;  
 Who can extenuate thee? next, to the Son,  
 Destin'd restorer of Mankind, by whom  
 New Heaven and Earth shall to the ages rise,  
 Or down from Heaven descend. Such was their song,  
 While the Creator calling forth by name  
 His mighty Angels, gave them several charge,  
 As sorted best with present things. The sun  
 Had first his precept so to move, so shine,  
 As might affect the Earth with cold and heat  
 Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call  
 Decrepid winter, from the south to bring  
 Solstitial summer's heat. To the blanc moon  
 Her office they prescrib'd; to the other five  
 Their planetary motions and aspécts

In Sextile, Square, and Trine, and opposite,  
 Of noxious efficacy, and when to join  
 In synod unbenign, and taught the fix'd  
 Their influence malignant when to shower,  
 Which of them rising with the sun, or falling,  
 Should prove tempestuous: to the winds they set  
 Their corners, when with bluster to confound  
 Sea, air, and shore, the thunder when to roll  
 With terror through the dark aëreal hall.  
 Some say he bid his Angels turn askance  
 The poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more  
 From the sun's axle; they with labor push'd  
 Oblique the centric globe: some say the sun  
 Was bid turn reins from the equinoxial road  
 Like distant breadth to Taurus with the seven  
 Atlantic sisters, and the Spartan Twins  
 Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down amain  
 By Leo and the Virgin and the Scales,  
 As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change  
 Of seasons to each clime; else had the spring  
 Perpetual smil'd on Earth with verdant flowers,  
 Equal in days and nights, except to those  
 Beyond the polar circles; to them day

Had unbenighted shone, while the low sun  
 To recompence his distance, in their sight  
 Had rounded still the horison, and not known  
 Or east or west, which had forbid the snow  
 From cold Estotiland, and south as far  
 Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit  
 The sun, as from Thyéstean banquet, turn'd  
 His course intended; else how had the world  
 Inhabited, though sinless, more than now,  
 Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?  
 These changes in the Heavens, though slow, produc'd  
 Like change on sea and land, sideral blast,  
 Vapor, and mist, and exhalation hot,  
 Corrupt and pestilent: now from the north  
 Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore  
 Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice  
 And snow and hail and stormy gust and flaw,  
 Boreas and Cæcias and Argestes loud  
 And Thrascias rend the woods and seas up-turn;  
 With adverse blast up-turns them from the south  
 Notus and Afer black with thundrous clouds  
 From Serraliona; thwart of these as fierce  
 Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent winds

Eurus and Zephyr with their lateral noise,  
 Sirocco, and Libeccio. Thus began  
 Outrage from lifeless things ; but Discord first  
 Daughter of Sin, among the irrational,  
 Death introduc'd through fierce antipathy :  
 Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,  
 And fish with fish ; to graze the herb all leaving,  
 Devour'd each other ; nor stood much in awe  
 Of Man, but fled him, or with countenance grim  
 Glar'd on him passing : these were from without  
 The growing miseries, which Adam saw  
 Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,  
 To sorrow' abandon'd, but worse felt within,  
 And in a troubled sea of passion toss'd,  
 Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint.

O miserable of happy ! is this the end  
 Of this new glorious World, and me so late  
 The glory of that glory, who now become  
 Accurs'd of blessed, hide me from the face  
 Of God, whom to behold was then my highth  
 Of happiness ! yet well, if here would end  
 The misery ; I deserv'd it, and would bear  
 My own deservings ; but this will not serve ;

All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,  
 Is propagated curse. O voice once heard  
 Delightfully, Increase and multiply,  
 Now death to hear! for what can I increase  
 Or multiply, but curses on my head?  
 Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling  
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse  
 My head? Ill fare our ancestor impure,  
 For this we may thank Adam; but his thanks  
 Shall be the execration; so besides  
 Mine own that bide upon me, all from me  
 Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,  
 On me as on their natural center light  
 Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys  
 Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!  
 Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay  
 To mould me Man? did I solicit thee  
 From darkness to promote me, or here place  
 In this delicious garden? As my will  
 Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right  
 And equal to reduce me to my dust,  
 Desirous to resign, and render back  
 All I receiv'd, unable to perform

Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold  
 The good I sought not. To the loss of that  
 Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added  
 The sense of endless woes? inexplicable  
 Thy justice seems; yet to say truth, too late,  
 I thus contest; then should have been refus'd  
 Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd:  
 Thou didst accept them; wilt thou' enjoy the good,  
 Then cavil the conditions? and though God  
 Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son  
 Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,  
 Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:  
 Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee  
 That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,  
 But natural necessity begot.

God made thee of choice his own, and of his own  
 To serve him; thy reward was of his grace,  
 Thy punishment then justly' is at his will.  
 Be it so, for I submit; his doom is fair,  
 That dust I am, and shall to dust return:  
 O welcome hour whenever! why delays  
 His hand to execute what his decree  
 Fix'd on this day? why do I overlive,

Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out  
 To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet  
 Mortality my sentence, and be Earth  
 Insensible! how glad would lay me down  
 As in my mother's lap! there I should rest  
 And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more  
 Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worse  
 To me and to my offspring would torment me  
 With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt  
 Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die,  
 Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of Man  
 Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish  
 With this corporeal clod; then in the grave,  
 Or in some other dismal place, who knows  
 But I shall die a living death? O thought  
 Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath  
 Of life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life  
 And sin? the body properly hath neither.  
 All of me then shall die: let this appease  
 The doubt, since human reach no further knows.  
 For though the Lord of all be infinite,  
 Is his wrath also? be it, Man is not so,  
 But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise  
 Wrath without end on Man, whom death must end?

Can he make deathless death? that were to make  
 Strange contradiction, which to God himself  
 Impossible is held, as argument  
 Of weakness, not of power. Will he draw out,  
 For anger's sake, finite to infinite  
 In punish'd Man, to satisfy his rigor  
 Satisfy'd never? that were to extend  
 His sentence beyond dust and nature's law,  
 By which all causes else according still  
 To the reception of their matter act,  
 Not to the extent of their own sphere. But say  
 That death be not one stroke, as I suppos'd,  
 Bereaving sense, but endless misery  
 From this day onward, which I feel begun  
 Both in me, and without me, and so last  
 To perpetuity: Ay me, that fear  
 Comes thundering black with dreadful revolution  
 On my defenseless head; both Death and I  
 Am found eternal, and incorporate both,  
 Nor I on my part single, in me all  
 Posterity stands curs'd: Fair patrimony  
 That I must leave ye, Sons; O were I able  
 To waste it all myself, and leave ye none!  
 So disinherited, how would ye bless



Me now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind  
 For one Man's fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,  
 If guiltless? but from me what can proceed,  
 But all corrupt, both mind and will deprav'd,  
 Not to do only, but to will the same  
 With me? how can they then acquitted stand  
 In sight of God? Him after all disputes  
 Forc'd I absolve: all my evasions vain,  
 And reasonings, though through mazes lead me still,  
 But to my own conviction: first and last  
 On me, me only, as the source and spring  
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;  
 So might the wrath. Fond wish! couldst thou support  
 That burden heavier than the Earth to bear,  
 Than all the world much heavier, though divided  
 With that bad Woman? Thus what thou desirest,  
 And what thou fearest, alike destroys all hope  
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable  
 Beyond all past example and future,  
 To Satan only like both crime and doom.  
 O Conscience, into what abyss of fears  
 And horrors hast thou driven me; out of which  
 I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud  
 Through the still night, not now, as ere Man fell,  
 Wholesome and cool, and mild, but with black air  
 Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,  
 Which to his evil conscience represented  
 All things with double terror: on the ground  
 Out-stretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft  
 Curs'd his creation, death as oft accus'd  
 Of tardy execution, since denounc'd  
 The day of his offense. Why comes not death,  
 Said he, with one thrice-acceptable stroke  
 To end me? shall truth fail to keep her word,  
 Justice divine not hasten to be just?  
 But death comes not at call, justice divine  
 Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.  
 O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales and bowers,  
 With other echo late I taught your shades  
 To answer, and resound far other song.

Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,  
 Desolate where she sate, approaching nigh,  
 Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd:  
 But her with stern regard he thus repell'd.

Out of my sight, thou Serpent; that name best  
 Befits thee with him leagued, thyself as false

And hateful ; nothing wants, but that thy shape,  
Like his, and color serpentine may show  
Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee  
Henceforth ; lest that too heavenly form, pretended  
To hellish falshood, snare them. But for thee  
I had persisted happy', had not thy pride  
And wandering vanity, when least was safe,  
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd  
Not to be trusted, longing to be seen  
Though by the Devil himself, him over-weening  
To over-reach, but with the Serpent meeting  
Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee,  
To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wise,  
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,  
And understood not all was but a show  
Rather than solid virtue' ; all but a rib  
Crooked by Nature, bent, as now appears,  
More to the part sinister from me drawn,  
Well if thrown out, as supernumerary  
To my just number found. O why did God,  
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heaven  
With spirits masculine, create at last  
This novelty on Earth, this fair defect  
Of Nature, and not fill the world at once

With Men as Angels without feminine,  
 Or find some other way to generate  
 Mankind! this mischief had not then befallen,  
 And more that shall befall, innumerable  
 Disturbances on Earth through female snares,  
 And straight conjunction with this sex: for either  
 He never shall find out fit mate, but such  
 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;  
 Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain  
 Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd  
 By a far worse, or if she love, withheld  
 By parents; or his happiest choice too late  
 Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound  
 To a fell adversary', his hate or shame:  
 Which infinite calamity shall cause  
 To human life, and household peace confound.

He added not, and from her turn'd; but Eve  
 Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,  
 And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet  
 Fell humble, and embracing them, besought  
 His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

Forsake me not thus, Adam; witness Heaven  
 What love sincere, and reverence in my heart  
 I bear thee, and unwitting have offended,

Unhappily deceiv'd ; thy suppliant  
 I beg, and clasp thy knees ; bereave me not,  
 Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
 Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,  
 My only strength and stay : forlorn of thee,  
 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist ?  
 While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,  
 Between us two let there be peace, both joining,  
 As join'd in injuries, one enmity  
 Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,  
 That cruel Serpent : on me exercise not  
 Thy hatred for this misery befallen,  
 On me already lost, me than thyself  
 More miserable ; both have sinn'd, but thou  
 Against God only', I against God and thee,  
 And to the place of judgment will return,  
 There with my cries importune Heaven, that all  
 The sentence from thy head remov'd may light  
 On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,  
 Me, me only just object of his ire.

She ended weeping, and her lowly plight,  
 Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault  
 Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wrought  
 Commiseration ; soon his heart relented

Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,  
 Now at his feet submissive in distress,  
 Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,  
 His counsel whom she had displeas'd, his aid;  
 As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,  
 And thus with peaceful words, uprais'd her soon.

Unwary, and too desirous, as before,  
 So now of what thou knowest not, who desir'st  
 The punishment all on thyself; alas!  
 Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain  
 His full wrath whose thou feel'st as yet least part,  
 And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers  
 Could alter high decrees, I to that place  
 Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,  
 That on my head all might be visited,  
 Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,  
 To me committed, and by me expos'd.  
 But rise; let us no more contend, nor blame  
 Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive  
 In offices of love, how we may lighten  
 Each other's burden in our share of woe;  
 Since this day's death pronounc'd, if ought I see,  
 Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac'd evil,

A long day's dying to augment our pain,  
And to our seed (O hapless seed!) deriv'd.

To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, reply'd.  
Adam, by sad experiment I know  
How little weight my words with thee can find,  
Found so erroneous, thence by just event  
Found so unfortunate ; nevertheless,  
Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place  
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain  
Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart,  
Living or dying from thee I will not hide  
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen,  
Tending to some relief of our extremes,  
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,  
As in our evils, and of casier choice.  
If care of our descent perplex us most,  
Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd  
By Death at last ; and miserable it is  
To be to others cause of misery,  
Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring  
Into this cursed world a woeful race,  
That after wretched life must be at last  
Food for so foul a monster ; in thy power  
It lies, yet ere conception, to prevent

The race unblest, to be'ing yet unbegot.  
 Childless thou art, childless remain :  
 So Death shall be deceiv'd his glut, and with us two  
 Be forc'd to satisfy his ravenous maw.  
 But if thou judge it hard and difficult,  
 Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain  
 From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet,  
 And with desire to languish without hope,  
 Before the present object languishing  
 With like desire, which would be misery  
 And torment less than none of what we dread ;  
 Then both ourselves and seed at once to free  
 From what we fear for both, let us make short,  
 Let us seek Death, or he not found, supply  
 With our own hands his office on ourselves ;  
 Why stand we longer shivering under fears,  
 That shew no end but death, and have the power,  
 Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,  
 Destruction with destruction to destroy ?

She ended here, or vehement despair  
 Broke off the rest ; so much of death her thoughts  
 Had entertain'd, as dy'd her cheeks with pale.  
 But Adam with such counsel nothing sway'd,



To better hopes his more attentive mind  
 Laboring had rais'd, and thus to Eve reply'd.

Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems  
 To argue in thee something more sublime  
 And excellent than what thy mind contemas ;  
 But self-destruction therefore sought, refutes  
 That excellence thought in thee, and implies  
 Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret  
 For loss of life and pleasure overlov'd.

Or if thou covet death, as utmost end .

Of misery, so thinking to evade

The penalty pronounc'd, doubt not but God  
 Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire than so  
 To be forestall'd ; much more I fear lest death  
 So snatch'd will not exempt us from the pain:  
 We are by doom to pay, rather such acts .

Of contumacy will provoke the Highest

To make death in us live : then let us seek

Some safer resolution, which methinks

I have in view, calling to mind with heed

Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise

The Serpent's head ; piteous amends, unless

Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe

Satan, who in the Serpent hath contriv'd

Against us this deceit : to crush his head  
 Would be revenge indeed ; which will be lost  
 By death brought on ourselves, or childless days  
 Resolv'd, as thou proposest ; so our foe  
 Shall 'scape his punishment ordain'd, and we,  
 Instead, shall double ours upon our heads.  
 No more be mention'd then of violence  
 Against ourselves, and wilful barrenness,  
 That cuts us off from hope, and savors only  
 Rancor and pride, impatience and despite,  
 Reluctance against God and his just yoke  
 Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild  
 And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd  
 Without wrath or reviling ; we expected  
 Immediate dissolution, which we thought  
 Was meant by death that day, when lo, to thee  
 Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,  
 And bringing forth, soon recompenc'd with joy,  
 Fruit of thy womb : on me the curse aslope  
 Glanc'd on the ground, with labor I must earn  
 My bread ; what harm ? idleness had been worse ;  
 My labor will sustain me ; and lest cold  
 Or heat should injure us, his timely care  
 Hath unbesought provided, and his hands

Cloth'd us unworthy, pitying while he judg'd ;  
 How much more, if we pray him, will his ear  
 Be open, and his heart to pity' incline,  
 And teach us further by what means to shun  
 The inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow ?  
 Which now the sky with various face begins  
 To shew us in this mountain, while the winds  
 Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks  
 Of these fair spreading trees ; which bids us seek  
 Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish  
 Our limbs benumb'd, ere this diurnal star  
 Leave cold the night, how we his gather'd beams  
 Reflected, may with matter sere foment,  
 Or by collision of two bodies grind  
 The air attrite to fire, as late the clouds  
 Justling or push'd with winds rude in their shock  
 Tine the slant lightning, whose thwart flame driven down  
 Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine,  
 And sends a comfortable heat from far,  
 Which might supply the sun : such fire to use,  
 And what may else be remedy or cure  
 To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,  
 He will instruct us praying, and of grace  
 Beseeking him, so as we need not fear

To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd  
 By him with many comforts, till we end  
 In dust, our final rest and native home.  
 What better can we do, than to the place  
 Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall  
 Before him reverent, and there confess  
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears  
 Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air  
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.  
 Undoubtedly he will relent and turn  
 From his displeasure ; in whose look serene,  
 When angry most he seem'd and most severe,  
 What else but favor, grace, and mercy shone ?

So spake our Father penitent, nor Eve  
 Felt less remorse : they forthwith to the place  
 Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell  
 Before him reverent, and both confess'd  
 Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears  
 Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air  
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
 Of sorrow' unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

P A R A D I S E L O S T .

B O O K X I .

### THE ARGUMENT OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

THE Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them : God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise ; sends Michael with a band of Cherubim to dispossess them ; but first to reveal to Adam future things : Michael's coming down. Adam shews to Eve certain ominous signs ; he discerns Michael's approach, goes out to meet him : the Angel denounces their departure. Eve's Lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits : the Angel leads him up to a high hill, sets before him in vision what shall happen till the flood.



## B O O K   X I .

VER. I—10.

THUS they in lowliest plight repentant stood  
Praying ; for from the Mercy-seat above  
Prevenient grace descending had remov'd  
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh  
Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breath'd  
Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer  
Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heaven with speedier flight  
Than loudest oratory : yet their port  
Not of mean suitors, nor important less  
Seem'd their petition, than when the ancient pair

In fables old, less ancient yet than these,  
 Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha to restore  
 The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine  
 Of Themis stood devout. To Heaven their prayers  
 Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds  
 Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd  
 Dimensionless through heavenly doors; then clad  
 With incense, where the golden altar fum'd,  
 By their great Intercessor, came in sight  
 Before the Father's throne: them the glad Son  
 Presenting, thus to intercede began.

See, Father, what first fruits on earth are sprung  
 From thy implanted grace in Man; these sighs  
 And prayers, which in this golden censer, mix'd  
 With incense, I thy Priest before thee bring,  
 Fruits of more pleasing savor from thy seed  
 Sown with contrition in his heart, than those  
 Which his own hand manuring all the trees  
 Of Paradise could have produc'd, ere fallen  
 From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear  
 To supplication, hear his sighs though mute;  
 Unskilful with what words to pray, let me  
 Interpret for him, me his advocate



And propitiation; all his works on me  
 Good or not good ingraft; my merit those  
 Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.  
 Accept me, and in me from these receive  
 The smell of peace toward mankind; let him live  
 Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days  
 Number'd, though sad, till death, his doom (which I  
 To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse)  
 To better life shall yield him, where with me  
 All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss,  
 Made one with me as I with thee am one.

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene.  
 All thy request for Man, accepted Son,  
 Obtain; all thy request was my decree:  
 But longer in that Paradise to dwell,  
 The law I gave to Nature him forbids:  
 Those pure immortal elements that know  
 No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,  
 Eject him tainted now, and purge him off  
 As a distemper, gross to air as gross,  
 And mortal food, as may dispose him best  
 For dissolution wrought by sin, that first  
 Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt

Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts  
 Created him endow'd, with happiness  
 And immortality ; that fondly lost,  
 This other serv'd but to eternize woe ;  
 Till I provided death ; so death becomes  
 His final remedy, and after life  
 Try'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd  
 By faith and faithful works, to second life,  
 Wak'd in the renovation of the just,  
 Resigns him up with Heaven and Earth renew'd.  
 But let us call to synod all the blest  
 Through Heaven's wide bounds : from them I will not hide  
 My judgments, how with mankind I proceed,  
 As how with peccant Angels late they saw ;  
 And in their state, though firm, stood more confirm'd.

He ended, and the Son gave signal high  
 To the bright Minister that watch'd ; he blew  
 His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps  
 When God descended, and perhaps once more  
 To sound at general doom. The' angelic blast  
 Fill'd all the regions : from their blissful bowers  
 Of Amarantin shade, fountain or spring,  
 By the waters of life, where'er they sat

In fellowships of joy, the Sons of light  
 Hasted, resorting to the summons high,  
 And took their seats ; till from his throne supreme  
 The' Almighty thus pronounc'd his sovran will.

O Sons, like one of us Man is become  
 To know both good and evil, since his taste  
 Of that defended fruit ; but let him boast  
 His knowledge of good lost, and evil got ;  
 Happier, had it suffic'd him to have known  
 Good by itself, and evil not at all.

He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,  
 My motions in him, longer than they move,  
 His heart I know, how variable and vain  
 Self-left. Lest therefore his now bolder hand  
 Reach also of the tree of life, and eat,  
 And live for ever, dream at least to live  
 For ever, to remove him I decree,  
 And send him from the garden forth to till  
 The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.

Michael, this my behest have thou in charge :  
 Take to thee from among the Cherubim  
 Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the Fiend,  
 Or in behalf of Man, or to invade

Vacant possession, some new trouble raise :  
 Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God  
 Without remorse drive out the sinful pair,  
 From hallow'd ground the' unholy, and denounce  
 To them and to their progeny from thence  
 Perpetual banishment. Yet lest they faint  
 At the sad sentence rigorously urg'd,  
 For I behold them soften'd and with tears  
 Bewailing their excess, all terror hide.  
 If patiently thy bidding they obey,  
 Dismiss them not disconsolate ; reveal  
 To Adam what shall come in future days,  
 As I shall thee enlighten, intermix  
 My covenant in the Woman's seed renew'd ;  
 So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace :  
 And on the east side of the garden place,  
 Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,  
 Cherubic watch, and of a sword the flame  
 Wide-waving, all approach far off to fright,  
 And guard all passage to the tree of life :  
 Lest Paradise a receptacle prove  
 To spirits foul, and all my trees their prey,  
 With whose stolen fruit Man once more to delude.

He ceas'd ; and the' archangelic Power prepar'd  
 For swift descent, with him the cohort bright  
 Of watchful Cherubim ; four faces each  
 Had, like a double Janus, all their shape  
 Spangled with eyes more numerous than those  
 Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse,  
 Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the pastoral reed  
 Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Meanwhile  
 To resalute the world with sacred light  
 Leucothea wak'd, and with fresh dews imbalm'd  
 The Earth, when Adam and first matron Eve  
 Had ended now their orisons, and found  
 Strength added from above, new hope to spring  
 Out of despair ; joy, but with fear yet link'd ;  
 Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd.

Eve, easily may faith admit, that all  
 The good which we enjoy, from Heaven descends ;  
 But that from us ought shall ascend to Heaven  
 So prevalent as to concern the mind  
 Of God high-bless'd, or to incline his will,  
 Hard to belief may seem ; yet this will prayer,  
 Or one short sigh of human breath, up-borne  
 Even to the seat of God. For since I sought

By prayer the offended Deity to' appease,  
 Kneel'd and before him humbled all my heart,  
 Methought I saw him, placable and mild,  
 Bending his ear : persuasion in me drew  
 That I was heard with favor ; peace return'd  
 Home to my breast, and to my memory  
 His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe ;  
 Which then not minded in dismay, yet now  
 Assures me that the bitterness of death  
 Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee,  
 Eve rightly call'd, Mother of all mankind,  
 Mother of all things living, since by thee  
 Man is to live, and all things live for Man.

To whom thus Eve, with sad demeanour meek.  
 Ill worthy I such title should belong  
 To me transgressor, who, for thee ordain'd  
 A help, became thy snare ; to me reproach  
 Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise :  
 But infinite in pardon was my Judge,  
 That I, who first brought death on all, am grac'd  
 The source of life ; next favorable thou,  
 Who highly thus to' entitle me vouchsaf'st,  
 Far other name deserving. But the field

To labor calls us now with sweat impos'd,  
 Though after sleepless night : for see the morn,  
 All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins  
 Her rosy progress smiling ; let us forth,  
 I never from thy side henceforth to stray,  
 Where'er our day's work lies, though now enjoin'd  
 Laborious, till day droop : while here we dwell,  
 What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks ?  
 Here let us live, though in fallen state, content.

So spake, so wish'd much-humbled Eve, but Fate  
 Subscrib'd not ; Nature first gave signs, impress'd  
 On bird, beast, air, air suddenly eclips'd  
 After short blush of morn ; nigh in her sight  
 The bird of Jove, stoop'd from his aery tour,  
 Two birds of gayest plume before him drove :  
 Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,  
 First hunter then, pursued a gentle brace,  
 Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind ;  
 Direct to the' eastern gate was bent their flight.  
 Adam observ'd, and with his eye the chace  
 Pursuing, not unmov'd to Eve thus spake.

O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,  
 Which Heaven, by these mute signs in nature, shows

Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn  
 Us haply too secure of our discharge  
 From penalty, because from death releas'd  
 Some days: how long, and what till then our life,  
 Who knows, or more than this, that we are dust,  
 And thither must return and be no more?  
 Why else this double object in our sight,  
 Of flight pursued in the' air, and o'er the ground  
 One way the self-same hour? Why in the east  
 Darkness ere day's mid-course, and morning light  
 More orient in yon western cloud that draws  
 O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,  
 And slow descends, with something heavenly fraught?

He err'd not, for by this the heavenly bands  
 Down from a sky of jasper lighted now  
 In Paradise, and on a hill made halt,  
 A glorious apparition, had not doubt  
 And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.  
 Not that more glorious, when the Angels met  
 Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw  
 The field pavilion'd with his Guardians bright;  
 Nor that which on the flaming mount appear'd  
 In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,



Against the Syrian king, who, to surprise  
 One man, assassin-like, had levied war,  
 War unproclaim'd. The princely Hierarchy  
 In their bright stand, there left his Powers to seize  
 Possession of the garden ; he alone,  
 To find where Adam shelter'd, took his way,  
 Not unperceiv'd of Adam, who to Eve,  
 While the great Visitant approach'd, thus spake.

Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps  
 Of us will soon determin, or impose  
 New laws to be observ'd ; for I descry  
 From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill  
 One of the heavenly host, and by his gait  
 None of the meanest, some great potentate  
 Or of the thrones above, such majesty  
 Invests him coming ; yet not terrible  
 That I should fear, nor sociably mild,  
 As Raphael, that I should much confide,  
 But solemn and sublime, whom not to' offend,  
 With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.

He ended ; and the' Archangel soon drew nigh,  
 Not in his shape celestial, but as man  
 Clad to meet man ; over his lucid arms

A military vest of purple flow'd  
 Livelier than Melibæan, or the grain  
 Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old  
 In time of truce ; Iris had dipt the woof ;  
 His starry helm unbuckled show'd him prime  
 In manhood where youth ended : by his side,  
 As in a glistering zodiac, hung the sword,  
 Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.  
 Adam bow'd low ; he kingly from his state  
 Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declar'd.

Adam, Heaven's high behest no preface needs :  
 Sufficient that thy prayers are heard, and death,  
 Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,  
 Defeated of his seisure many days  
 Given thee of grace, wherein thou mayst repent,  
 And one bad act with many deeds well done  
 Mayst cover : well may then thy lord appeas'd  
 Redeem thee quite from death's rapacious clame ;  
 But longer in this Paradise to dwell  
 Permits not ; to remove thee I am come,  
 And send thee from the garden forth to till  
 The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil.

He added not ; for Adam, at the news  
 Heart-struck, with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,

That all his senses bound : Eve, who unseen  
 Yet all had heard, with audible lament  
 Discover'd soon the place of her retire.

O unexpected stroke, worse than of death!  
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave  
 Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,  
 Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,  
 Quiet though sad, the respite of that day  
 That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,  
 That never will in other climate grow,  
 My early visitation, and my last  
 At even, which I bred up with tender hand  
 From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,  
 Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank  
 Your tribes, and water from the' ambrosial fount?  
 Thee lastly nuptial bower, by me adorn'd  
 With what to sight or smell was sweet ; from thee  
 How shall I part, and whither wander down  
 Into a lower world, to this obscure  
 And wild? how shall we breathe in other air  
 Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild.  
 Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign

What justly thou hast lost ; nor set thy heart,  
 Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine :  
 Thy going is not lonely, with thee goes  
 Thy husband, him to follow thou art bound ;  
 Where he abides, think there thy native soil.

Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp  
 Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,  
 To Michael thus his humble words address'd.

Celestial, whether among the thrones, or nam'd  
 Of them the highest, for such of shape may seem  
 Prince above princes, gently hast thou told  
 Thy message, which might else in telling wound,  
 And in performing end us ; what besides  
 Of sorrow and dejection and despair  
 Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,  
 Departure from this happy place, our sweet  
 Recess, and only consolation left  
 Familiar to our eyes, all places else  
 Inhospitable appear and desolate,  
 Nor knowing us nor known : and if by prayer  
 Incessant I could hope to change the will  
 Of him who all things can, I would not cease  
 To weary him with my assiduous cries :

But prayer against his absolute decree  
 No more avails than breath against the wind,  
 Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth :  
 Therefore to his great bidding I submit.  
 This most afflicts me, that departing hence,  
 As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd  
 His blessed countenance ; here I could frequent,  
 With worship, place by place where he vouchsaf'd  
 Presence divine, and to my sons relate :  
 On this mount he appear'd, under this tree  
 Stood visible ; among these pines his voice  
 I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd :  
 So many grateful altars I would rear  
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone  
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory,  
 Or monument to ages, and thereon  
 Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits and flowers :  
 In yonder nether world where shall I seek  
 His bright appearances, or footstep trace ?  
 For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd  
 To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now  
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts  
 Of glory, and far off his steps adore.

To whom thus Michael with regard benign.  
 Adam, thou know'st Heaven his, and all the Earth,  
 Not this rock only ; his omnipresence fills  
 Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,  
 Fomented by his virtual power and warm'd :  
 All the Earth he gave thee to possess and rule,  
 No despicable gift ; surmise not then  
 His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd  
 Of Paradise or Eden : this had been  
 Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread  
 All generations, and had hither come  
 From all the ends of the' Earth, to celebrate  
 And reverence thee their great progenitor.  
 But this pre-eminence thou' hast lost, brought down  
 To dwell on even ground now with thy sons :  
 Yet doubt not but in valley and plain  
 God is as here, and will be found alike  
 Present, and of his presence many a sign  
 Still following thee, still compassing thee round  
 With goodness and paternal love, his face  
 Express, and of his steps the track divine.  
 Which that thou mayst believe, and be confirm'd  
 Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent

To show thee what shall come in future days  
 To thee and to thy offspring ; good with bad  
 Expect to hear, supernal grace contending  
 With sinfulness of men : thereby to learn  
 True patience, and to temper joy with fear  
 And pious sorrow, equally inur'd  
 By moderation either state to bear,  
 Prosperous or adverse : so shalt thou lead  
 Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure  
 Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend  
 This hill ; let Eve (for I have drench'd her eyes)  
 Here sleep below, while thou to foresight wak'st,  
 As once thou slept'st, while she to life was form'd.

To whom thus Adam gratefully reply'd.  
 Ascend ; I follow thee, safe guide, the path  
 Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of Heaven submit,  
 However chastening, to the evil turn  
 My obvious breast, arming to overcome  
 By suffering, and earn rest from labor won,  
 If so I may attain. So both ascend  
 In the visions of God : it was a hill  
 Of Paradise the highest, from whose top  
 The hemisphere of Earth in clearest ken

Stretch'd out to the' amplest reach of prospect lay.  
 Not higher that hill, nor wider looking round,  
 Whereon for different cause the Tempter sat,  
 Our second Adam in the wilderness,  
 To show him all Earth's kingdoms and their glory.  
 His eye might there command wherever stood  
 City of old or modern fame, the seat  
 Of mightiest empire, from the destin'd walls  
 Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can  
 And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,  
 To Paquin of Sinæan kings, and thence  
 To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul  
 Down to the golden Chersonese, or where  
 The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since  
 In Hispahan, or where the Russian Ksar  
 In Mosco, or the Sultan in Bizance,  
 Turchestan born; nor could his eye not ken  
 The' empire of Negus to his utmost port  
 Ercoco, and the less maritim kings  
 Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,  
 And Sofala thought Ophir, to the realm  
 Of Congo, and Angolo farthest south;  
 Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas Mount



The kingdoms of Almansor, Fez and Sus,  
 Morocco and Algiers, and Tremisen ;  
 On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway  
 The world : in spirit perhaps he also saw  
 Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,  
 And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat  
 Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoil'd  
 Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons  
 Call El Dorado : but to nobler sights  
 Michael from Adam's eyes the film remov'd,  
 Which that false fruit that promis'd clearer sight  
 Had bred ; then purg'd with euphrasy and rue  
 The visual nerve, for he had much to see ;  
 And from the well of life three drops instill'd.  
 So deep the power of these ingredients pierc'd,  
 E'en to the inmost seat of mental sight,  
 That Adam, now enforc'd to close his eyes,  
 Sunk down, and all his spirits became intranc'd :  
 But him the gentle Angel by the hand  
 Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.

Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold  
 The' effects which thy original crime hath wrought  
 In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd

The' excepted tree, nor with the snake conspir'd,  
 Nor sinn'd thy sin, yet from that sin derive  
 Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,  
 Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves  
 New reap'd, the other part sheep-walks and folds ;  
 I' th' midst an altar as the land-mark stood  
 Rustic, of grassy sord ; thither anon  
 A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought  
 First fruits, the green ear, and the yellow sheaf,  
 Uncull'd as came to hand ; a shepherd next  
 More meek came with the firstlings of his flock,  
 Choicest and best ; then, sacrificing, laid  
 The inwards and their fat, with incense strew'd,  
 On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd.  
 His offering soon propitious fire from Heaven  
 Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful steam ;  
 The other's not, for his was not sincere ;  
 Whereat he inly rag'd, and as they talk'd,  
 Smote him into the midriff with a stone  
 That beat out life ; he fell, and deadly pale  
 Groan'd out his soul with gushing blood effus'd.  
 Much at that sight was Adam in his heart  
 Dismay'd, and thus in haste to the' Angel cry'd.

O Teacher, some great mischief hath befallen  
 To that meek Man, who well had sacrific'd ;  
 Is piety thus and pure devotion paid ?

To whom Michaël thus, he also mov'd, reply'd.  
 These two are brethren, Adam, and to come  
 Out of thy loins ; the' unjust the just hath slain,  
 For envy that his brother's offering found  
 From Heaven acceptance ; but the bloody fact  
 Will be aveng'd, and the other's faith approv'd  
 Lose no reward, though here thou see him die,  
 Rolling in dust and gore. To which our Sire.

Alas ! both for the deed and for the cause !  
 But have I now seen Death ? Is this the way  
 I must return to native dust ? O sight  
 Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,  
 Horrid to think, how horrible to feel !

To whom thus Michaël. Death thou hast seen  
 In his first shape on Man ; but many shapes  
 Of death, and many are the ways that lead  
 To his grim cave, all dismal ; yet to sense  
 More terrible at the entrance than within.  
 Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,  
 By fire, flood, famin, by intemperance more

In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring  
 Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew  
 Before thee shall appear; that thou may'st know  
 What misery the' inabstinence of Eve  
 Shall bring on men. Immediately a place  
 Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark,  
 A lazarus-house it seem'd, wherein were laid  
 Numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies  
 Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms  
 Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,  
 Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,  
 Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,  
 Dæmoniac phrenzy, moping melancholy  
 And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,  
 Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,  
 Dropsies and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.  
 Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair  
 Tended the sick busiest from couch to couch;  
 And over them triumphant Death his dart  
 Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoc'd  
 With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.  
 Sight so deform, what heart of rock could long  
 Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept,

Though not of woman born ; compassion quell'd  
 His best of man, and gave him up to tears  
 A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess,  
 And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.

O miserable mankind, to what fall  
 Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd !  
 Better end here unborn. Why is life given  
 To be thus wrested from us ? rather why  
 Otruded on us thus ? who, if we knew  
 What we receive, would either not accept  
 Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,  
 Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus  
 The' image of God in Man created once  
 So goodly and erect, though faulty since,  
 To such unsightly sufferings be debas'd  
 Under inhuman pains ? why should not Man,  
 Retaining still divine similitude  
 In part, from such deformities be free,  
 And for his Maker's image sake exempt ?

Their Maker's image, answer'd Michael, then  
 Forsook them, when themselves they vilify'd  
 To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took  
 His image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,

Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.

Therefore so abject is their punishment,  
 Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own,  
 Or if his likeness, by themselves defac'd,  
 While they pervert pure Nature's healthful rules  
 To loathsome sickness, worthily, since they  
 God's image did not reverence in themselves.

I yield it just, said Adam, and submit.  
 But is there yet no other way, besides  
 These painful passages, how we may come  
 To death, and mix with our connatural dust ?

There is, said Michael, if thou well observe  
 The rule of not too much, by temperance taught  
 In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence  
 Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,  
 Till many years over thy head return :  
 So mayst thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop  
 Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease  
 Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature :  
 This is old age ; but then thou must outlive  
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change  
 To wither'd weak and grey ; thy senses then  
 Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego,

To what thou hast, and for the air of youth  
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign  
A melancholy damp of cold and dry  
To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume  
The balm of life. To whom our ancestor.

Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong  
Life much, bent rather how I may be quit  
Fairest and easiest of this cumbrous charge,  
Which I must keep till my appointed day  
Of rendring up, and patiently attend  
My dissolution. Michaël reply'd.  
Nor love thy life, nor hate ; but what thou liv'st  
Live well, how long or short permit to Heaven :  
And now prepare thee for another sight.

He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon  
Were tents of various hue ; by some were herds  
Of cattel grazing : others, whence the sound  
Of instruments that made melodious chime  
Was heard, of harp and organ ; and who mov'd  
Their stops and chords was seen : his volant touch  
Instinct through all proportions low and high  
Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue.  
In other part stood one who at the forge

Laboring, two massy clods of iron and brass  
    Had melted (whether found where casual fire  
    Had wasted woods on mountain or in vale,  
    Down to the veins of Earth, thence gliding hot  
    To some cave's mouth, or whether wash'd by stream  
    From under ground) the liquid ore he drain'd  
    Into fit moulds prepar'd ; from which he form'd  
    First his own tools ; then what might else be wrought  
    Fusil or graven in metal. After these,  
    But on the hither side a different sort  
    From the high neighboring hills, which was their seat,  
    Down to the plain descended : by their guise  
    Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent  
    To worship God aright, and know his works  
    Not hid, nor those things last which might preserve  
    Freedom and peace to men : they on the plain  
    Long had not walk'd, when from the tents behold  
    A bevy of fair women, richly gay  
    In gems and wanton dress ; to the' harp they sung  
    Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on :  
    The men, though grave, ey'd them, and let their eyes  
    Rove without rein, till in the amorous net  
    Fast caught, they lik'd, and each his liking chose ;



And now of love they treat till the' evening star  
 Love's harbinger appear'd ; then all in heat  
 They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke  
 Hymen, then first to marriage rites invok'd ;  
 With feast and music all the tents resound.  
 Such happy interview and fair event  
 Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flowers,  
 And charming symphonies attach'd the heart  
 Of Adam, soon inclin'd to' admit delight,  
 The bent of Nature ; which he thus express'd.

True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel blest,  
 Much better seems this vision, and more hope  
 Of peaceful days portends, than those two past ;  
 Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse,  
 Here Nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends.

To whom thus Michael. Judge not what is best  
 By pleasure, though to Nature seeming meet,  
 Created, as thou art, to nobler end  
 Holy and pure, conformity divine.  
 Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents  
 Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race  
 Who slew his brother ; studious they appear  
 Of arts that polish life, inventers rare,

Unmindful of their Maker, though his spirit  
 Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.  
 Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget ;  
 For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd  
 Of Goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,  
 Yet empty of all good wherein consists  
 Woman's domestic honour and chief praise ;  
 Bred only and completed to the taste  
 Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,  
 To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye.  
 To these that sober race of Men, whose lives  
 Religious titled them the sons of God,  
 Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame  
 Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles  
 Of these fair atheists, and now swim in joy,  
 (Ere long to swim at large) and laugh ; for which  
 The world ere long a world of tears must weep.

To whom thus Adam, of short joy bereft.  
 O pity' and shame, that they who to live well  
 Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread  
 Paths indirect, or in the midway faint !  
 But still I see the tenor of Man's woe  
 Holds on the same, from Woman to begin.

From Man's effeminate slackness it begins,  
 Said the' Angel, who should better hold his place  
 By wisdom, and superior gifts receiv'd.  
 But now prepare thee for another scene.

He look'd and saw wide territory spread  
 Before him, towns, and rural works between,  
 Cities of men with lofty gates and towers,  
 Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatning war,  
 Giants of mighty bone, and bold emprise ;  
 Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,  
 Single or in array of battel rang'd  
 Both horse and foot, nor idly mustring stood ;  
 One way a band select from forage drives  
 A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine  
 From a fat meadow ground ; or fleecy flock,  
 Ewes and their bleating lambs over the plain,  
 Their booty ; scarce with life the shepherds fly,  
 But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray ;  
 With cruel tournament the squadrons join ;  
 Where cattel pastur'd late, now scatter'd lies  
 With carcasses and arms the' ensanguin'd field  
 Deserted : others to a city strong  
 Lay siege, incamp'd ; by battery, scale, and mine,

Assaulting ; others from the wall defend  
 With dart and javelin, stones and sulphurous fire ;  
 On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.  
 In other part the scepter'd heralds call  
 To council in the city gates : anon  
 Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,  
 Assemble, and harangues are heard, but soon  
 In factious opposition, till at last  
 Of middle age one rising, eminent  
 In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,  
 Of justice, of religion, truth and peace,  
 And judgment from above : him old and young  
 Exploded, and had seis'd with violent hands,  
 Had not a cloud descending snatch'd him thence  
 Unseen amid the throng : so violence  
 Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law  
 Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.  
 Adam was all in tears, and to his Guide  
 Lamenting turn'd full sad ; O what are these,  
 Death's ministers, not men, who thus deal death  
 Inhumanly to men, and multiply  
 Ten thousand fold the sin of him who slew  
 His brother ; for of whom such massacre

Make they but of their brethren, men of men ?  
 But who was that just man, whom had not Heaven  
 Rescued, had in his righteousness been lost ?

To whom thus Michael. These are the product  
 Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st :  
 Where good with bad were match'd, who of themselves  
 Abhor to join ; and by imprudence mix'd,  
 Produce prodigious births of body' or mind.  
 Such were these giants, men of high renown ;  
 For in those days might only shall be' admired,  
 And valor and heroic virtue call'd ;  
 To overcome in battel and subdue  
 Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite  
 Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch  
 Of human glory, and for glory done  
 Of triumph, to be stil'd great conquerors,  
 Patrons of Mankind, Gods, and sons of Gods,  
 Destroyers rightlier called, and plagues of men.  
 Thus fame shall be achiev'd, renown on earth,  
 And what most merits fame in silence hid.  
 But he the seventh from thee, whom thou beheldst  
 The only righteous in a world perverse,  
 And therefore hated, therefore so beset

With foes for daring single to be just,  
 And utter odious truth, that God would come  
 To judge them with his saints : him the Most High  
 Rapt in a balmy cloud with winged steeds  
 Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God  
 High in salvation and the climes of bliss,  
 Exempt from death ; to shew thee what reward  
 Awaits the good ; the rest what punishment :  
 Which now direct thine eyes, and soon behold.

He look'd, and saw the face of things quite chang'd ;  
 The brazen throat of war had ceas'd to roar ;  
 All now was turn'd to jollity and game,  
 To luxury and riot, feast and dance,  
 Marrying or prostituting as befel,  
 Rape or adultery, where passing fair  
 Allur'd them ; thence from cups to civil broils.  
 At length a reverend sire among them came,  
 And of their doings great dislike declar'd,  
 And testify'd against their ways ; he oft  
 Frequented their assemblies, whereso met,  
 Triumphs or festivals, and to them preach'd  
 Conversion and repentance, as to souls  
 In prison under judgments imminent :

But all in vain : which when he saw he ceas'd  
Contending, and remov'd his tents far off ;  
Then from the mountain hewing timber tall,  
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk,  
Measur'd by cubit, length, and breadth, and highth,  
Smear'd round with pitch, and in the side a door  
Contriv'd, and of provisions laid in large  
For man and beast : when lo a wonder strange !  
Of every beast, and bird, and insect small  
Came sevens, and pairs, and enter'd in, as taught  
Their order : last the sire and his three sons  
With their four wives ; and God made fast the door.  
Meanwhile the south-wind rose, and with black wings  
Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove  
From under Heaven ; the hills to their supply  
Vapor, and exhalation dusk and moist,  
Sent up amain ; and now the thicken'd sky  
Like a dark cieling stood ; down rush'd the rain  
Impetuous, and continued till the Earth  
No more was seen ; the floating vessel swum  
Uplifted ; and secure with beaked prow  
Rode tilting o'er the waves, all dwellings else  
Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp

Deep under water roll'd ; sea cover'd sea,  
 Sea without shore ; and in their palaces  
 Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd  
 And stabled ; of mankind so numerous late,  
 All left, in one small bottom swum imbark'd.  
 How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold  
 The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,  
 Depopulation ; thee another flood,  
 Of tears and sorrow' a flood thee also drown'd,  
 And sunk thee as thy sons ; till gently rear'd  
 By the' Angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,  
 Though comfortless, as when a father mourns  
 His children, all in view destroy'd at once ;  
 And scarce to the' Angel utter'dst thus thy plaint.

O visions ill foreseen ! better had I  
 Liv'd ignorant of future, so had borne  
 My part of evil only, each day's lot  
 Enough to bear ; those now, that were dispens'd  
 The burden of many ages, on me light  
 At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth  
 Abortive, to torment me ere their being,  
 With thought that they must be. Let no man seek  
 Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall





Designed by W. Blake

Engraved by A. Skelton

then bidst thou go - then bidst thou behold  
The end of all thy offspring and  
Thy population - the another flock  
Of man & seven - a flock thou wilt have



Him or his children; evil he may be sure,  
 Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,  
 And he the future evil shall no less  
 In apprehension than in substance feel  
 Grievous to bear: but that care now is past,  
 Man is not whom to warn: those few escap'd  
 Famine and anguish will at last consume  
 Wand'ring that watry desert: I had hope  
 When violence was ceas'd, and war on earth,  
 All would have then gone well, peace would have crown'd  
 With length of happy days the race of man;  
 But I was far deceiv'd; for now I see  
 Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.  
 How comes it thus? unfold, celestial Guide,  
 And whether here the race of man will end.

To whom thus Michael. Those whom last thou saw'st  
 In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they  
 First seen in acts of prowess eminent  
 And great exploits, but of true virtue void;  
 Who having spilt much blood, and done much waste,  
 Subduing nations, and achiev'd thereby  
 Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,  
 Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,

Surfeit, and lust, till wantonness and pride  
 Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.  
 The conquer'd also, and enslav'd by war,  
 Shall with their freedom lost all virtue lose  
 And fear of God, from whom their piety feign'd  
 In sharp contest of battel found no aid  
 Against invaders ; therefore cool'd in zeal  
 Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,  
 Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords  
 Shall leave them to enjoy ; for the' Earth shall bear  
 More than enough, that temperance may be try'd :  
 So all shall turn degenerate, all deprav'd,  
 Justice and temperance, truth and faith forgot ;  
 One man except, the only son of light  
 In a dark age, against example good,  
 Against allurements, custom, and a world  
 Offended ; fearless of reproach and scorn,  
 Or violence, he of their wicked ways  
 Shall them admonish, and before them set  
 The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,  
 And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come  
 On their impenitence ; and shall return  
 Of them derided, but of God observ'd

The one just man alive ; by his command  
 Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheldst,  
 To save himself and household from amidst  
 A world devote to universal rack.  
 No sooner he with them of man and beast  
 Select for life shall in the ark be lodg'd,  
 And shelter'd round, but all the cataracts  
 Of Heaven set open on the Earth shall pour  
 Rain day and night ; all fountains of the deep  
 Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp  
 Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise  
 Above the highest hills : then shall this mount  
 Of Paradise by might of waves be mov'd  
 Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,  
 With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift  
 Down the great river to the opening gulph,  
 And there take root an island salt and bare,  
 The haunt of seals and orcs, and sea-mews clang,  
 To teach thee that God attributes to place  
 No sanctity, if none be thither brought  
 By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.  
 And now what further shall ensue, behold.

He look'd, and saw the ark hull on the flood,  
Which now abated, for the clouds were fled,  
Driven by a keen north-wind, that blowing dry  
Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd ;  
And the clear sun on his wide watry glass  
Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew,  
As after thirst, which made their flowing shrink  
From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole  
With soft foot towards the deep, who now had stopt  
His sluices, as the Heaven his windows shut.  
The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground  
Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd.  
And now the tops of hills as rocks appear ;  
With clamor thence the rapid currents drive  
Towards the retreating sea their furious tide.  
Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies,  
And after him, the surer messenger,  
A dove sent forth once and again to spy  
Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light ;  
The second time returning, in his bill  
An olive leaf he brings, pacific sign :  
Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark  
The ancient sire descends with all his train ;

Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,  
 Grateful to Heaven, over his head beholds  
 A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow  
 Conspicuous with three listed colors gay,  
 Betokening peace from God, and covenant new,  
 Whereat the heart of Adam, erst so sad,  
 Greatly rejoic'd, and thus his joy broke forth.

O thou who future things canst represent  
 As present, heavenly Instructor, I revive  
 At this last sight, assur'd that man shall live  
 With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.  
 Far less I now lament for one whole world  
 Of wicked sons destroy'd, than I rejoice  
 For one man found so perfect and so just,  
 That God vouchsafes to raise another world  
 From him, and all his anger to forget.  
 But say, what mean those colour'd streaks in Heaven,  
 Distended as the brow of God appears'd?  
 Or serve they as a flowery verge to bind  
 The fluid skirts of that same watry cloud,  
 Lest it again dissolve and shower the Earth?

To whom the' Arch Angel. Dextrously thou aim'st;  
 So willingly doth God remit his ire,

Though late repenting him of man depriv'd,  
Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he saw  
The whole Earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh  
Corrupting each their way; yet those remov'd,  
Such grace shall one just man find in his sight,  
That he relents, not to blot out mankind,  
And makes a covenant never to destroy  
The earth again by flood, nor let the sea  
Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world  
With man therein or beast; but when he brings  
Over the earth a cloud, will therein set  
His triple-color'd bow, whereon to look  
And call to mind his covenant: day and night,  
Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost,  
Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things new,  
Both heaven and earth, wherein the just shall dwell.

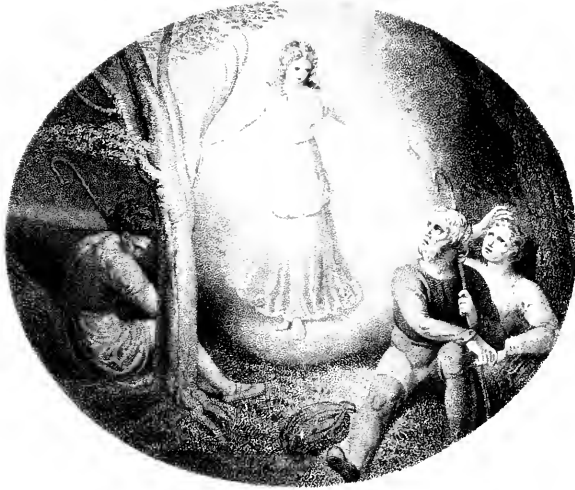


P A R A D I S E L O S T .

B O O K XII.

## THE ARGUMENT OF THE TWELFTH BOOK.

THE angel Michael continues from the flood to relate what shall succeed ; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain who that seed of the Woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall ; his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension ; the state of the Church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and recomfited by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael ; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams composed to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise ; the fiery sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.



## B O O K    X I I .

VER. I—IO.

AS one who in his journey baits at noon,  
Though bent on speed, so here the' Arch Angel paus'd  
Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restor'd,  
If Adam aught perhaps might interpose ;  
Then with transition sweet new speech resumes.

Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end ;  
And Man as from a second stock proceed.  
Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceive  
Thy mortal sight to fail ; objects divine  
Must needs impair and weary human sense :

Henceforth what is to come I will relate ;  
 Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.  
 This second source of men, while yet but few,  
 And while the dread of judgment past remains  
 Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity,  
 With some regard to what is just and right,  
 Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace,  
 Laboring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,  
 Corn, wine, and oil ; and from the herd or flock,  
 Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,  
 With large wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred feast,  
 Shall spend their days in joy unblam'd, and dwell  
 Long time in peace by families and tribes  
 Under paternal rule ; till one shall rise  
 Of proud ambitious heart, who, not content  
 With fair equality, fraternal state,  
 Will arrogate dominion undeserv'd  
 Over his brethren, and quite dispossess  
 Concord and law of nature from the earth,  
 Hunting (and men, not beasts, shall be his game)  
 With war and hostile snare such as refuse  
 Subjection to his empire tyrannous :  
 A mighty hunter thence he shall be stil'd

Before the Lord, as in despite of Heaven,  
Or from Heaven claming second sovranty ;  
And from rebellion shall derive his name,  
Though of rebellion others he accuse.  
He with a crew, whom like ambition joins  
With him or under him to tyrannize,  
Marching from Eden towards the west, shall find  
The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge  
Boils out from under ground, the mouth of Hell ;  
Of brick, and of that stuff they cast to build  
A city' and tower, whose top may reach to Heaven ;  
And get themselves a name, lest far dispers'd  
In foreign lands their memory be lost,  
Regardless whether good or evil fame.  
But God, who oft descends to visit men  
Unseen, and through their habitations walks  
To mark their doings, them beholding soon,  
Comes down to see their city, ere the tower  
Obstruct Heaven-towers, and in derision sets  
Upon their tongues a various spirit to rase  
Quite out their native language, and instead  
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown :  
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud

Among the builders; each to other calls  
 Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,  
 As mock'd they storm; great laughter was in Heaven,  
 And looking down, to see the hubbub strange,  
 And hear the din: thus was the building left  
 Ridiculous, and the work Confusion nam'd.

Whereto thus Adam fatherly displeas'd.

O execrable son, so to aspire  
 Above his brethren, to himself assuming  
 Authority usurp'd, from God not given:  
 He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,  
 Dominion absolute; that right we hold  
 By his donation; but man over men  
 He made not lord; such title to himself  
 Reserving, human left from human free.  
 But this usurper his encroachment proud  
 Stays not on man; to God his tower intends  
 Siege and defiance: Wretched man! what food  
 Will he convey up thither to sustain  
 Himself and his rash army, where thin air  
 Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross,  
 And famish him of breath, if not of bread?

To whom thus Michael. Justly thou abhorr'st  
 That son, who on the quiet state of men

Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue  
 Rational liberty ; yet know withal,  
 Since thy original lapse, true liberty  
 Is lost, which always with right reason dwells  
 Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being :  
 Reason in man obscur'd, or not obey'd,  
 Immediately inordinate desires,  
 And upstart passions catch the government  
 From reason, and to servitude reduce  
 Man till then free. Therefore since he permits  
 Within himself unworthy powers to reign  
 Over free reason, God in judgment just  
 Subjects him from without to violent lords ;  
 Who oft as undeservedly enthrall  
 His outward freedom : tyranny must be,  
 Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.  
 Yet sometimes nations will decline so low  
 From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,  
 But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd,  
 Deprives them of their outward liberty,  
 Their inward lost : witness the' irreverent son  
 Of him who built the ark, who, for the shame  
 Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,

*Servant of servants*, on his vicious race.  
 Thus will this latter, as the former world,  
 Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last,  
 Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw  
 His presence from among them, and avert  
 His holy eyes; resolving from thenceforth  
 To leave them to their own polluted ways;  
 And one peculiar nation to select  
 From all the rest, of whom to be invoc'd,  
 A nation from one faithful man to spring:  
 Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,  
 Bred up in idol-worship; O that men  
 (Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,  
 While yet the patriarch liv'd, who 'scap'd the flood,  
 As to forsake the living God, and fall  
 To worship their own work in wood and stone,  
 For Gods! yet him God the most High vouchsafes  
 To call by vision from his father's house,  
 His kindred and false gods, into a land  
 Which he will shew him, and from him will raise  
 A mighty nation, and upon him shower  
 His benediction so, that in his seed  
 All nations shall be blest; he strait obeys,



Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes :  
I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith  
He leaves his Gods, his friends, and native soil  
Ur of Chaldæa, passing now the ford  
To Haran, after him a cumbrous train  
Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude ;  
Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his wealth  
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.  
Canaan he now attains ; I see his tents  
Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighbouring plain  
Of Moreh ; there by promise he receives  
Gift to his progeny of all that land ;  
From Hamath northward to the desert south  
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnam'd) ;  
From Hermon east to the great western sea ;  
Mount Hermon, yonder sea, each place behold  
In prospect, as I point them ; on the shore  
Mount Carmel ; here the double-founted stream  
Jordan, true limit eastward ; but his sons  
Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.  
This ponder, that all nations of the earth  
Shall in his seed be blessed ; by that seed  
Is meant thy great Deliverer, who shall bruise

The Serpent's head ; whereof to thee anon  
 Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This patriarch blest,  
 Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,  
 A son, and of his son a grand-child leaves,  
 Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown ;  
 The grand-child with twelve sons increas'd, departs  
 From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd  
 Egypt, divided by the river Nile ;  
 See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths  
 Into the sea : to sojourn in that land  
 He comes invited by a younger son  
 In time of dearth, a son whose worthy deeds  
 Raise him to be the second in that realm  
 Of Pharaoh : there he dies, and leaves his race  
 Growing into a nation, and now grown  
 Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks  
 To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests  
 Too numerous ; whence of guests he makes them slaves  
 Inhospitably, and kills their infant males :  
 Till by two brethren (those two brethren call  
 Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim  
 His people from enthralment, they return  
 With glory' and spoil back to their promis'd land.

But first the lawless tyrant, who denies  
 To know their God, or message to regard,  
 Must be compell'd by signs and judgments dire ;  
 To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd ;  
 Frogs, lice, and flies, must all his palace fill  
 With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land ;  
 His cattel must of rot and murrain die ;  
 Botches and blains must all his flesh imboss,  
 And all his people ; thunder mix'd with hail,  
 Hail mix'd with fire, must rend the' Egyptian sky,  
 And wheel on the' earth, devouring where it rolls ;  
 What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,  
 A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down  
 Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green :  
 Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,  
 Palpable darkness, and blot out three days ;  
 Last, with one midnight stroke all the first-born  
 Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds  
 The river-dragon tam'd at length submits  
 To let his sojourners depart, and oft  
 Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as ice  
 More harden'd after thaw, till in his rage  
 Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea

Swallows him with his host, but them lets pass  
As on dry land between two crystal walls,  
Aw'd by the rod of Moses so to stand  
Divided, till his rescued gain their shore :  
Such wondrous power God to his saint will lend,  
Though present in his Angel, who shall go  
Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire,  
By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire,  
To guide them in their journey, and remove  
Behind them, while the' obdurate king pursues :  
All night he will pursue, but his approach  
Darkness defends between till morning watch ;  
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud  
God looking forth will trouble all his host,  
And craze their chariot wheels : when by command  
Moses once more his potent rod extends  
Over the sea ; the sea his rod obeys ;  
On their imbattell'd ranks the waves return,  
And overwhelm their war : the race elect  
Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance  
Through the wild desert, not the readiest way,  
Lest entering on the Canaanite alarm'd,  
War terrify them inexpert, and fear

Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather  
 Inglorious life with servitude ; for life  
 To noble and ignoble is more sweet  
 Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on.  
 This also shall they gain by their delay  
 In the wide wilderness ; there they shall found  
 Their government, and their great senate choose  
 Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd :  
 God from the mount of Sinai, whose gray top  
 Shall tremble, he descending, will himself  
 In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpets sound,  
 Ordain them laws ; part, such as appertain  
 To civil justice, part, religious rites  
 Of sacrifice, informing them, by types  
 And shadows, of that destin'd Seed to bruise  
 The Serpent, by what means he shall achieve  
 Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God  
 To mortal ear is dreadful ; they beseech  
 That Moses might report to them his will,  
 And terror cease ; he grants what they besought,  
 Instructed that to God is no access  
 Without mediator, whose high office now  
 Moses in figure bears, to introduce

One greater, of whose day he shall foretel,  
And all the prophets in their age the times  
Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus laws and rites  
Establish'd, such delight hath God in men  
Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes  
Among them to set up his tabernacle,  
The holy One with mortal men to dwell :  
By his prescript a sanctuary is fram'd  
Of cedar, overlaid with gold ; therein  
An ark, and in the ark his testimony,  
The records of his covenant ; over these  
A mercy-seat of gold between the wings  
Of two bright Cherubim ; before him burn  
Seven lamps, as in a zodiac representing  
The heavenly fires ; over the tent a cloud  
Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night,  
Save when they journey ; and at length they come,  
Conducted by his Angel, to the land  
Promis'd to Abraham and his seed : the rest  
Were long to tell, how many battels fought,  
How many kings destroy'd, and kingdoms won ;  
Or how the sun shall in mid heaven stand still  
A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,

Man's voice commanding, Sun in Gibeon stand,  
 And thou moon in the vale of Aialon,  
 Till Israel overcome ; so call the third  
 From Abraham, son of Isaac, and from him  
 His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win.

Here Adam interpos'd. O sent from Heaven,  
 Enlightener of my darkness, gracious things  
 Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly which concern  
 Just Abraham and his seed : now first I find  
 Mine eyes true opening, and my heart much eas'd,  
 Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts what would become  
 Of me and all mankind ; but now I see  
 His day, in whom all nations shall be blest,  
 Favor unmerited by me, who sought  
 Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.  
 This yet I apprehend not, why to those  
 Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth  
 So many and so various laws are given ;  
 So many laws argue so many sins  
 Among them ; how can God with such reside ?

To whom thus Michael. Doubt not but that sin  
 Will reign among them, as of thee begot ;  
 And therefore was law given them to evince

Their natural pravity by stirring up  
 Sin against law to fight ; that when they see  
 Law can discover sin, but not remove,  
 Save by those shadowy expiations weak,  
 The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude  
 Some blood more precious must be paid for Man,  
 Just for unjust, that in such righteousness  
 To them by faith imputed, they may find  
 Justification towards God, and peace  
 Of conscience, which the law by ceremonies  
 Cannot appease, nor Man the moral part  
 Perform, and not performing cannot live.  
 So law appears imperfect, and but given  
 With purpose to resign them in full time  
 Up to a better covenant, disciplined  
 From shadowy types to truth, from flesh to spirit,  
 From imposition of strict laws, to free  
 Acceptance of large grace, from servile fear  
 To filial, works of law to works of faith.  
 And therefore shall not Moses, though of God  
 Highly belov'd, being but the minister  
 Of law, his people into Canaan lead ;  
 But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call,



His name and office bearing, who shall quell  
 The adversary Serpent, and bring back  
 Through the world's wilderness long wander'd Man  
 Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.

Meanwhile they, in their earthly Canaan plac'd,  
 Long time shall dwell and prosper ; but when sins  
 National interrupt their public peace,  
 Provoking God to raise them enemies,  
 From whom as oft he saves them penitent,  
 By judges first, then under kings ; of whom  
 The second, both for piety renown'd  
 And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive  
 Irrevocable, that his regal throne  
 For ever shall endure ; the like shall sing  
 All prophecy, that of the royal stock  
 Of David (so I name this king) shall rise  
 A son, the woman's seed to thee foretold,  
 Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust  
 All nations, and to kings foretold, of kings  
 The last, for of his reign shall be no end.  
 But first a long succession must ensue,  
 And his next son, for wealth and wisdom fund,  
 The clouded ark of God, till then in tents

Wandering, shall in a glorious temple enshrine.  
 Such follow him, as shall be register'd  
 Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scroll,  
 Whose foul idolatries, and other faults,  
 Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense  
 God, as to leave them, and expose their land,  
 Their city', his temple, and his holy ark,  
 With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey  
 To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st  
 Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd.  
 There in captivity he lets them dwell  
 The space of seventy years ; then brings them back,  
 Remembring mercy, and his covenant sworn  
 To David, 'stablish'd as the days of Heaven.  
 Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings  
 Their lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God  
 They first re-edify, and for a while  
 In mean estate live moderate, till grown  
 In wealth and multitude, factious they grow ;  
 But first among the priests dissension springs,  
 Men who attend the altar, and should most  
 Endeavour peace : their strife pollution brings  
 Upon the temple itself : at last they seize

The sceptre, and regard not David's sons,  
 Then lose it to a stranger, that the true  
 Anointed King Messiah might be born  
 Barr'd of his right ; yet at his birth a star  
 Unseen before in Heaven proclames him come,  
 And guides the eastern sages, who enquire  
 His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold ;  
 His place of birth a solemn Angel tells  
 To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night ;  
 They gladly thither haste, and by a quire  
 Of squadron'd Angels hear his carol sung.  
 A virgin is his mother, but his sire  
 The power of the most High ; he shall ascend  
 The throne hereditary, and bound his reign  
 With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the heavens.

He ceas'd ; discerning Adam with such joy  
 Surcharg'd, as had, like grief, been dew'd in tears,  
 Without the vent of words, which these he breath'd.

O Prophet of glad tidings, finisher  
 Of utmost hope ! now clear I understand  
 What oft my steadiest thoughts have search'd in vain,  
 Why our great expectation should be call'd  
 The seed of Woman : Virgin Mother, hail,

High in the love of Heaven, yet from my loins  
 Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son  
 Of God most High ; so God with Man unites.  
 Needs must the Serpent now his capital bruise  
 Expect with mortal pain : say where and when  
 Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the victor's heel ?

To whom thus Michael. Dream not of their fight,  
 As of a duel, or the local wounds  
 Of head or heel : not therefore joins the Son  
 Manhood to God-head, with more strength to foil  
 Thy enemy ; nor so is overcome  
 Satan, whose fall from Heaven, a deadlier bruise,  
 Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound :  
 Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,  
 Not by destroying Satan, but his works  
 In thee and in thy seed : nor can this be,  
 But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,  
 Obedience to the law of God, impos'd  
 On penalty of death, and suffering death,  
 The penalty to thy transgression due,  
 And due to theirs which out of thine will grow :  
 So only can high justice rest appaid.  
 The law of God exact he shall fulfil

Both by obedience and by love, though love  
 Alone fulfil the law ; thy punishment  
 He shall endure by coming in the flesh  
 To a reproachful life and cursed death,  
 Proclaiming life to all who shall believe  
 In his redemption, and that his obedience  
 Imputed becomes theirs by faith, his merits  
 To save them, not their own, though legal works.  
 For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd,  
 Seis'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemn'd  
 A shameful and accurs'd, nail'd to the cross  
 By his own nation, slain for bringing life ;  
 But to the cross he nails thy enemies,  
 The law that is against thee, and the sins  
 Of all mankind, with him there crucify'd,  
 Never to hurt them more who rightly trust  
 In this his satisfaction ; so he dies,  
 But soon revives ; death over him no power  
 Shall long usurp ; ere the third dawning light  
 Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise  
 Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light  
 Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems,  
 His death for man, as many as offer'd life  
 Neglect not, and the benefit embrace

By faith not void of works : this God-like act  
 Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have dy'd,  
 In sin for ever lost from life ; this act  
 Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength,  
 Defeating Sin and Death, his two main arms,  
 And fix far deeper in his head their stings  
 Than temporal death shall bruise the victor's heel,  
 Or theirs whom he redeems, a death-like sleep,  
 A gentle wafting to immortal life.  
 Nor after resurrection shall he stay  
 Longer on earth than certain times to' appear  
 To his disciples, men who in his life  
 Still follow'd him ; to them shall leave in charge  
 To teach all nations what of him they learn'd  
 And his salvation ; them who shall believe  
 Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign  
 Of washing them from guilt of sin to life  
 Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,  
 For death, like that which the Redeemer dy'd.  
 All nations they shall teach ; for from that day  
 Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins  
 Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons  
 Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world ;  
 So in his seed all nations shall be blest.

Then to the heaven of heavens he shall ascend  
 With victory, triumphing through the air  
 Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise  
 The Serpent prince of air, and drag in chains  
 Through all his realm, and there confounded leave;  
 Then enter into glory, and resume  
 His seat at God's right-hand, exalted high  
 Above all names in Heaven; and thence shall come,  
 When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,  
 With glory' and power to judge both quick and dead,  
 To judge the' unfaithful dead, but to reward  
 His faithful, and receive them into bliss,  
 Whether in heaven or earth; for then the earth  
 Shall all be Paradise, far happier place  
 Than this of Eden, and far happier days.

So spake the' Arch-Angel Michaël, then paus'd,  
 As at the world's great period; and our Sire,  
 Replete with joy and wonder, thus reply'd.

O goodness infinite, goodness immense!  
 That all this good of evil shall produce,  
 And evil turn to good; more wonderful  
 Than that which by creation first brought forth  
 Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,

Whether I should repent me now of sin  
 By me done and occasion'd, or rejoice  
 Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring,  
 To God more glory, more good-will to men  
 From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.  
 But say, if our Deliverer up to heaven  
 Must reascend, what will betide the few  
 His faithful, left among the' unfaithful herd,  
 The enemies of truth? who then shall guide  
 His people, who defend? will they not deal  
 Worse with his followers than with him they dealt?

Be sure they will, said the' Angel; but from heaven  
 He to his own a Comforter will send,  
 The promise of the Father, who shall dwell  
 His Spirit within them, and the law of faith  
 Working through love, upon their hearts shall write,  
 To guide them in all truth, and also arm  
 With spiritual armor, able to resist  
 Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts,  
 What man can do against them, not afraid,  
 Though to the death, against such cruelties  
 With inward consolations recompenc'd  
 And oft supported, so as shall amaze



Their proudest persecutors : for the Spirit  
Pour'd first on his Apostles, whom he sends  
To evangelize the nations, then on all  
Baptiz'd, shall them with wond'rous gifts endue  
To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,  
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win  
Great numbers of each nation to receive  
With joy the tidings brought from heaven : at length,  
Their ministry perform'd, and race well run,  
Their doctrin and their story written left,  
They die ; but in their room, as they forewarn,  
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,  
Who all the sacred mysteries of heaven  
To their own vile advantages shall turn  
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth  
With superstitions and traditions taint,  
Left only in those written records pure,  
Though not but by the Spirit understood.  
Then shall they seek to' avail themselves of names,  
Places, and titles, and with these to join  
Secular power, though feigning still to act  
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating  
The Spirit of God, promis'd alike and given

To all believers ; and from that pretence,  
 Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force  
 On every conscience ; laws which none shall find  
 Left them inroll'd, or what the Spirit within  
 Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then  
 But force the spirit of grace itself, and bind  
 His consort liberty ; what, but unbuild  
 His living temples, built by faith to stand,  
 Their own faith, not another's ? for on earth  
 Who against faith and conscience can be heard  
 Infallible ? yet many will presume :  
 Whence heavy persecution shall arise  
 On all who in the worship persevere  
 Of spirit and truth ; the rest, far greater part,  
 Will deem in outward rites and specious forms  
 Religion satisfy'd ; truth shall retire  
 Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of faith  
 Rarely be found : so shall the world go on,  
 To good malignant, to bad men benign,  
 Under her own weight groaning, till the day  
 Appear of respiration to the just,  
 And vengeance to the wicked, at return  
 Of him so lately promis'd to thy aid,

The Woman's Seed, obscurely then foretold,  
 Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord;  
 Last in the clouds from heaven to be reveal'd  
 In glory of the Father to dissolve  
 Satan with his perverted world, then raise  
 From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,  
 New heavens, new earth, ages of endless date  
 Founded in righteousness and peace and love,  
 To bring forth fruits, joy, and eternal bliss.

He ended; and thus Adam last reply'd.  
 How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,  
 Measur'd this transient world, the race of time,  
 Till time stand fix'd? beyond is all abyss,  
 Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.  
 Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,  
 Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill  
 Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain;  
 Beyond which was my folly to aspire.  
 Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,  
 And love with fear the only God, to walk  
 As in his presence, ever to observe  
 His providence, and on him sole depend,  
 Merciful over all his works, with good

Still overcoming evil, and by small  
 Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak  
 Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise  
 By simply meek ; that suffering for truth's sake  
 Is fortitude to highest victory,  
 And to the faithful death the gate of life ;  
 Taught this by his example whom I now  
 Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.

To whom thus also the' Angel last reply'd :  
 This having learnt, thou hast attain'd the sum  
 Of wisdom ; hope no higher, though all the stars  
 Thou knew'st by name, and all the' ethereal powers,  
 All secrets of the deep, all nature's works,  
 Or works of God in Heaven, air, earth, or sea,  
 And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst,  
 And all the rule, one empire ; only add  
 Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,  
 Add virtue, patience, temperance ; add love,  
 By name to come call'd charity, the soul  
 Of all the rest : then wilt thou not be loath  
 To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess  
 A Paradise within thee, happier far.  
 Let us descend now therefore from this top

Of speculation ; for the hour precise  
 Exacts our parting hence ; and see the guards,  
 By me encamp'd on yonder hill, expect  
 Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword,  
 In signal of remove, waves fiercely round ;  
 We may no longer stay : go, waken Eve ;  
 Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd,  
 Portending good, and all her spirits compos'd  
 To meek submission : thou at season fit  
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,  
 Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,  
 The great deliverance by her seed to come  
 (For by the Woman's seed) on all mankind.  
 That ye may live, which will be many days,  
 Both in one faith unanimous though sad,  
 With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer'd  
 With meditation on the happy end.

He ended, and they both descend the hill ;  
 Descended, Adam to the bower where Eve  
 Lay sleeping ran before, but found her wak'd ;  
 And thus with words not sad she him receiv'd.

Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know :  
 For God is also' in sleep, and dreams advise,

Which he hath sent propitious, some great good  
 Presaging, since with sorrow' and heart's distress  
 Wearied I fell asleep : but now lead on ;  
 In me is no delay ; with thee to go,  
 Is to stay here ; without thee here to stay,  
 Is to go hence unwilling ; thou to me  
 Art all things under heaven, all places thou,  
 Who for my willful crime art banish'd hence.  
 This further consolation yet secure  
 I carry hence ; though all by me is lost,  
 Such favor I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,  
 By me the promis'd Seed shall all restore.

So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard  
 Well pleas'd, but answer'd not ; for now too nigh  
 The' Arch-Angel stood, and from the other hill  
 To their fix'd station, all in bright array,  
 The Cherubim descended ; on the ground  
 Gliding meteorous, as evening mist  
 Risen from a river o'er the marish glides,  
 And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel  
 Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd,  
 The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd  
 Fierce as a comet ; which with torrid heat,



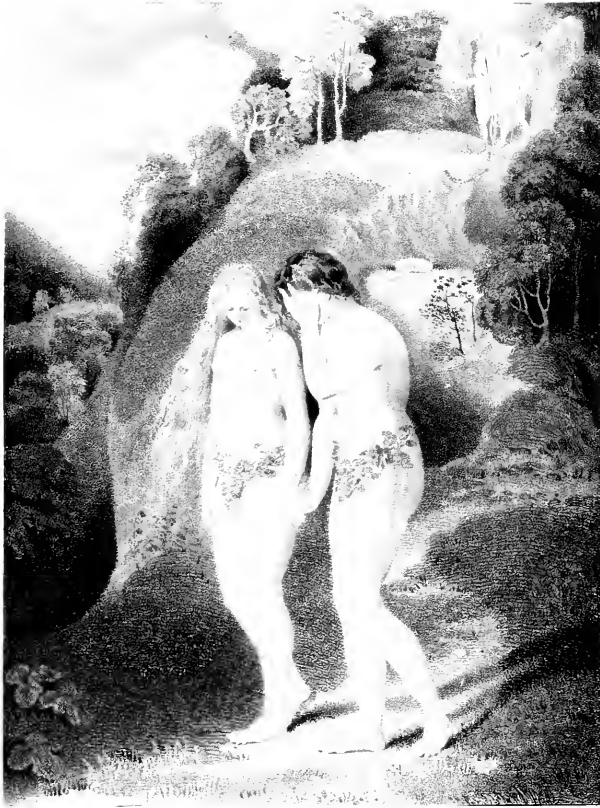


Fig. 11. 11. 11.

Engraved by J. K. K. J. J.

They hand in hand, with wondrous steps and slow,

As though they took their solitary way.



And vapor as the Lybian air adust,  
 Began to parch that temperate clime ; whereat  
 In either hand the hast'ning Angel caught  
 Our lingering parents, and to the' eastern gate  
 Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast  
 To the subjected plain ; then disappear'd.  
 They looking back, all the' eastern side beheld  
 Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,  
 Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate  
 With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms :  
 Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them soon ;  
 The world was all before them, where to choose  
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide :  
 They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,  
 Through Eden took their solitary way.

THE END.











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